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TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES,

COMPRISING

VISITS TO THE MOST INTERESTING SCENES IN

NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA,

AND

THE WEST INDIES.

WITH NOTES

ON NEGRO SLAVERY AND CANADIAN EMIGRATION.

BY CAPT. J. E. ALEXANDER,
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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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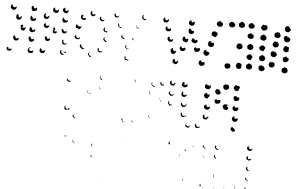

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TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES.

NORTH AMERICA.

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TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES.

CHAPTER I.

Passengers in the Aurora, bound to New Orleans.—Etiquette.—Savoury food.—The Guitar.—Sunsets.—First view of North America.—A Pilot.—Mouth of the great Mississippi.—Dangers of the Bar.—An Alligator.—The Balize pilot-station.—Prospect of a sickly season.—Stem the current.—The last Settler.—A Night-watch.—Course of the Father of Waters.—The Porpoise-tug.—Plantations.—New Orleans.—Melancholy Streets.—Hotel.—The first night on shore.—New Orleans Tonsor.—The Markets.—The Cathedral.—A Duel.—The Levee.—Yellow-fever Captains.—The battle of the Blacks.—Evening resort.—The Gaol.—Morality and Religion.—American Preacher.—Philosophical Lady.—Slave insurrection.—Regular Infantry.—The Barracks.—Visit the battle ground.—Graves of the slain.—Retrospection.—A song.—Visit a plantation.—A Murderer.—Negroes.—Their treatment.—Internal Slave-trade.—Kidnappers.—A disclosure.—England and America ought to cherish liberal and friendly feelings toward each other.

In the Aurora there were two passengers besides myself, a Spanish merchant and a French baker, the latter proceeding to New Orleans to give instruction in the true mode of making *petits pâtés*; these, with the captain and his mate, made up our party in the cabin.

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There was very little ceremony used at our table; the company sat down to their meals in check shirts, tucked up to their elbow, and (*à la mode Orientale*) plunged their fingers into the dishes. Macaroni, or bread soup, a fowl grilled and swimming in lard, garlic, oily plantains, sliced cucumbers, potatoes, and omelette, constituted our common fare, washed down with *vino tinto;* the chocolate that was served to me, by particular desire, was accompanied with a soup spoon, for it was of the consistence of hasty-pudding; and when the dinner was placed on the table, there was always a call for the oil flagon, the same serving for light by night and food by day.

For some time after leaving Cuba, we might have sung with Barry Cornwall,

> How gallantly, how merrily,
> We ride along the sea;
> The morning is all sunshine,
> The wind is blowing free;
> The billows are all sparkling,
> And bounding in the light,
> Like creatures in whose sunny veins
> The blood is running bright;

though we soon had light winds, but withall pleasant sailing for ten days. After the usual routine of reading, writing, and walking the deck, I delighted much in sitting in the evening on a hen coop on deck, listening to the Spanish airs of the mate, a rakish-looking fellow, with a handsome pair of whiskers, who accompanied with the guitar an excellent voice. The crew would sit in groups

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on the deck swallowing their garlic and oil, and pouring a rill of water into their greasy mouths, from the spout of the porron, a large earthenware vessel held at arm's length. Looking from the vessel, there was nought but sea and sky, but then what glorious sunsets, and how different every evening! What studies for a painter a series of these; and how strange would the forms of the clouds appear to an eye accustomed only to the sky in temperate climes! Between the Tropics, the evening sky frequently puts on an awful and portentous aspect, apparently the forerunner of some nightly war of the elements.

As we approached the low shore of Louisiana, we had light baffling breezes, and the thermometer rose to 86°; we anxiously looked out for land, when, one evening at sunset, under two mighty and dark pillars of clouds, which rose from the horizon to the zenith, connected like the bastions of a fortress with a fiery curtain, we descried the twinkling star of the lighthouse at one of the mouths of the great Mississippi, and a rapid and muddy current set against us occasionally, bearing along with it a huge log. The moon, "round as the shield of my fathers," shone brightly, opposite to the pillars of clouds, and revealed the white sails of two vessels in the distance before us.

A pilot schooner approached, and from her a lanky and light-haired New-Englander jumped on board of us, who immediately called for gin; he

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then told us of many wrecks in the late hurricanes, not a few of which we found out afterwards to be inventions of his own. He next commenced guessing and asking questions in the usual way. "What news can you tell us, stranger?" said he to me. "News! why they talk of a general war in Europe."—"War in Europe!" cried he with an oath, "what do we care for a war in Europe in our fine, free, flourishing country? but I calculate, we'll soon have a war with the Mexicans."—"They won't be able to face you," I said, "without a fleet." "Oh! tarnation, no," answered he, "nothing under high heaven; we will knock h—ll out of them." He then called for more gin, and, thrusting his hand into his breeches pocket, took out a paper, and holding it out to me, said, "Read that, I don't care a curse for anybody." It was a certificate from Antonio De Silva, a master pilot at the Belize, setting forth that "William Stevens was competent to take vessels over the Bar;" so, in order to enable this worthy to prove his competency, I told the captain to stop his grog, but he had finished a bottle before we came to an anchor outside the Bar.

In the morning, we observed the black and low-lying shore stretching from north-east to south-west before us, and the turbid waters of the mighty river pouring into the sea between islands formed by layers of logs, covered and imbedded in mud, and appearing like bones of the mammoth. We

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weighed anchor, and made for an opening where the water was only one foot deeper than what we drew, and the wind only sufficient to enable us with difficulty to stem the tide. It was a trying situation; the pilot stood at the bows to indicate how the helmsman ought to steer, and I stood a-midships to interpret the conning. The river water rushed and roared past us; black aquatic birds flew round us; and porpoises preceded us, tumbling over and shaking their tails, as if in derision. Several *snags*, or large logs, firmly fixed in the mud, and pointing down the stream, were passed very close; and *sawyers* rose and fell above the surface, as they were acted on by the current. At last we got into smoother water, in a branch of the Mississippi, and anchored off the light-house, a tall white pillar, with a house beside it, surrounded with peach trees. The wind blew down the river, and I proposed to the captain to take the boat, and row up to the pilot-station, the Balize.

As we were leaving the vessel, a large alligator was seen descending the stream; as he approached us he sunk his body, and nothing appeared but his malignant eyes, gleaming from under the pent-house and wart-like eyebrows seated on the top of his head. When he had fairly passed the vessel, the long tail slowly moved again on the surface like the appendage of Milton's Sin, which formidable shape

> "Ended foul in many a scaly fold,
> Voluminous and vast."

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We rowed up to the station, avoiding the thread of the current; and found the Balize a collection of some twenty-five wooden houses, inhabited by about fifty pilots, of all countries. Log causeways communicated between the houses, which were literally built on soft mud, and faced a bayou, or small creek, communicating with the Great River. Our friend Stevens came up to us as we stepped on a sinking log, and holding out his hand to me, said, "Halloo, man! are you here? Which are you for, cocktail or gin-sling? Here is the Bar, you must liquorise." I begged to be excused, as I seldom drank spirits, but asked him to allow me to ascend the wooden look-out house, in the centre of the wretched village. We mounted to the top of it, and one of the most desolate and dreary prospects appeared that I ever beheld. On the east and west there was a boundless swamp, covered with reeds; a few sluggish creeks appeared to the south, where also was seen a strip of the sea; to the north, the land rose a little, and seemed in the far distance to be covered with wood. Thus we saw the Great River depositing its slime, and logs of trees forming what are termed rafts, among which reeds spring up and connect the mass; the reed decaying forms a soil, on which grow shrubs, eventually succeeded by trees, which are cleared by the sugar-planters, and the soil yields abundantly like that of Guiana. Thus the Mississippi is fast advancing the promontory of new land at its

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mouth into the Gulf of Mexico, and increasing the length of its course, which is computed at three thousand miles from near Lake Superior to the dreary Balize.

"We were all flooded here the other day," said the pilot: "our billiard-table was carried away, and some of our houses, but the Bar escaped. We're afraid of a very sickly season, for the water has been above the reeds; but you Spaniards from the Vanah are accustomed to the yellows,—acclimated, eh? We buried a poor fellow here last week."—"What was his complaint?"—"Why, he used to sling considerable heavy."

We dropped down in the evening to the Aurora, and though the breeze blew fair in the night, the captain and crew smoked and slept very comfortably, like the Dutch captains descending the Hudson, who, when they got on a sandbank, puffed away quietly till the tide took them off. On the following afternoon the anchor was leisurely weighed, and we slowly stemmed the current.

As a contrast to the indifference of our Spanish captain to our progress, the anxiety of some English skippers to make quick voyages was recalled to mind. I made a month's voyage with one who was hardly ever off the deck, but taking a short to-and-fro walk beside the steersman, he would continually call out, "Now mind your helm, boy. Keep a lively helm. Don't let her

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go to sleep in your hands — look at the head of the ship. Now you 're not steering your course — ease her, man, ease her — don't let her fly off — your 're yawing about the ship dreadfully. Now, small helm, boy — look at the compass; don't you see you are two points from her course? Meet her, now — starboard a little;" and so on.

Our distance from New Orleans was upwards of one hundred miles, about the same distance that Calcutta is from the Sandheads; and vessels are sometimes weeks in reaching the emporium of the valley of the Mississippi. On each side the banks were lined with logs; on which, under overshadowing reeds or shrubs, stood, singly or in pairs, white aquatic birds: and frequently alligators would be observed extended upon the timbers fast asleep. A ball glanced harmlessly off their hide, rough with tubercles, but it annoyed and awoke them, and snapping their jaws, they would plunge into the river.

We passed the log-hut of the last settler. He was seated at his door, and wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, red shirt, and canvass trowsers; his wife stood beside him, with a white-haired child in her arms. It was an interesting group, but the expression of their countenances was that of deep melancholy, for they were in the midst of dismal swamps; before them a canoe for fishing was moored to a stake, and a few stalks of maize showed how they subsisted.

I was much provoked at the laziness of my

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Spanish messmates: as I commonly do, when on board small craft, I assisted in working the vessel; so the Dons took advantage of the trouble I was at, and in the evening I found myself in sole charge of the tiller and deck; all hands had gone below to sleep! Though, of course, quite ignorant of the river, yet I had read that it flowed in one deep channel, with few mudbanks, so I had nothing to do in steering but to avoid the wavy line of the current, and keep the vessel in the still water. The night was enlivened with a bright moon, which revealed the dark and wooded banks of the broad stream; sounds there were none on the river, but the hoarse croaking of the bull-frogs and the noise of the insects from the pestilential swamps on its margin. The hour and the scene were calculated to cause Fancy to take flight and think of the course of the mighty Mississippi; the "endless river," which I was now navigating, and of the tribes of red men who had been driven across it, and were disappearing in the far west.

I ascended in imagination to the small lakes, about the forty-eighth parallel from which the river first issues, where also the streams that descend into Hudson's Bay, and those which meet the Atlantic through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, rise. I descended the Mississippi for two hundred and thirty miles, through a prairie, with rushes and wild rice fringing the margin to the Falls of Peckagama, where it rushes over a rocky

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bed and descends twenty feet. Its waters are now for six hundred and eighty-five miles shaded with forests of oak, elm, maple, and other stately trees; it reaches the Falls of St. Anthony, and again descends a steep of forty feet, and sweeps past varied and picturesque bluffs of limestone, with forests intermixed, for a distance of eight hundred and forty-three miles, when it joins the Missouri, and immediately changes its hitherto clear and pellucid stream to the turbid colour of the latter river. "The Father of Waters" then rolls in one vast volume for twelve hundred and twenty miles past immense forests, broad prairies, rich bottoms, and pestilential swamps, till it joins the Gulf of Mexico.

I was indulging in my reverie, and the white sails were beginning to flap occasionally against the mast, indicating that the breeze was about to die away, when I heard far down the river a sound like the snoring of a giant; it increased in loudness, and I saw lights and some dark bodies advancing towards me up the river: this was the high-pressure steam-tug, Porpoise, with two vessels in tow. Our slumbering captain and crew were immediately aroused; the Aurora was also made fast to the steamer, and for the remainder of the night we breasted the tide in gallant style!

Oh, wonder-working steam! what thou may'st do
Where 's the prophetic spirit to declare?
By thee we make broad cloth, hatch chickens too;
We roam the seas—we yet may traverse air!

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When morning dawned we were passing Fort St. Philip and Fort Jackson, built at a sudden turn of the river, which is raked by the guns little elevated above the water. Waving fields of sugar-cane, backed by dense forests, began to appear about forty-five miles below the city of our destination, the houses became more numerous, plantation succeeded plantation, a road behind the levee (or embankment to confine the river, and prevent its overflowing the cultivated ground) was occupied by bullock-waggons conveying produce; negroes were employed in the fields, or cutting up drift logs into firewood—"hewers of wood and drawers of water." The aged trees which had been spared on the river's banks, were loaded with long bunches of moss, as if the sea had passed over them, and had left them covered with weeds. A turn brought us in sight of New Orleans, extending in a curve along the north bank of the river, and we "cast off" among the shipping, "brought up" at a wooden wharf, and found thirty vessels on shore from the effects of the late hurricane, and round several of them a crowd of negroes, under the direction of white overseers, attempting, by means of canals, levers, and screws, to force them again into the river.

A very civil custom-house officer came on board, who seemed also quite superior to a bribe; and after arranging how my light baggage was to be disposed of, I landed, to deliver my letters of introduction, and inquire where I ought to reside.

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In walking through the streets, many of which were well paved with stones brought from a great distance by sea, I observed that a great number of the lofty brickhouses, with stores on the ground-floor, were shut up, and that in some streets I was the only moving object. It needed no inquiry to know the cause of this desolation; long before I arrived, almost all the inhabitants of respectability (who had a regard for their health), had fled from this city of disease, and intended remaining away till about the 1st of November; and a small hearse, with a single horse in it passing me, told that the fell tyrant was already making havoc among those who were unable to flee from before his poisonous breath.

Some of those to whom I had letters, had left weeks before; but I was fortunate enough to find the British Consul at his pleasant country-house, and a countryman, Mr. M'Millan; to both of which gentlemen I am much indebted for attentions. I took up my residence in the merchants' and planters' hotel (until an opportunity for proceeding offered), with a most intelligent and active landlady, Madame Herries.

But truly my situation was far from being an agreeable one, though I could not complain, for I had wilfully braved the climate of the "Wet Grave," New Orleans, "where the hopes of thousands are buried." The hotel was a handsome and spacious brick building, in Canal Street, near the river, with a double row of young lime-trees in

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the street before it. It was built in the Spanish style, namely, that of a hollow quadrangle, with galleries round the interior paved court. I was almost the only inmate of the house for a fortnight, though it contained one hundred and twenty apartments, single-bedded and double; and the dining-room accommodated, in the bustling months of November, December, and January, two hundred and fifty guests. Being free to range over such a large house, I chose first one apartment and then another. I cannot pass over the comforts of the first I selected.

The heat when I retired to *rest* was upwards of 80° in the end of August; and forced to keep the door and window open for air, though a breath sufficient to agitate the gossamer did not stir, mammoth musquitoes (according to the American phraseology,) rushed into the dreary apartment, and made such a buzzing about my ears, that it resembled the noise of the wind among the cordage of a vessel. I took refuge under the sheet, when two or three dozen of rats, pursued by dogs, "scurried" round and round the room, and attempted to invade my bed, and this recreation continued at intervals during the night, accompanied with squeaking, barking, and worrying. As if that were not enough to prevent sleep, a party of noisy roulette players, occupying a room of an adjoining empty house, loudly betted and disputed in French for the better part of the night; then dogs howled portentously, first afar

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off, then their ill-omened cry was repeated by their brethren nearer; and finally, when sinking to sleep at early dawn, a wild turkey in the yard commenced such a tormenting and complaining noise, that sleep was entirely banished from my eyelids, and I got up and refreshed myself by performing my ablutions.

I went out before breakfast to find a barber, and certainly had my hair dressed in better style than I ever had before by a mulatto. He seated me in a high chair, with a foot stool, and an upright fixed in the back, with a cross piece of wood on which the head rested, so that the operator had the cranium completely under command to work his will upon it, without being obliged to stoop awkwardly to his work. He cut and trimmed most minutely, used large hard brushes and soft small brushes, curled and oiled after the most approved manner, and all for the reasonable charge of two bits, or fourteen pence.

I then visited the markets, but, of course, at this season there was a poor display of meat, vegetables, and fruit; mulattoes, free blacks, and slaves, kept the stalls, and French was generally spoken. I next visited the Catholic cathedral, built in the style of that at Havannah, with a heavy gable front, a tower, a clock in centre, and turrets on each side; the interior was white-washed, and a few stiff paintings of Saints were near the altar. Here, on the 8th of January, *Te Deum* is annually sung, in commemoration of the

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unsuccessful attack of the British in 1815. The cathedral stands in a pleasant square; the Plaza de Armas, having the city-hall and presbytery on each side of it, with handsome façades.

Whilst I was walking home, I heard of a duel that had just taken place, after the most approved Backwoods fashion, with rifles and buckshot; but Frenchmen were combatants, and a married lady the cause of the quarrel. Both had boasted of her favours, and the stronger of the two had severely beaten the other in a corridore for his presumption, but the aggrieved party swore that he would not be satisfied without battle *à la mort.* Pistols and swords were both proposed and rejected, and rifles were at last fixed upon; the duellists stood at the distance of thirty paces, back to back, the loaded weapons in their hands; the word was given, "Ready, fire," they turned, aimed, and fired simultaneously. A shot from the lesser hero grazed the stomach of the other, but merely drew blood, and the rifles were again loaded. At the second fire the back bone of the bully was touched—he fell and became very sick; the lesser then exacted a promise from him, that he would not in future render his carrying arms to defend himself at all times necessary; and thus the affair terminated, but the lady preferred the wounded lover.

I wandered down to breathe a little air (I cannot call it fresh,) on the Levee, and saw specimens of the different vessels which navigate the great

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river; the square flat-bottomed boats, loaded with fruit and Indian corn; the long Kentucky keel boats, with whisky and flour barrels; and lastly, the handsome steam-vessels, moving hotels of two stories, with elegant saloons, carpeted floors, mirrored and gilt walls, and comfortable sleeping-berths, opposite to each of which was a small window. But, alas! none of these vessels were to proceed up the river for several weeks, they were all laid up in ordinary, and the only chance I had was a yellow-fever captain, that is, an enterprising fellow, who ventures down the river from Cincinnati, or St. Louis, in the fall, to see if he can pick up a few stray passengers or freight at a time when others are afraid to venture.

I saw on the Levee a battle between a mulatto and a negro; the mulatto threatened to jump down the other's throat, on which the negro, as if to anticipate the threat, brought his head to bear on his antagonist like that of a ram, and making a rush at him, threw him violently on his back with a punch on the stomach; but, the mulatto catching the ears of the negro with both hands, bit and gnawed away at his head, when a strapping fellow, a Kentuckian, ran at them, and flogged them unmercifully with a heavy cart-whip till they separated.

The place of meeting in the evening, in New Orleans, is not a reading-room, but a coffee-house, with a sanded floor, and some indelicate pictures on the walls. Here, after sun down, the merchants

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who lingered about this silent city, congregated to talk of cotton and sugar, new banks, speculations in canals and rail-roads, and, above all, of elections. Most of them wore striped jackets, cocked their hats on one side with an air of defiance, and swung a sword-stick between their extended legs. Up-stairs there were billiard and roulette tables with closed doors; the players scowled at me as I entered. Hard by there was the cockpit; neither the American nor French theatre was open, though they are well attended in the healthy months; and masked balls are then given, which in all other cities of the Union are unknown.

I visited the gaol, which is small, and though crowded with prisoners of all colour, yet it is never known to have yellow fever within its walls; there was no classification of prisoners, who are turned out daily in gangs to work on the streets; they passed my window every day, marching two and two, with hoes, spades, and pickaxes on their shoulders, and chained loosely together; the whites led, then the mulattoes, and then the negroes. Among the former, a white man was pointed out who was condemned to twenty years' imprisonment and hard labour for murdering his mother.

Though, in point of religion and morals, the generality of the inhabitants of this singular city cannot be praised—(as a proof of their indifference to religion, there are only four churches among fifty thousand inhabitants); yet there are many

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respectable merchants; lawyers, and physicians among them, attracted to a place where it only takes five years to realize an independence, though at the imminent risk of losing one's life by the fatal disease. Horace enquires—

> "Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
> Multa? quid terras alio calentes
> Sole mutamur?"

"Why do we, whose vigour is so transitory, aim at too much? Why do we change our own for climates heated by another sun?"

The police regulations are excellent in New Orleans. Some time ago it was a lurking-place for desperate assassins, and though there were two murders committed during my sojourn, yet, in general, one may walk the streets in safety at all hours.

On Sunday I attended church, and heard a Presbyterian clergyman deliver an excellent sermon on charity or benevolence, the want of which in the States, he said, causes such backbiting and libelling. He complained of the desperate hurrying after wealth, which characterised the white population, when half of the institutions of the country languished for want of funds; and though he said he could not trust himself with politics, yet he gave his sentiments plainly enough on a recent occurrence at Washington, where the President disagreed with the Foreign Ministers whose wives very properly refused to associate with the lady of an American functionary of

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questionable character. The discourse was extempore, and I was surprised at the undaunted manner in which the preacher (whose bread depended on the caprice of his congregation) lashed the vices of his hearers.

I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of a philosophical lady, Miss Carroll, in whose book-store I passed many an hour pleasantly and profitably. A native of Ireland, and most respectably connected, she was early imbued with a desire to visit the Utopia of the West, the United States, a land, according to her youthful fancy, beyond compare for civil, political, and religious liberty. Declining assistance from her friends, she had supported herself in various cities of the Union by millinery; and now she tries books, not so much with a view of realizing an independence, as by means of them introducing her to acquaintances, whose god is not Mammon.

About this time, the beginning of September, there was an alarm of a slave insurrection at New Orleans; hand-bills of an inflammatory nature were found, telling the slaves to rise and massacre the whites; that Hannibal was a negro, and why should not they also get great leaders among their number to lead them on to revenge? that in the eye of God all men were equal; that they ought instantly to rouse themselves, break their chains, and not leave one white slave proprietor alive; and, in short, that they ought to retaliate by murder for the bondage in which they were held.

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Several stand of arms, some said three hundred, were also found in a coloured man's house; and the affair looked so serious, that five hundred of the citizens were under arms every night, and the mayor solicited a detachment of four companies of regulars from the nearest garrison. I was introduced to the officer who commanded them, and went to the barracks to see how they carried on their "Peace campaigns."

The officers were very sensible and gentlemanly, but their manner was more reserved than is usual among our people; and though we were near a scene of (to them) great exultation, the defeat of some thousands of our Peninsular heroes by entrenched American riflemen, yet they made not the slightest allusion to it; and there was no vain boasting on their part, but a delicate reserve, when I introduced the subject, and expressed a wish to visit the unfortunate field.

The uniform of the officers and men was a blue coatee with white buttons, lace on the cuff and collar, and wings on the shoulders; the men on duty were not particularly well set up, but the Americans in general have a lounging air about them. The barrack-rooms were clean, and the kits neatly arranged; but I was surprised to see that, in the hot climate of Louisiana, the American soldiers slept two in a bed. Their bed-stands were wooden frames, which could easily be taken to pieces, and had upper and lower berths. There are

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no iron bedsteads yet in the States, and consequently their men are far from being so comfortable as ours in this respect. In the barrack-square I observed the punishment of hard labour with a clog and chain attached to the foot of the culprit; and I understood that flogging and solitary confinement were often resorted to, though free and independent American soldiers being flogged seemed rather strange, but there are few genuine Americans in the army.

Next morning a quiet and intelligent young man, Lieutenant Page, United States army, called on me in a very gay carriage, and we drove to the Battle Ground. Three miles below New Orleans we came to an open plain, on which sugar-cane had just been cut, and with a few trees scattered over it. This extended in length to the south as far as the eye could reach, and in breadth about a mile between the deep river and an impenetrable swamp filled with cypress trees; beyond which again, but hidden from view, were Lakes Borgne and Pont Chartrain, communicating with the sea and with one another, and affording a back approach to the wealthy city, independent of the river. We alighted at some houses surrounded with trees and gardens, near the river; and my companion said, "Here commenced the American breastwork, extending across the plain between the river and the swamp, and this house was the head-quarters of General Jackson."

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The line of defence was seen quite distinct, though part of the embankment had been levelled, and in it were found a great number of shot-shell and bullets. I got some relics from a negro-boy. There were also the remains of the American bastions, and the weedy ditch. In the centre of the field were the large holes into which the dead were thrown promiscuously; and I need hardly say, that over this spot the maize waved luxuriantly.

The scene was one of silence and repose, and nought was heard but the rippling of the eddies of the river as it swept past the Levee at the rate of four miles an hour. How different was all this sixteen years before! Bearing in recollection the spirited account of the short campaign before New Orleans, by that master of description the author of "The Subaltern," there was no difficulty in tracing the operations of our troops in December 1814 and January 1815. The British having defeated the American gun-boats on Lake Borgne, advanced through the cypress swamp; they encamped previous to advancing to assail the city, when the Americans made a desperate but unsuccessful night attack; and then followed the series of affairs until the 8th of January, when the gallant Packenham led on his seven thousand brave spirits to the lines, and made abortive but reiterated attempts to storm them without ladders, he to whom they were intrusted

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having neglected to bring them up; while twenty-five thousand Americans crowded behind their defences, and the artillery and Kentucky rifles with fatal aim brought down our troops, exposed in an open plain. Packenham being at length killed, and Generals Gibbs and Keane desperately wounded, the troops were withdrawn by General Lambert, and in retreating presented such a front that the enemy did not venture to leave their lines to pursue. General Thornton, having landed on the other side of the river with his band of one thousand, had driven the Americans, with great loss, from their batteries, and pursued them till he came almost opposite the city, where he fired some buildings. He was also wounded, and reluctantly withdrew on the signal to do so from the main body. Then followed the ten days' preparation for re-embarking the troops, exposed at an inclement season to drenching rains and nightly frosts, and finally, the departure of the ill-fated expedition to Havannah; but the affair was forgotten and absorbed in a few months by the glories of Waterloo.

The Kentucky hunter sings—

"Jackson led to the cypress swamp:
The ground was low and mucky;
There stood John Bull in martial pomp,
And here stood old Kentucky.
And when so near we saw them wink,
We thought it time to stop 'em;
Lord! it would have done your heart good,
To see Kentuckians pop 'em."

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From the battle plain we continued our drive to visit some sugar-estates farther down the river. At one of these, the proprietor of a comfortable single-storied house came out to receive us, without either neckcloth or stockings on, and his trowsers covered with blood. He had just been inflicting a severe punishment on a poor negro, who was shoved out of sight on our approach. This man was not an American, but of foreign extraction; and a story was told of him, that whilst Louisiana was under Spanish rule, he wished to marry a neighbouring planter's daughter, but, his savage disposition being well known, the parents refused to give their consent. One day a message came for the old father to visit a friend at some distance, and in passing through a wood he was inhumanly murdered. Forty lawyers and their understrappers then sat down in the house of the afflicted widow, on pretence of investigating whether or not *she* had any hand in the crime; and after they had preyed upon her for six months they left her entirely ruined and heart-broken; the real murderer went unpunished, having amply revenged himself for his rejected addresses.

I remarked, that the negroes on the plantations of the Mississippi looked extremely melancholy and downcast. In the evening I heard neither the song nor the careless laugh and joke, which so frequently pleased me in the British slave colonies; neither did the Louisiana slaves look so

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plump or healthy as ours; the climate may have been the cause of this. The cattle seemed in excellent condition, for forage is of course most abundant and rich.

In other parts of the country the negroes are said to be well fed and clothed, but in most of the Southern States it is penal to instruct a slave, or the child of a slave, in reading or writing, and in fact the American planters in general decline instructing their slaves in moral or religious duties at all, and of course at present do not contemplate eventual emancipation; but from the exertions of the Bosterians, and other abolitionists of slavery, they may gradually imbibe other and better views.

On the exhausted plantations in Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas, slaves are bred for the southern market, and though on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico the mortality among the negroes is great, on the aggregate slaves increase rapidly in the United States: and why? Because their climate is better than that of the West Indies, though their treatment in the former is much worse than in the latter.

By means of the internal slave-trade, between four and five thousand slaves arrive in the Southern States annually. Kidnappers of negroes still travel about the country, and not unfrequently secure the manumitted negroes in the Northern States, and convey them for sale to the south. They likewise visit plantations, and purchase in-

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corrigible slaves for two hundred dollars, which at the slave depôts at New Orleans are put up to sale with forged characters for five or six hundred. But the most remarkable circumstance connected with slavery in America is the following. A planter in Louisiana, of forty years' standing, assured me that there are a set of miscreants in the city of New Orleans, who are connected with slave-traders of Cuba, and who at certain periods proceed up the Mississippi as far as the Fourche mouth, which they descend in large row-boats and meet off the coast slave-ships; these they relieve of their cargoes, and returning to the main stream of the Mississippi, they drop down it in covered flat-bottomed boats, or arks, and dispose of the negroes to those who want them. I believe that no Americans import negroes into the States, for the penalty is death, and, to their honour be it said, the Northern States are as inimical to slavery as the most humane in England.

Enough has already been written on American slavery to save a cursory observer, like myself, the trouble of enlarging on the question. I have little to say in praise of the American treatment of slaves; I will therefore draw a veil over what else I have heard to the dispraise of the slave proprietors. To conclude, I have a great contempt for those, whether in England or America, who wish to sow dissention between two countries which stand in so interesting a relation to each

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other, either by means of the slave question or any other. I sincerely trust that we may see friendly and liberal feelings mutually cherished, and therefore on entering on United States ground, I have no wish to throw down a gauntlet, but hold out the right hand of fellowship to Americans of all sections of the Union, and trust that I shall never confound patriotism with national antipathy, or endeavour to exalt my own country by malicious efforts to depreciate others.

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CHAPTER II.

Detention in New Orleans.—Insalubrity of the Climate.—Great Mortality among Irish Labourers.—Precautions against Yellow Fever.—Why New Orleans is called the Wet Grave.—Sepulchres.—Gambling.—Population.—Commerce.—Waggon road from the Atlantic to the Pacific.—Duelling in the Western States.—A Monster at large.—Contrast between the Eastern and Western States.—Rival Undertakers.—A Hearse recommended.—Stores of ready-made Coffins.—Reasonable charges.—Bals de Bouquet.—Another Hurricane.—The Texas Territory.—Nature of Inquiries regarding it.—The Boundaries and Area.—Americans desirous of possessing it.—Americans and Mexicans not on good terms.—Emigration.—Colonel Austin's and De Witt's Settlements.—Improper persons introduced into Texas.—Slaves.—Anticipated Conquest.—The Face of the Country.—Mountain Ranges.—Prairies.—Rivers.—The climate.—Timber.—Mines.—Productions.—Government.—Towns.—Concluding remarks on Texas.

I HAD been in close contact with yellow fever at Jamaica and at Havannah, and now I was in the midst of it at New Orleans. I began to be ashamed of myself for "tempting Providence" so long. We are but frail creatures the strongest of us, easily overset with all our precautions, and "the pitcher that goes often to the well is at last broken." Therefore, though I acknowledged with lively gratitude my preservation through countless dangers and difficulties, yet I was well aware that

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it was fool-hardy to put myself in the way of such a formidable enemy as the yellow fever longer than I could help, and therefore was anxious to leave the city; but I could not get a steam-vessel to convey me up the river, so I was obliged to submit to my destiny, and, as we say in the East, "to smoke the pipe of patience on the carpet of resignation."

Though New Orleans is rapidly increasing in size and commercial importance, as the emporium of the rich valley of the Mississippi must necessarily continue to do, yet no improvement has taken place in the climate and in the salubrity of the atmosphere, and even *acclimated* whites are afraid to remain when a greenish scum of vegetable matter begins to appear on the shallow pools in August. It is distressing to record the fact, that on an average, six hundred Irish perish yearly in and and about New Orleans, who come in search of employment and high wages (a dollar a day), from New York and Charleston, to the ungenial clime of Louisiana. They are commonly employed trenching in the country, and digging the foundations of houses in towns, inhale deadly vapours, and more deadly rum, have none to advise or guide them, and perish miserably.

It may not be intrusive to state in this place, the precautions I took to guard against the formidable malady. I slept in an upper story, performed my ablutions as regularly as a Hindoo, ate animal food only once a day, and in small

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quantities, (farinaceous substances form the natural food of man,) drank no spirits, but two or three glasses of wine per day, took three or four hours' active exercise, kept the mind employed, took once or twice a little precautionary quinine, and avoided the night air, which crept insidiously through the dull streets loaded with pestilential effluvia from the slimy banks of the river, and from the creeks and cypress swamps, the haunts of loathsome alligators and snakes.

On the 1st of September, the thermometer at eight P.M. was about 84°, without a breath of air, but myriads of mammoth musquitoes.

New Orleans is called the "Wet Grave," because, in digging "the narrow house," water rises within eighteen inches of the surface. Coffins are therefore sunk three or four feet, by having holes bored in them, and two black men stand on them till they fill with water, and reach the bottom of the moist tomb. Some people are particular, and dislike this immersion after death; and, therefore, those who can afford it have a sort of brick oven built on the surface of the ground, at one end of which, the coffin is introduced, and the door hermetically closed, but the heat of the southern sun on this "whited sepulchre," must bake the body inside, so that there is but a choice of disagreeables after all. The plan on which penitentiaries are built, has suggested to the Louisianians a new plan for interment: a broad brick wall is built with rows of cells on each side,

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and in these the dead are laid to wait for the awful blast of the angel Gabriel, when the dead shall burst the cerements of the tomb, and come forth to judgement.

"What is death? 'tis to be free!
No more to live, or hope, or fear—
To join the great equality.
All, all alike are humbled there.
Back from the tomb
No step has come;
There fix'd till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid the pris'ners be unbound."

Though it was the season of disease and death, yet the gamblers still continued to reap their harvest in the city. Night after night I was kept awake by the roulette table in the neighbouring house; and it is said that a revenue of thirty-five thousand dollars a year is derived by the city from licensed gambling-houses, which sum supports an hospital. Cock-fighting is a favourite amusement with both whites and coloured, and vice in every shape seems to hold high carnival in this city of the great valley. However, let no one judge of America from New Orleans, for it is altogether *sui generis;* and above all let no future traveller visit it in autumn, unless he wishes "to shake off this mortal coil," and save the coroner some trouble.

The population of New Orleans was—

In 1802	10,000
1810	17,242
1820	27,176
1831	50,000

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This increase is quite astonishing, especially when we consider that the population of the whole state of Louisiana under the French in 1763 was only eleven thousand. The whites are said to be at present two hundred and twenty thousand, and the slaves about one hundred and nineteen thousand in the State.

In 1822 there were exported from the Port of New Orleans 167,742 bales of cotton; and in this year 417,413. In 1822, 26,233 hogsheads of tobacco; and in this year 31,933. Sugar and molasses, in 1829, 56,566 hogsheads and 2,511 barrels of the former, and 20,940 hogsheads and 8,245 barrels of the latter. This season, 52,142 hogsheads and 2,650 barrels of sugar; and 22,872 hogsheads and 14,794 barrels of molasses. Commerce will be facilitated by another canal from the city to Lake Pontchartrain, to be commenced next year; and I travelled from the city to the lake four miles on a rail-road, on which there are now locomotive engines. The citizens seem determined to avoid the one hundred and ten miles of river navigation.

I may here notice the new and seemingly very feasible scheme for passing the isthmus of Darien with merchandize. Last year goods were sent from New Orleans to Chagres (Darien), and transported on mules to the shores of the Pacific, and then shipped to Manilla. This year a company has been formed at Panama, and proposals have been made in England to form a waggon-road,

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thirty-six miles in length only, from the head of the navigation of the Chagres River to Panama. Four hundred thousand dollars is the estimated expense, and the shares two hundred dollars each. The last scheme for passing the Isthmus with merchandize before this one, was through Lake Nicaragua.

"Are duels still common in the Western country?" I enquired of a respectable gentleman I met one day at dinner. "Yes, they are," answered he: "and originate most frequently in electioneering squabbles, and people libelling one another in the papers, which are sometimes filled with little else than personal abuse and advertisements. Though now rencontres in which a number are engaged at once, are less frequent, yet one took place not long ago, after a hotly-contested election in a Western State. There were six combatants on each side, and they attacked one another with swords, pistols, and daggers with the most savage fury; three were left dead on the field, and almost all the rest were wounded: the weaker party fled. Duels or rencontres are bad enough; but what is worse, downright assassination not unfrequently takes place to the West of the Mississippi, and goes unpunished. Our country is still in a lawless state in that quarter; thus there is now living a man, Mr. J., in easy circumstances, with whom I was at school in Georgia, who is well known to have killed (not in fair fight) at least ten men. We were all afraid of him at

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school, he had so infernal a temper and so diabolical a disposition. As he was leaving school, being strong and grown up, he whipped (thrashed) the poor master, and threatened to kill him; and one day he was playing with a negro boy, at a ball game, the boy was winning the game, and J. split his skull with a paddle. He is now sixty years of age, and walks about continually with a rifle on his shoulder, and a belt stuck full of pistols, and a dagger round his waist. These he carries for fear of the relatives of the people he has murdered; and if any one were to dispute with him, he would not hesitate to 'shoot him down' on the spot."

"Why is such a monster as this allowed to go at large?" I asked. "What are the magistrates about, that they do not convict him?"—"Why, sir, he fees lawyers handsomely, and manages to keep himself clear from trial; besides, even if he were confined, his relatives are powerful, and as ferocious as himself, and they would fire the prison and raise the country if he were to be incarcerated. I remember that one young man, a good shot, boasted that he was not afraid of this hoary villain. J. heard of this, and one day followed him into his room; the door was shut, a shot was heard, and the murderer walked coolly out of the house, with his arms about him, after having basely shot the boaster. J. opposed Jackson in politics; and once when the General was proceeding to Congress, J., with some other des-

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peradoes, lay in wait to murder him, but Jackson's friends surrounded him, and the miscreants could not effect their purpose. But the crimes of J. must make earth a hell to him; for he sleeps every night with half a dozen first-rate pistols by his bed-side, the locks oiled, and primed with the finest powder. He who has assassinated so many, is in constant dread of a violent end himself."

As to duels and deeds of violence, the Eastern States present a remarkable contrast to the above. The New-Englanders have too much shrewd sense, and are too sober and industrious to lead them to quarrel. Idleness, gambling, and drinking, are fruitful sources of crime, and these still prevail in the Western territory to a great extent; whereas temperance societies in the East have worked miracles, the health of the citizens improves, their morals are bettered, and misdemeanors are of rare occurrence from these admirable checks on evil propensities. Where the societies err is in insisting on immediate and total abstinence from spirituous liquors; temperance is limitation to a small quantity. Thousands would join the societies, who now keep aloof from them, if they were allowed a moderate share of "John Barleycorn," and by degrees they might entirely wean themselves.

Day after day passed in the same manner at New Orleans. Melancholy reigned over the city and its deserted streets, and I was continually reminded of "the pestilence which walketh in

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darkness, and the destruction which wasteth at noon day," if I looked from my window into the street, where hearses were seen moving towards the grave-yards at all hours.

I was amused with the advertisements of rival undertakers in the papers; this was their season of harvest. I insert a part of two notices. The first under the heading of a withered tree, a grave-stone, a skull, and the sun setting over a distant hill, thus announces himself:—

"The undersigned, at No. 61, Camp Street, respectfully announces to the public and his friends generally, that he has just completed a new hearse, which *for taste and beauty* is surpassed by none in this city. Coffins, mahogany, ebony, poplar, stained or covered to order, are constantly kept on hand. He will also undertake to furnish tombs, carriages, scarfs, gloves, &c. All orders will be thankfully received and attended to with despatch at any hour, day or night, and reasonable charges made. Next door to *the American Theatre*. Thomas P. Willard.

"*To Cabinet Makers.*—Two good workmen will receive regular employment; *good jobs*, and *cash payments*. Apply as above. 1st. Septr."

The next claimant to public patronage states as follows:

"Juan Fernandez has the honour of informing the public, that he continues to keep his establishment at No. 84, St. Anne, between Royal (!) and Bourbon Streets, for his sole account, and without

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partnership with any one. There will be constantly found at his store, COFFINS of all qualities and proportions, as well as all sorts of funeral decorations; and from this day forward his prices will be reduced as follows:—First, for a simple coffin, lined with black cotton, with ribbands, and the small two-wheeled hearse, No. 1, ten dollars. Second, for a coffin, lined with velvet, with two-wheeled hearse, No. 2, decently ornamented with plumes, fourteen dollars. Third, for mahogany coffin, lined with white satin, with the four-wheeled hearse, and necessary plumes, thirty dollars. Other charges in proportion.

" Mr. Fernandez will also undertake the furnishing of coaches, and the erection of tombs and monuments of all descriptions. He will have tombs opened and closed again when applied to. He will furnish all sorts of funeral marbles and tombstones, engraved, carved, and gilt; and finally will undertake the composition of inscriptions and epitaphs, which will be made by an able person. Persons who will apply to him *for every thing they may want*, will obtain tapers at the rate of ten bits to a dollar; and if they are desired to be lined with paper, no more will be charged than for those without lining. He will also furnish stuff for mourning dresses, and those who may not be able to pay in cash, will be allowed a reasonable credit, and they will obtain gratis the use of the necessary chandeliers and plate.

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"All persons in needy circumstances, who may wish to have their friends decently buried, will be charged only with the actual cost, without any charge for work and labour. The poor will be served without any remuneration! As to the mode of payment, Mr. Fernandez will not do *as is done in certain places*, where money is required forthwith, nay sometimes in advance; but he will make arrangements according to the fortune and situation of his employers. He will distress no one; and will send his bills to be collected only when the means of his customers will allow them to pay them."—What a proper man!

Every paper I took up contained these advertisements, these *mementos mori;* turn we then from these grave subjects, to another of a different stamp.

At New Orleans, in the gay season, they have very pleasant, though expensive amusements, called "Bals de Bouquet," given by the bachelors, but at the house of a lady. The *garçon* who gives the dance, is distinguished by the title of king; and his first care, when invested with the sovereignty, at the beginning of the season, is to select among the ladies of his acquaintance a queen to share his power, which he delegates by crowning his fair partner with a wreath of flowers. At her house, and in her name, is the ball then given. After two or three quadrilles, the first queen rises from her chair of state, and is con-

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ducted into the middle of the room by the king, when gracefully raising a wreath of flowers, which she bears in her hand, she places it on the brow of a future king (another bachelor of the party); and he, after a low obeisance, having fixed upon his mate in like manner, adorns her with the regalia of the bal de bouquet. The new queen then accepts the proffered arm of the king, the band plays a march, and followed by the rest of the company, they polonaise round and round the room. Dancing in its various branches succeeds; quadrilles, Anglaises et Espagnoles, are resumed with the greatest spirit, and continued until day breaks, when the first king and queen cease to reign. Misihi, the Turkish poet, says:—

> "The dew-drops sprinkled by the musky gale
> Are changed to essence ere they reach the vale;
> The charms of youth at once are seen and past,
> And Nature says, 'they are too sweet to last.'
> Though wise men envy, and though fools upbraid,
> Be gay, too soon the flowers of spring will fade."

After an unusually hot and sultry day, the sun assuming at the same time a greenish hue, and the streets in the evening as I walked home to my empty hotel sending forth a most disgusting effluvium, in the middle of the night I was awoke by the noise of the doors and windows violently agitated by the wind; it increased to the hurricane roar, lulled, and rose again, and blew with appalling force from the opposite point

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of the compass, rain at the same time deluging the city. Thus it continued all next day: the sea rushed into Lake Pontchartrain; behind the town, it burst its banks, and the city was under water, the Levee only being dry. There was no moving out of the house for many hours, and this led me to believe that one day this city, rapidly increasing as it is in wealth and consequence, will be swept into the Gulf of Mexico, if the Mississippi happen to rise unusually high at the annual inundation, and at the same time the south-east wind raise the sea at its mouth and in the lakes. More vessels were driven on shore in this hurricane; the unburied dead were laid in their coffins in the grave-yard, and floated about till the waters subsided to allow of their being buried — the stench was horrible. Many houses were unroofed, and almost all damaged in some way or other. Many lives were lost; some boats and canoes upset in crossing the river; and, as usual (whether it proceed from the alligators or under current), none who fall into the Mississippi at New Orleans, are ever seen again; and, lastly, the huts of several fishermen were swept off to sea, and the poor people miserably perished.

Whilst at New Orleans, I thought it worth my while to make some minute enquiries regarding the American encroachments on the Mexican territory of Texas. The political importance of them is undervalued in England at present; yet

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the facts should be known, for in the controversy few of our countrymen are acquainted with even the localities. I was fortunate enough to procure a good map of Texas, really a terrestrial paradise; and now proceed to give a few rough notes of the province, which is considered the garden of the New World.

I directed my enquiries to the following heads principally:—To ascertain how far the American squatters had entered Texas; whether a good sea-port had been discovered along its shore, and for what class of vessels; if the sea or land gained on the coast; how far East the Mexicans were settled; how the two nations were occupied; which of the native resources they seemed most inclined to develope; in what way the country seemed most improvable; whether the bad road which Humboldt mentioned as traversing Texas, between Louisiana and Mexico Proper was improved, or yet habitually travelled; whether any of the Indian tribes lingered on the sea-shore, and what was their condition.

The boundaries of Texas are the Red River on the north, separating it from Arkansas; the Sabine River on the east, separating it from Louisiana; south are the Gulf of Mexico and State of Tamanlipa; and on the west are Chihuanha, Coahuila, and Santa Fe. The area of Texas is one hundred and seventy-nine thousand two hundred square miles, equal to that of the United States of Louisiana, Mississippi,

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Alabama, and South Carolina; and it now divides attention in the States with the Michigan territory.

In the last expedition of the Spaniards from the Havannah to reconquer Mexico with a few hundred men, it is said that the Americans so far aided the invaders, as to send three armed ships with warlike stores to Vera Cruz: these were seized by the Mexicans and confiscated, and it is supposed by the Mexicans that the Americans had stipulated with the Spaniards to be rewarded with Texas, if the expedition had succeeded. Before the seizure of these vessels, the Americans were always regarded by the Mexicans as brothers; now, however, they are cordially disliked, and viewed with extreme suspicion, so much so, that the ministers in Mexico, in 1831, prohibited further emigration from the United States into their territory.

Four years ago, I understood that the Americans offered twelve millions of dollars for Texas, but an English merchant stepped forward and offered to raise the sum, if the Mexicans gave him the tobacco monopoly for a certain time, which was agreed to.

Though the Mexicans may prevent the Americans reaching the Texas by sea from New Orleans, which of late has been the favourite route to the country, yet they cannot hinder them from entering Texas by the Arkansas territory; but on

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the land route there are many dangers to be encountered. The Indians are extremely hostile to white strangers; continually attack the traders who visit New Spain from the States, and settlers of course are their aversion. Twelve years ago, a Mr. Austin obtained a grant of land in Texas, which, with subsequent additions to his son, embraces the large area of nineteen thousand square miles. De Witt's colony adjoins that of Colonel Austin, and comprises an area of three thousand five hundred square miles. Including the Indians, the entire population of Texas is said not to exceed fifteen or sixteen thousand souls, and these principally in the settlement of Colonel Austin, who tempted emigrants with one square league of land each.

The Mexicans complain, with justice, that instead of industrious and respectable settlers being introduced into Texas, in general the most worthless outcasts from society enter the territory. I heard of people there quarrelling and shooting one another with pistols, in the open day, with perfect impunity; of a dialogue between two old friends who unexpectedly met there,—one asked what brought his neighbour there? "The murder of a brother-in-law;" the other "had fled after being detected kidnapping free negroes." Again, the Mexicans complain that they are insulted by the Americans, who, contrary to express stipulation, introduce slaves into the colony, under

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pretence of their being indented servants; and, indeed, it seems quite evident that the Americans are endeavouring to obtain possession of the country (a very tempting prize) in the same way as they did Florida, by encouraging squatters to enter it, who, when they are sufficiently numerous, will rise under pretence of being oppressed, and an American force will be marched in to succour them, which retaining possession of the country, a compulsory sale will ensue. Some will say that the Northern States would not tolerate the addition of Texas to the Southern, because their influence in Congress would then be still more preponderating than it is at present; but I am very certain that the American Government fully appreciates the great value of Texas, and will not lose sight of such a noble prize, and such a splendid addition to the territory of the United States.

On the Sabine river the Americans have a garrison of three companies of one hundred and fifty men, and the Mexicans have a superior force on Galveston Bay.

It now remains shortly to describe the face of the country. The mountain ranges of Texas are not of very great altitude; those along the Saba river are said to be the highest, and the south-western quarter is broken and rises into considerable ridges; this quarter is also barren and unproductive. The north-eastern and eastern parts of

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the province are spread out into immense prairies, waving with luxuriant herbage, and watered by abundant streams. On these otherwise wild and solitary steeps, great droves of wild horses and herds of buffaloes are found; and in the northern frontier, and scattered throughout the province, are forests of stately trees.

The rivers are numerous, and several of consiable size. The Brazos river is at present of chief importance, as along its banks are principally settled the white population. Its length is seven hundred miles, and keel boats may navigate it to a distance of two hundred and sixty miles from its mouth, which generally carries only six feet water; but this might easily be avoided by a short canal of three miles from Galveston Bay to the Brazos. The entrance to the bay is twelve feet deep, and it affords an excellent and safe harbour inside. To the westward, the land seems to be gaining on the Gulf of Mexico, which again is encroaching on the Florida shore. With the exception of Galveston Bay, there is no other along the two hundred and sixty miles of coast which affords sufficient water to constitute a good harbour, and the mouths of the rivers are all interrupted by bars; but what will not science effect, and what obstacles will it not remove?

The Red River, a noble stream (flowing into the Mississippi, and affording an outlet to the

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fertile tract along its southern bank in Texas) is interrupted by a dangerous raft of timber, now eighty miles long by thirty broad; this is constantly ascending the river, increasing in size by the addition of countless logs after the floods, inundating the country, and distressing the settlers in Arkansas. Plans have been submitted to Congress, to get rid (in part) of this great impediment to the prosperity of Arkansas. As yet there are no settlers on the Texas side of the Red River. A steam-boat from the Mississippi passed the raft last year.

The Sabine river, though three hundred and fifty miles long, affords no facility for navigation, and expands into a lake of only five or six feet in depth. No lakes of any great size have as yet been discovered in Texas; the most remarkable that have been described are, the salt lakes of Tamanlipas, near the Bravo river. Large supplies of salt are furnished by these lakes, which is sent into Mexico Proper.

Except near the swamps, or some parts of the sea-shore, the climate of Texas is highly salubrious; and winter does not interrupt the labours of the husbandman. Instead of spreading out into marshes on the banks of the rivers, as in Louisiana, the land in Texas rises from the streams, and then extends into fertile prairies, capable of raising any crops. The river banks are fringed with walnut, elm, oak, cedar, &c.;

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and in many sections of the country extensive cane brakes are met with, which might be converted into sugar or cotton plantations. A company has been formed this year in New York to work the valuable silver mines in West Texas.

The colonists have turned their attention to agriculture and grazing principally. Fifteen hundred bales of cotton, two hundred thousand bushels of corn, and about two hundred hogsheads of sugar, exported last year to New Orleans, show, that though as yet the settlers are but few in number, they are rapidly developing the resources of the country.

The local government consists of Alcaldes, Regidores, and Syndics, as in Mexico Proper, elected by the settlers. Brazaria, the principal town, is twenty-four miles from the mouth of the Brazos. Nacogdoches, in a direct line from Natchitoches, was burnt down by the Indians in 1821, but is now rising from its ashes. Bexar is about four hundred miles to the south-west of Nacogdoches, and is still of inconsiderable size, as are Victoria and Goliad.

To conclude this sketch of Texas, it appears to be a province with a delightful climate, fertile soil, watered by numerous streams, and in the words of an American writer of a pamphlet urging the propriety and necessity of attaching it to the United States, "We may anticipate to a

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moral certainty, that in progress of time, the fairest cotton, the richest canes, and every species of grapes, will garnish its annual supplies;" and, I may add, that the Mexicans are anxious to have British settlers, to counteract the American influence; and since Mexico owes seventy millions of dollars to British subjects, it may not be difficult to attach to England such a desirable location for emigrants, and one of such easy access, though, of course, the Americans would not relish this arrangement.

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CHAPTER III.

Leave New Orleans.—An Escape.—Passengers in the Union.—Our Fare.—The Bar.—A Steamer.—Wooding Places on the Mississippi.—The Forest.—A Sugar Estate described.—Difference of Canes.—Annual Expenditure on a Sugar Estate.—Plough Husbandry.—American Enterprize.—"Nuts" for the Abolitionists.—The last Parroquett.—The Deck Passengers fond of "Corn."—The Encroachments of the Sea.—The old Mouth of the Great River.—Yankee cunning.—The Clock Pedlar.—The Mississippi and Irrawaddy compared.—The Squatters; their Betterments.—The Alligators.—River Robbers.—Natchez.—The Upper and Lower Towns.—Passengers plundered.—The Voyage continued.—Navigation of the River.—The Wooden Fork.—Dislikes of Backwoodsmen.—The Author gets a Lesson.—River Corpses.—Vixburgh.—Distress of a Hotel Keeper.—Three Snapping Turtles.—A Skirmish.—The Prize-ring defended.—Broad Horns.—The Cut-off at Red River.—The Inundation.—The Union is snagged and sinks.—Accidents on the Mississippi.

After a tedious delay of a fortnight in the Wet Grave, an opportunity presented itself for leaving, the Union, steamer, proceeding up the river; I accordingly secured a berth in her, and conveyed my baggage on board. The bell was ringing, announcing the departure of the vessel, and I was jumping on the plank with a light heart at leaving the city of death, and again find-

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ing the telaria on my feet, when a rough fellow addressed me:—"Halloo! Mister; you've not got the yellow fever yet, I see."—"No, nor likely either to get it, thank God. Did you expect I should get it?"—"To be sure I did; why, I saw you land here, and I says to a partner o' mine, There's one will never go alive out of this place."—"I'm not so easily killed, my friend; we're off, so good b'ye!"

I was in high spirits at being again on the move, and with the prospect of seeing the interior of such an interesting country; and, though we had the risk of bursting boilers, snags, sawyers, and other evils before us, yet I felt grateful at the escapes I had already made, and looked forward with confidence to be yet preserved a little longer in this fair world, which affords well-springs of happiness in almost every situation, if we would only look about for them.

> "Where'er we turn, enjoyment and delight,
> Or present or in prospect, meet the sight;
> Hourly allurements on our passions press,
> Safe in themselves, but dangerous in th' excess."

We had only two ladies on board, some half dozen gentlemen in the cabin, and a dozen and a half of deck passengers. There was abundance of substantial food three times a-day; plates of steaks, chops, grilled fowls, sausages, maize-bread and wheaten-bread, &c. &c. were placed on the table. First the cabin-passengers cleared off part of the viands; then the engineers and pilots suc-

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ceeded us, in their shirt-sleeves; and lastly, the servants (helps), all calling one another gentlemen, sirring one another, chewing tobacco and spitting — " mere trifles when one 's accustomed to them." All day long the bar at one end of the saloon was occupied by thirsty souls. Mint julep and apple toddy were the favourite liquors of the refined; cocktail and gin-sling were relished by the *Dii minorum gentium*.

The Union was, as usual, a high-pressure vessel, and burnt nothing but wood, which was piled up round the furnaces in the fore part of the vessel, where were the two chimneys, the awning and wheel; where also stood the pilot, and behind him the short tube for the escape-steam, which, like a small white cloud, puffed violently out every instant, and mingled with the atmosphere, for we drew no long train of smoke behind us like our vessels in the old country.

We stopped two or three times a-day at the wooding-places on the banks of the river, and saw there the piles neatly arranged, with a squatter sitting beside them to dispose of his cuttings. Wood in America is sold by the cord, or one hundred and twenty-eight cubic feet, which makes a pile eight feet in length, four high, and four thick. At first the Captain paid four dollars a cord, and as we got higher up, two, and I think we consumed about half a cord an hour. We were occupied from half an hour to an hour at each of the wooding places, for there were few

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deck passengers to assist. I had thus an excellent opportunity for visiting the plantations and settlements on the banks; but after we had accomplished one hundred and sixty miles above New Orleans, the sugar-estates ceased, and the animated appearance of the river banks given by the white houses, sugar-mills, negro villages, and cultivation, was changed for the gloom of the forest descending to the water's edge, and here and there the hut of a solitary squatter.

From an intelligent planter, who had been forty years in Louisiana, I got a good deal of information regarding the value of estates on the Mississippi. "We are now," said he, "about one hundred and fifty miles above New Orleans, and here is an estate of forty acres front, and eighty in depth, backed by the forest; it has one hundred negroes and stock upon it, and has just been sold for fifty thousand dollars cash; if credit had been given, perhaps seventy thousand would have been the price. Near New Orleans it would have fetched double the money, for there the canes don't suffer from frost as they do here sometimes, though we stack them, and do what we can to preserve them.

"In the district of Opoulousas, to the left of us, estates are much cheaper. The canes are on the ground only from March to October, when they are cut. The West Indian canes remain a year in the ground, consequently are much larger than ours. These Mississippi canes are not so

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good as the Florida, for they are moist, whereas the latter are dry; but it is a profitable business, sugar-planting. At present there are not too many engaged in it, and our Government gives every encouragement to us in the shape of protecting duties. I may say, that on an average the seven hundred and forty sugar-estates in Louisiana yield a profit of from six to ten per cent. on the investment."

"But are not these estates cultivated at considerable expense?" I enquired.

"Yes, and here is a memorandum for you, which will show you the usual cost annually. Each slave, including wages for Sundays' work, physicians' bills, keep of horses and mules, 105 dollars. The items are, on an estate of éighty negroes, salt meat and spirits, 830 dollars; clothing, 1200; medical attendance and medicines, 400; Indian corn, 1000; overseer's and sugar-maker's salary, 1000; taxes, 300; annual loss on a capital of 50,000 in negroes, at two and a half per cent. 1250; horses and oxen 1500; repairs of boilers, 550; ditto of ploughs, carts, &c. 300; total, 8330."

"You talk of ploughs — are they extensively used in the state?"

"Beginning to be so; and we find great advantage from them, for they turn up old lands much deeper than the miserable hoe. We use one-horse ploughs for ground that has been already broken, and a two-horse plough for new

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land. We take two crops of canes off the land; it then lies fallow for two years, or corn is raised on it, for we are careful not to exhaust our soil, rich though it be."

"Fewer hands are of course required where the plough is used?"

"Undoubtedly; and though some of the old planters are prejudiced, particularly the French and Spaniards, and will not adopt anything new, either in their agriculture or manufacture of sugar, yet we Yankees try experiments, and adopt new systems, if we find them profitable. The plough and steam-engine are far better than the hoes and cattle-mill, and in the course of a few years we might do without slaves at all."

"I sincerely hope so."

I may here mention a discovery in Africa, which will doubtless be very gratifying to the Anti-Slavery Society, as another mode may now be adopted to supersede the necessity for negro labour altogether. An American sea-captain, in a letter to the Editor of the "African Repository," stated, that whilst he was at Liberia, (the American philanthropic settlement near Cape Coast,) he was informed by the Kroomen, that the ourang outang had been repeatedly seen on the banks of the Junk river, *crabbing* with a crab stick and rude basket of his own construction. "If this be a fact," sagely adds the captain, "I think the Colonists might profit by it, by employing these animals in their corn and rice fields; for I see no

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reason why they should not be made to work as well as a horse or an ox." This savours a little of the sea serpent, but is most important, if true.

Three of our passengers were Guatimalians, two white and one brown young man; they were proceeding up the Mississippi and Ohio, and then across the Allighanies to Philadelphia, from thence to embark for Europe. They had brought with them a zoological garden of birds and beasts, splendid blue and scarlet macaws, green and yellow parrots, tiny parroquets, and a monkey or two. One of the female passengers was a strapping dark-haired French creole, whom we christened the Grenadier; she rocked in her arm-chair, and played with the parrots the livelong day. "Mon cher, do give me this," said she to one of the central Americans, holding up a curious little old-fashioned parroquet, that nibbled her finger with its crooked bill; "I want it so much for my petite." "Ave Maria purissima!" answered the Guatimalian, "I would give it to you, Señora, most willingly, but it is the only one of the kind I have left." However, the parroquet was destined to change owners; the handsome brunette regularly laid siege to the youth, won his heart, and moulded him to her will, and when we stopped opposite to her plantation, I observed that she went ashore with the parroquet on her thumb. Oh! crafty woman, what slaves do you not make of us! verily, we are as Persian Teduko, or led horses before you, and you turn us round and round your little fingers.

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Our deck-passengers were principally back-woodsmen, who had dropped down the river in summer in their square and flat-bottomed arks, laden with various commodities; and having disposed of their cargo, and their uncouth vessel being broken up for fire-wood, they were returning to their homes. They were a wild and fierce-looking set; their hair was long and uncombed, and a coarse striped shirt and trowsers composed their attire. I used to go forward among them to hear their conversation, and remark how they spent their time; but they spoke little to one another, and when they did, it was in a mumbling under-tone; and the most of them were continually drinking whisky, playing at cards on the head of a flour-barrel, or sleeping on the shady side of the deck. Several had been desperately wounded with knives, and one, who had his arm tied up, held it out to me and said, "Come, mister, you can doctor this, I reckon." It was an ugly-looking sore, from a stab with a rusty knife perhaps. As an hospitaller, I ought to have some little knowledge of medicine, so I directed him, in the first instance, to leave off whisky. "Oh! h—l," said he, "if my arm should drop off, I must have my corn, I tell ye."

"They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
And merry on the brain;
They say it stirs the sluggish blood,
And dulls the tooth of pain.
Ay—but within its glowing deeps,
A stinging serpent unseen sleeps."

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In all parts of the world, it is interesting to note the encroachments of the sea on the coasts, or to mark its recessions. In Number 25 of the "Journal of the Royal Institution," old series, page 230, it is stated that an old house in Cape May, at the entrance of the Delaware, marks a loss of one hundred and fifty-four feet from 1804 to 1820. This is prodigious, and the intelligent Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society requested me to inquire if this was progressive; I did so, but could obtain no very satisfactory answer. However, it appears that the coast of Jersey, about Cape May, is shifting sand, and is influenced by storms, which at one time heap up mounds of sand, and at another, sweep them away.

The changes on the coast of Jersey have very little to do with the Mississippi, on which we are now navigating; yet the above is a curious subject of inquiry, but much more so is the following. In an old Spanish account of an expedition which proceeded from the Havannah in the sixteenth century, to search for the waters of youth, (for these were the days of the Eldorado, the Philosopher's Stone, the Panacea or Elixir Vitæ,) it appears to have landed in Florida, travelled to the north-west, and sailed down the Mississippi, the mouth of which the narrator describes to be forty-five miles in breadth, and terminated by two bluffs, the water between them very shallow. Now Baton Rouge and Opoulou-

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sas correspond with these bluffs, but it seems impossible that the country to the south of these could have risen from the sea in so short a time. Perhaps the expedition arrived at Baton Rouge during the annual inundation.

The people of the Southern States stand in as much fear of the superior intelligence or cunning (if you will) of the genuine Yankees of New-England, as the yokels of the south and west of England do of Yorkshiremen. I continually heard complaints of "these damned Yankees taking in our poor wives and daughters." The planters would never allow that they themselves had been bitten, but complained of the bargains which had been sold their unsuspecting females. I often heard the old stories of wooden nutmegs; common sheep with a Merino fleece sewed upon them; and watches sold at auctions without works.

I shall now only give one anecdote of a trick that was played by a Yankee pedlar with an investment of clocks. He travelled through the state of Georgia, with a light Jersey waggon, or dearborn, freighted with eight-day time-pieces; he sold them all (bargains), save one, at the different "stands." The purchasers soon found that their clocks would not go. The pedlar had occasion to return by the same road, and stopping at a house where he had disposed of a clock, he was immediately taxed with imposition. "I beg pardon," said the sleek Jonathan, "I made a little mistake.

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I left a wrong clock with you, take this one instead." And so on he went changing the clocks, and got clear off with the proceeds of his "spec." I have lain awake at night and been much amused with Yankees recounting the tricks they had played in the south, selling barrels of rotten apples with a few sound ones at the top, and barrels of damaged flour in a similar manner.

In most parts of its course, the Mississippi is a lonely river to navigate, and we sometimes for a distance of thirty miles saw neither habitations, clearings, nor a single moving object. Yet the woods were magnificent, the ancient trees were of enormous size, and festooned with parasitical plants, like those on the rivers of South America, and at its bends often recalling to mind the great river Irrawaddy in Burma. But the Mississippi wanted the gilded temples, shooting upwards, from a bell-shaped base, their taper spires into the clear sky, which are continually observed among the noble forests of Ava; and it wanted the grotesque poongee, or priest-houses, with curved roofs, and griffins guarding the entrance, seen in ascending the chief river of his golden-footed majesty: in lieu of these, there was nought but the log-hut of the solitary squatter, with a rude brick chimney at one end; the garden, with a snake-fence; and a boat moored in front of the door in case of a flood, so that the whole family, with the sheep and goats, could take refuge in it.

Whenever we stepped at a squatter's, I went into

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his house to see how he lived, and I was sometimes asked to purchase their "betterments." One man's house, with a few cleared acres cut out of the forest round it, I found comfortably boarded, three beds in the sleeping-room, with white curtains and counterpanes, and the tin and pewter plates, and copper vessels in the kitchen, bright and shining. I stepped into a shady gallery behind, and found the mistress of the family and her daughter, stout and hearty, remarkably neat and clean in their persons, and engaged in knitting stockings; the master in a blue jacket and trowsers, balanced himself in a chair against the wall, and asked two thousand dollars for his betterments, including a stock of sheep and oxen. His negro boy brought me a delicious water melon, and cutting it in two, I plunged my hand into it and ate it, whilst the sweet juice oozed from the pleasant fruit; but a bull interrupted the treat, and I was obliged to jump down under a bank to avoid the bellowing monster.

Most of the squatters, however, looked very sickly and emaciated, and were living beside swamps, in which alligators wallowed; and they said they were obliged to look sharp after their children, lest they should be snapped up by these devourers. At particular seasons of the year the alligators cry and lament at night like human beings in the greatest distress, and the little ones whine like children. What a situation for a man to be placed in! A dark and swampy forest around

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him, a deep and turbid river in front, and alligators crying all night long about the wretched dwelling!

Some of the squatters complained bitterly of being plundered by the Kentucky boatmen; their fowls were taken, their corn plucked, and their orchards robbed by these wild rovers. Again, I was told that many of the squatters are great rogues themselves; they keep grog-shops, the boatmen intoxicate themselves at the bar, are "Burked," or otherwise made away with, and the desperadoes in league with the squatter seize the ark, and take it down to New Orleans, where they sell it and the cargoes, and return to commit fresh atrocities. I remarked that during the eight days in which I saw squatters, not one either smiled or laughed; and the men, as well as the women and children, were all dull and melancholy.

On arriving at Natchez, now containing about three thousand inhabitants, we remained for two or three hours. Natchez is divided into an upper and lower town; the upper is pleasantly situated on a high ridge, overlooking the forests on the western bank of the father of waters; the streets are lined with comfortable houses, shaded with trees in front, and between them are racks on which to hang the horses' bridles when the cotton planters come in from the country to pay visits. The lower town of Natchez has got a worse character than any place on the river; every house

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seemed to be a grog-shop, and I saw ill-favoured men and women looking from the windows. Here the most desperate characters congregate, particularly in the spring of the year, when the up-country boatmen are returning home with their dollar-bags from the New Orleans market. They are plied with rum, and induced to gamble all their money away.

Dreadful riots occur then,—"fist and scull fighting," where eyes are gouged out, noses and ears bitten and torn off; at that season too the passengers of the steam-boats are plundered in the following manner:—In the evening a steamer stops at Natchez to land or take in goods, the passengers observe several houses lighted up, and hear the sounds of fiddles and merriment, and they run up to see what is going on; they find men and women dancing, gambling, and drinking, the bell of the steam-boat rings to announce that she is about to continue her voyage, the lights in the houses of entertainment are immediately extinguished, and the passengers rush out, afraid of being too late for the boat, and run down towards the landing; ropes are drawn across the road, the passengers fall heels over head, a number of stout ruffians throw themselves upon them, and strip them of their money and watches, and they get on board in doleful plight, and of course never see or hear more of their plunderers.

After leaving Natchez, where in the neighbourhood there are now only thirty Indians left

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in one small village of the great tribe which was feared and respected over the whole North American continent, we pursued our course, first on one side of the river, where the current was slack, and then across to the other, according as the banks influenced the stream. Our general rate of going was about seven miles an hour, but where the stream was rapid, as at the *chutes* formed by islands, two or three miles an hour were only accomplished. Thick fogs often lay on the river, and it was impossible to proceed; and, sometimes, notwithstanding all the precautions used, we ran a-ground, and were boomed off by a large spar over the bows, to which a purchase was applied by means of the capstan.

The wheel for steering is placed in American steam-boats invariably near the bows, by which means the pilot sees clearly where he is going, and has a better chance of avoiding the ripples, indicating a snag or planters pointed down the stream, and ready to stave in the bows. At the end of the short bowsprit there is a long white staff, and at the top of this there is a small canvass bag, painted black; at night the pilot keeps this between his eye and the horizon, and thus sees how the river runs.

The people of the West are very plain in their manners, and dislike all pretensions to singularity, or to superior refinement. Thus a General from the Eastward, in passing up the Mississippi, made use of a silver fork to eat his meals with —

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(" haymakers," or two-pronged forks, are as yet only used there, and both these and the knives are set in carved buckhorn handles); and a backwoods passenger incensed at the refinement of the General, one day made himself a large wooden fork, and when the General called for his silver one at dinner, Kentuck produced his wooden one, and ate with it, in derision, immediately opposite the man of war.

The Mississippi people have a great aversion to brass buttons; and if a luckless wight happen to have these on his coat, a keelman will come up, and touching them contemptuously with his finger, say, " I guess you think them are gold buttons, mister. I 'll whip any man that wears gold buttons, by G—!"

I had a lesson read to myself, to show how necessary it is at all times to avoid whatever may give offence, or occasion suspicion, in a strange country. Having been accustomed to wear moustaches for some years (being a regulation in my late regiment, the 16th lancers), and as they were not considered *outré* in the former part of the expedition, I did not see the necessity of cutting off what one, ridiculously enough, gets attached to, like a veteran of the last century to his *queue;* but one day I overheard a conversation between two squatters, which occasioned my immediately applying the scissors. One said to the other, " Who can he be, I wonder?"—" I don't know, I 'm sure; but he comed up to me just now, and

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asked me some questions, but I did not like to give him an answer; why, I reckon, he's a pirate, come up here to look for plunder."—" He's here for no good, you may swear."

In leaving New Orleans at the season of the year when we did, steam-vessels frequently carry the seeds of the yellow fever with them. The captain said that one had passed up some time before, and lost a great many of the passengers, who were sown up in blankets and thrown overboard; and in passing up the river, he noticed here and there the bodies stuck on the snags, or moving up and down with the sawyers. In the rivers in the East one is constantly shocked with the sight of a floating corpse, with a vulture perched upon it, and expanding its wings to cause it to land, that it may devour its meal at leisure.

We arrived at Vixburgh, which, like Natchez, has an upper and lower town, but has a much better character than the latter. Thus one of our passengers was a hotel-keeper in New Orleans, proceeding to make a purchase of land in the up-country; he went ashore at Vixburgh, and came back swearing that he could not get a drop of drink in the place. " I went into the best hotel," said he, " and saw rum, gin, and brandy, painted on casks in the bar as usual. I asked the bar-keeper to mix me a mint julep, and what do you think he had the impudence to answer? that they sold no spirits there; that it was not the fashion

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to 'wet up' in Vixburgh now-a-days; that they had got temperance societies there, and could not think of transgressing the rules. The devil take your temperance societies! I said, they will be the ruin of my trade; as if it were a sin or crime for a fellow to take a drop of good liquor when he's inclined, without a parcel of old women meddling with him — damned cant and hypocrisy!" I laughed heartily at the distress of this thirsty soul, who went to the bar of the boat, and took a double dose to the confusion of all temperance humbugs.

Here three whacking fellows came on board, to be conveyed a few miles up the river. They were regular-built Kentuckians, snapping turtles, "could leap the Ohio," wade the Mississippi, or whip their weight in wild cats. One of them had a skiff with a sack of corn in it, and without leave asked or obtained from the captain, he made it fast to the stern. The word was given to "go a-head," and away we paddled; but the skiff soon filled with water, and was a dead weight on our speed. "Give her more steam!" cried the captain. "Still she did not "progress" as she ought. He walked aft, and saw the drag on her. "That boat must be cut adrift," says he. —"Cut adrift!" cries "the half horse, half alligator," with a back which reminded me of the song—

"His brawny shoulders four feet square;"—

"By G—, the first man that tries to cut adrift

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my boat I'll cut his throat!" Whereupon he stuffed his fist into his right breeches pocket, and drew forth a large knife with a French spring to prevent its shutting, and brandishing it, he roared out tigerishly, "My name's Tom Merriman; I'll make mince-meat of ye." His two companions also drew blade; on which, being alone with the captain in the midst of these Philistines, I also turned up my sleeves, and felt if my hunting-knife was ready for action,—

> "A useful dudgeon
> Either for fighting or for drudging;"

and expected a regular "scrimmage." I am wicked enough to confess, that I don't dislike, occasionally, to witness a fight, provided it is a fair, "stand-up," and manly encounter. Of course I detest the stiletto; it is a cowardly weapon; and I am sorry to say, that knives are oftener drawn in anger on the Mississippi than they are in Italy or Spain. I will frankly own, that I had an inclination to see how they settled their quarrels in the back woods, and here I thought was what I sought. But the skipper, a prudent Scotchman, and an old man-of-war's man, was not to be daunted by swaggering, but stepping to his cabin, he put a pair of pistols in his pocket, and coming aft, said to the bullies, "Cut away, if you like, my lads! Damn your knives; I've seen more of them than you ever did! Ashore you must go! Pilot, steer for the landing!" The boat approach-

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ed the bank. "Cast off the skiff, and put the men ashore," was the next order. Kentuck immediately came down with the humble—"My name's Tom Merriman," said he: "I wanted to get along a bit. You wanted to cut adrift my skiff; I didn't say I would cut *your* throat: let's have a horn, captain, and shake hands." The skipper growled a little, but relented, and they all went to the bar, slinged, were friends, and we "went a-head."

"These are rough characters we have on board, captain: have you often men of that stamp with you?" I asked. "Yes, pretty often; but I know how to manage them now. Some time ago, however, three of the same sort came a-board at Natchez, and wanted to leave without paying their passage. I saw they had money, and, collaring one of them, swore that he should make his deposit before he left the craft; on which he dashed his fist in my face, shoved his middle finger into my ear, and gave my left eye a start with his thumb; but before he could completely gouge me I capsized him on the deck, and fell upon him, and grasping his throat, shook him till he was black in the face. One of his companions whipped out a knife, and ran it through my arm, —there's the mark of the cut still;—the third ruffian got one of my fingers in his mouth, and gnawed it to the bone! It was all the work of a moment, and I should have been blinded, or murdered by them, had not my mate knocked the

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two others down, and we bundled the whole on shore."

Old ladies at home may exclaim against the prize-ring if they please, but until our people's nature becomes more angelic than it is, I do not see how it can well be dispensed with; and whilst on the Mississippi I often wished that some of our pugilistic heroes would make a tour in the back woods, and give the pioneers a *notion* of the noble art of self-defence, and thus abolish the cowardly knife, gouging, and biting.

> "Contention, like a horse
> Full of high feeding, when madly it breaks loose,
> Will bear down all before it!"

From the annual inundations extending a considerable distance into the flat country, on both banks of the Mississippi, I noticed very few settlers above Baton Rouge; and though at first it was interesting to gaze on the boundless forests on either hand, with the broad stream rolling between them, and occasional wooded bluffs, of two or three hundred feet elevation, "spurs" from the Alleghanies, yet, after a time, the monotony of the landscape became very tiresome. A square flat-bottomed boat, or "broad-horn," would occasionally pass us, or a canoe with a single Indian would be paddled across our bows. Wild fowl, at long intervals, would fly overhead; yet melancholy reigned over the scene, and I was not surprised to see the squatters dull and without animation.

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Before the inundation of last year a small trench was cut across the isthmus at the Red River, where the Mississippi takes a sweep of eighteen miles. When the river rose, a small rill first passed through the cut; gradually the water increased; it became a torrent; and finally the mighty river itself rolled through the trees, tore up a new channel for itself, and now fills the few hundred yards of isthmus with its turbid waters, leaving the eighteen miles nearly dry. Besides the alteration in the course of the Mississippi at this interesting spot, no material change has taken place for some time.

It is a well-ascertained fact, that near the Mississippi the elevated ground is more unhealthy than the river's bank itself. The miasma seems to collect about elevated spots, and they are therefore avoided by old residents. Another peculiarity of the river is, that the banks are generally higher than the country for some distance behind them, so that at the commencement of the annual inundation the river flows in three channels. After a time it rolls in one undivided and vast torrent, sweeping through the trees, and carrying many with it, with masses of the bank.

After leaving Memphis, the steam-vessel was progressing against the stream at the rate of seven knots an hour. She was in the middle of the river, there about sixty feet deep, and as smooth and unruffled as a polished mirror, when at four in the afternoon she struck heavily against a con-

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cealed snag or log, firmly imbedded in the mud, and pointing down the stream. The vessel quivered from stem to stern, the water gushed in at the bows like a mill-race, she hung on the snag for some time, and great confusion prevailed on board, for there was the prospect of sinking in the middle of the river; but at last she dropped off the snag, and was piloted towards the shore, where she sank. The crew, passengers, and their baggage, were saved, but the cargo of coffee, sugar, and dry goods, was entirely lost. The thirsty hotel-keeper before mentioned, had a narrow escape. He was enjoying his afternoon's nap in a chair in the cabin, after sundry juleps, slings, and cocktails; he continued fast asleep after the accident, but was fortunately observed by the steward, sitting with the water up to his knees, and was with difficulty dragged out and saved. Last voyage three people were blown out of the Union by the collapsing of the boiler, and I thought that surely after that no accident would happen the next voyage, I therefore had embarked in her in perfect confidence; but she was unprovided with a water-tight snag-chamber at the bows, was very slightly built, and so shattered by the concussion that no hopes were entertained of being able to raise her. I left before the final catastrophe, and landed at Memphis.

A New-Englander has got a contract to clear the Mississippi, which he does not fulfil as he ought to do. Thus he has a steamer of a peculiar

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construction, which he runs over a snag, makes fast a hawser to it, and *if he can*, drags it up by setting on steam; if he cannot move it, he saws it off at low water, and it was on one of these that our unfortunate Union struck. Fourteen steam-vessels were lost in 1831, in the Mississippi and Ohio; there are altogether one hundred and ninety-eight running. Engineers and pilots are entertained without examination; and as whisky is cheap in the West, accidents are not to be wondered at.

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CHAPTER IV.

Memphis, in Tenessee.—The Hotel.—Discovery of an Emissary. —A Negro Preacher.—A Sleeping Apartment.—The Indians. —Compulsory Emigration.—Destruction to the Red Hunters. —Chateaubriand.—A group of Chickasaws.—Their encampment.—Indian Manners.—Seemingly, but not really indifferent to their Wives.—The worshippers of the Sun.—The Coronach, or lament for their Dead.—Intercourse between the Pioneers and Indians.—Anecdote.—Leave Memphis for the interior.—The Waggon.—The Forest.—A Stand or Stage.—Corn Bread.—Black Jacks.—Excitement.—The Music of the Woods.—A cure for affectation and self-conceit.—The story of the Boot-jack.—Inquisitive Pioneer.—Strange ideas. —Snakes.—The Prairies.—Indian Mounds.—Barrows.—The unknown Dead.—The Grave of a Scottish-chief.—The Mammoth Cave.—Real Aborigines of America long ago exterminated.—Paintings on Rocks.—Salt Licks.—The Big Hatchet River.—A Lawyer.—A Duel.—Hunting Parties.—Rifle Practice.—Barrens.—A Hurricane.—An Adulterer detected. —A Backwoods Sheriff.—Paddling a Negro.—Migratory Farmers.—Arrive at Nashville.

I WAS much pleased with the site and appearance of Memphis, in Tenessee; it is pleasantly situated on a high bluff, on the east bank of the Mississippi, and commands an extensive view up and down the river, and across the Arkansas territory, an unbroken forest to the base of the rocky mountains.

The town now contains a thousand inhabitants.

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The frame-houses had a clean look about them; and the hotel where I put up was a respectable establishment, kept by a colonel of militia, with the effigy of the great Washington swinging before the door. The charges were extremely reasonable; one dollar for a most abundant supper, at seven o'clock, bed, and breakfast, and no waiters, chambermaids, or boots to pay. For my passage in the steam-vessel, for eight days, I had paid twenty-five dollars, which included every thing; those who chose to patronize the bar, of course paid for what they drank.

At the public table I overheard a conversation which afforded me some amusement. A lank New-Englander said to a burly-looking Kentuckian, "I guess they have not such good food in England as we have."—"No, damn them, they 've no corn." (maize.) "Did you hear of the Britainer that abused us pretty considerable the other day in a book?"—"No," says Kentuck; "what did he say?"—"Why I forget what he said exactly, but he thought himself a very smart man, I reckon. At New Orleans the people there soon found him out; why he was a spy of his Government, and came over here to try and persuade the Southern States to separate from the Northern, but it was of no use, oh, no!"

Did the gallant Captain (Basil Hall) ever suspect that he was looked on as an emissary? Something must have happened to displease him at New Orleans, for he says very little about that

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singular city in his travels. He has had his revenge, for the inhabitants are annoyed at being passed over with such slight notice as he condescends to take of them.

I strolled out in the evening to enjoy the cool breeze and moonlight on the verge of the forest. In a lone house, in a lane, I heard the sound of psalm-singing, about eleven o'clock at night, and stopped to listen to a tune which the Covenanters in the days of their adversity had often uplifted on the hill side, when prepared to contend for their religion to the death. The psalm ceased, and a negro slave delivered a long extempore prayer like those of the Presbyterians, and using excellent language. The prayer was followed by a sermon, in which the fall of our first parents was described, and its consequences to the human race; "born in sin, and conceived in iniquity," but regenerate through the instrumentality of a Redeemer. The audience consisted of a few negro men and women, sitting on forms in a loft, lighted by a solitary candle. The preacher could neither read nor write; yet he expressed himself clearly, eloquently, and energetically. I went away pleased and astonished at what I had seen and heard; and thought that though it is a penal offence to instruct slaves in these Southern States, yet with all their enactments, the spread of the Gospel could not be controlled, and that the negro still found means to gain access to the fountain of living waters.

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" Though our masters bought and sold us,
Paid our price in paltry gold;
Yet though slaves they have enrolled us,
Minds are never to be sold."

I returned to the inn, and asked where I was to sleep, and was shown into a room like the ward of an hospital with a dozen beds in it, all doubly occupied save one, from which a voice asked me " to bundle." I declined the invitation, and lay down in my clothes. I remarked that the beds were composed of feathers, and had blankets and sheets as usual; but in the backwoods I understood that the sheets are not often changed, and as all classes occupied the beds, from the wealthy merchant and planter to the boatmen and shoe-blacks, I slept in my clothes invariably, sometimes on a bed, and sometimes on the floor, and saw from what others suffered, that I escaped certain cutaneous disorders and nocturnal interrupters of repose. " A plaid and bag of oatmeal ought to suffice for the rough living Gaël."

I now heard a good deal of the Indians migrating from the eastern to the western bank of the Mississippi; they were melancholy enough, poor people, at being obliged to leave their familiar hunting-grounds, and the graves of their fathers, with the prospect, too, of having to fight their way among hostile tribes. Many Americans regret to see the course pursued by their Government towards the red men, driving them toward

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the west, with the excuse, that since they will not become agriculturists, and require such a large space for hunting and fishing, they must be got rid of, "*coûte qu'il coûte.*" But let us inquire, has the American Government taken pains or trouble to instruct this unfortunate race in the arts of civilized life? It has not. And though it is a harsh judgment to pronounce, yet improvement has hitherto meant, among other things, exterminating the Indians, or driving them with the red deer and buffalo to the recesses of the rocky mountains; and eventually the waves of the Pacific will wash the bones of the last of the red hunters.

Neither are the English to be praised for their conduct on all occasions towards their copper-coloured brethren. We have parcelled out territory which did not belong to us, and have too often shown an indifference to the fate of those who court the shade, and shun the trammels of civilization. Some will say, that it is impossible to reclaim the Indians from their savage state; to this I answer, look at the labours of the Jesuits in South America, view the condition of the Indians of the Spanish missions, quiet, industrious, temperate, cultivating the soil, skilled in several mechanical arts, with religion shedding its benign influence over their lives. In what manner this happy state of things was brought about, is detailed in the writings of the Count de Chateaubriand.

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At Memphis I saw a group of Chickasaw Indians, consisting of a chief, about sixty years of age, a warrior, of about thirty, and his wife and child. The chief had a fine Roman nose, and really somewhat resembled his Grace the Duke of Wellington; he was of as dark a mahogany colour as the Indians of Guiana, and wore on his head a piece of chintz, folded like an Oriental turban, round the lower part of which was a bandeau of silver; a chintz tunic reached to the middle of the thigh, and his legs and feet were cased in leather, with fringes of the same material down the outer seam; he had broad armlets of silver, and round his waist he wore a girdle of wampum beads, in which was stuck a broad scalping-knife. The young warrior, a strapping fellow of six feet high, was similarly attired, with the exception of the silver ornaments, and whether he stood still or walked, every attitude was full of grace. The black and silken hair of the female was parted on the forehead, and clubbed on the back of the head, and she was modestly clothed in a long gown. The child had strings of wampum about its ankles and wrists. These people had long-tailed horses with them, laden with dressed deer-skins, which they were anxious to dispose of, for they, too, were preparing to cross the river. Having come from a distance, they "camped out" near the town; a few earthen pots prepared their evening meal, and they lay down under buffalo robes under the lee of some

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blankets propped up on sticks, and with their feet to the fire, reminding me of the Cossack bivouacs during the Turkish war.

Among the various tribes of North America, there is said to be a remarkable resemblance in feature and habits, betraying a common stock, and there is also a striking similarity in their different dialects; besides, when the different tribes cannot communicate verbally, they understand each other perfectly by means of signs. They all seem to be gloomy and abstracted when not aroused by particular excitement, to have no curiosity, and they all *seem* to be indifferent to their wives; but from what I have heard from those who are more intimately acquainted with them than the passing observer, I believe that, like the Orientals, the Indian youth are taught by their parents never to express their surprise at any object or occurrence, however unusual, as to do so would be a sign of weakness, and never to ask questions, which would be a sign of ignorance, but always to observe diligently.

Doubtless, the dark and shady wilderness in which they dwell, the many dangers to which they are exposed, and the uncertain and wandering life they lead in desert places, stamp an air of gloom upon them; but at their festivals they give vent to the wildest mirth, and in their games, and in pursuit of their prey, they show an energy, activity, and vivacity, which could not be believed by those who had only seen them with their chins

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on their knees at the door of their skin or rush wigwams.

What shall we say of their apparent indifference to their women, but to repeat what we stated regarding the wandering tribes of South America? —that their character in this respect has been quite misunderstood. During the day, the Indian hardly deigns to look at his squaw, and never caresses her before strangers; but in the evening, the piping of reeds may be heard in the forest near the encampment, or village, proceeding from the young men inviting their favourite damsels to stray with them through the sylvan scene; and at night, when all the fires are extinguished, the lovers visit their mistresses with lighted calumets, or pipes in their hands. If the lady in her bower is pleased with her swain, she extinguishes the pipe; if not, she takes no notice, and he retires disappointed.

I have heard that there are still some tribes to the west of the Mississippi who worship the sun. Four times a year they are said to assemble at a particular spot, to pay their adorations to the giver of light and fertility. The multitude arrange themselves in four quadrants, and all turn their faces to the east at early dawn. When the great luminary rises over the prairie, they hail his appearance with shouts of gladness. The warriors hold out their arms to him, the youths fruit and corn, and the mothers lift up their tender offspring to salute the God of Day. The same ceremony is repeated at mid-day; and when the sun sinks

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behind the rocky mountains, the night is closed with hymns, feasting, and dancing. It is difficult to conceive any species of worship more impressive than the above, or a ceremony better calculated to inspire a stranger with respect and regard for these lions of the forest, first silent till the object of their adoration appears, then bursting out in accents of rejoicing, and offering for his acceptance their choicest gifts.

The author of "The Valley of the Mississippi," whose acquaintance I had great satisfaction in making, relates a singular ceremony, to which he was witness. In Louisiana, a family mourning for a deceased relative, the women stood in a group, or walked about, but four men sat on the ground, with their heads nearly touching, and a blanket thrown over them. They uttered at intervals a most doleful howl, like the coronach of the Celts, interrupted by sobs, whilst tears streamed down their cheeks. This was continued for half an hour, when they rose and went about their usual occupations.

In the back woods I heard many appalling tales of Indian ferocity, and of their implacable hatred to the encroaching pioneers. From all I could collect, there is a wonderful difference between the French and the American frontier people in their intercourse with the Indians. The former insinuate themselves into the good graces of the red men, humour their prejudices, and inter-marry with them; whereas the latter,

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like the descendants of sturdy Britons, will not take the trouble to conciliate the people whose territory they covet; and between the two races there seems to be a rooted and fixed antipathy. As a proof of the feeling that exists among the pioneers towards the Indians — a backwoodsman came into Nashville to purchase powder and shot, with his trusty rifle on his arm. While standing at the door of a store, a poor Indian happened to pass on the opposite side of the street; instinctively, and in a moment, the rifle was levelled at the red man; but the houses recalled the marksman to a true sense of his situation, and with a bitter smile he lowered his piece, and the unconscious Indian passed on unharmed.

A long waggon, drawn by four horses, starting on the road to Nashville, the capital of the State of Tenessee, I put my baggage into it and drove off with a countryman, Mr. Arrott, after breakfasting in company with the driver.

We crossed a pretty stream, and then plunged into a forest of white oak and cedar. Immediately after leaving the town, on each side of the road, were the purple flowers of the iron-weed and the red shumack, under which the deer love to repose, for it conceals them from their enemies, as the variegated heath did the tartan-clad Highlanders. The driver showed great dexterity in turning his horses round the stumps and black-jacks, or burnt trunks, but we were awfully

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shaken, for he went over fallen trees without the least compunction or mercy shown to his waggon or the bones of his passengers. These abominable roads are easily accounted for, the population being as yet so widely scattered. When the roads are mended, it is often done by ploughing and harrowing them in the "fall" of the year. Sometimes the jolting was so continued and so dreadful, that it seemed as if the tilt would fly off the waggon every moment, and our heads after it. Corduroy causeways, broken bridges, and stumps, all impeded our progress. I got out and walked whenever I could do so without sinking in the mud to the ankles.

The first "stand" we came to was a log-house, of two rooms, and between them an open space, nicely boarded. Here the proprietor, a major, was balancing himself on the hind legs of his chair in the usual way, and reading an old newspaper. He gave us a nod on entering, and his wife, a clean, bustling woman, silently, but in good earnest, set about preparing dinner. A snow-white cloth was spread, on which were placed bacon, or "Old Ned," as it is called in Tenessee, greens, boiled beef, roasted fowls, peas, corn bread, and milk. "Do you like the corn bread, stranger?" said the landlady to me. "Yes, very much, though the flour does not seem to have been ground?"—"No; we 've no mills in these woods," said the major; "we grate the

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corn-cob on a piece of tin, with holes knocked in it with a nail."—"It is very sweet and good for all that," I answered; and so it was.

We continued our drive through the forest all day, and here and there passed a few fields, cut out of it with snake, or zig-zag rail fences, and black jacks standing up among the corn. Truly, these burnt trees are melancholy objects to contemplate at first sight; but when we reflect that they are the first and sure indications of a virgin soil being about to support a hardy and energetic population, and that they are indications of the unproductive wilderness being about to be converted from solitude and gloom to smiling fields and rich pastures, the pleasures of hope and of anticipation immediately occupy the mind, and we cease to regret the destruction of trees which shut out the kindly influence of the sun from the rich bottoms.

The waggon jolted on through swamps and mud-holes, and up rugged acclivities, and did not "progress" at a greater rate than four miles an hour, so that I was able to walk on in advance; and sometimes I trotted out, like an Indian, and was full of glee at feeling myself so independent in these solitudes. I could not resist ever and anon singing at the top of my voice snatches of songs, and unseen, played all sorts of ridiculous antics in the exuberance of my mirth. As the Persians would express themselves, "free-

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ing the foot of the heart from the skirt of care, I tossed into the air the cap of independence."

Sometimes I sat down on a fallen tree, and listened to the wind playing among the upper branches of the cedars, and recalled to mind this beautiful passage: "Sounds have awakened sounds; the forest is all harmony! Are they the full tones of the organ that I hear, while lighter sounds wander through vaults of verdure? A short silence succeeds. The aërial music begins again! Everywhere soft complaints, murmurs,—which comprise within themselves other murmurs; each leaf speaks a different language! each blade of grass has its particular note!"

Let the youth who is full of himself, who is conceited with the flattery of female friends, uplifted in his own estimation, make a tour in the backwoods of America, it will soon cure him of his empty pretensions. Affectation is unknown there, and he will soon acquire a natural manner of acting and thinking.

I confess that the temper is sometimes rather severely tested in these wilds, and there are many opportunities offered for picking quarrels if one is a fire-eater: thus an acquaintance of mine had arrived at a small inn, rather fatigued with the jolting, and was standing beside the fire, resting his head on his hand in a meditative attitude —"like patience on a monument," when a brawny Kentuckian, in a rough white great coat and

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whip under his arm, came behind him, and clapping one foot encased in a thick hob-nailed boot between his legs, administered a hearty whack on the shoulder, crying, "Hollo, Mister, stand steady a minute, I want to make a boot-jack of you." What would "a young man about town" have said to this?

An hour before we came to the last stand, where we were to sleep, the driver brightened up, and called to me to sit in the waggon, for he was "going a-head." He dipped a long horn into a pool of water, blew a loud blast, and whipped his horses; we went on at a "rough and tumble" rate as he called it, and arrived with aching bones at the house of a lonely settler. Here we got a comfortable supper from an old man and his wife, who had been on the move from one part of the country to the other for the last thirty years. This aged pair were very inquisitive, but civil withal, and proceeded cautiously in their interrogatories. After I had finished eating, and was balancing myself on my chair, Yankee fashion, the pioneer said, "I reckon, sir, you don't belong to our section of country."—"No, I'm not a citizen of the Union."—"Where may you be located when you are at home?" continued he. "Where should you guess?" said I. "Why, a Spaniard from New Orleans may be." (I was dressed in blue jacket and trowsers, with a good deal of hair about my face.) "No, old gentleman, I'm

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a Scotchman."—"Scotch, eh! why that's far over seas. Are you all quiet there now?"—"Yes, very quiet. Did you ever hear of disturbances there?"—"Yes, I've heard of a good deal of fighting and plundering there. Have you got rid of your Indians yet?"—"Indians!" said I, "we've no red skins in our country."—"No! why that's curious enough," said the settler: "but it's time for you to go to sleep, and I'll take your money now, as I don't want to be up so early as you do in the morning; I'm an old woodsman now, and want rest! That gentleman," pointing to the driver, an unwashed fellow of five and twenty, on the monthly wages of fifteen dollars, "will waken you; he sleeps in the room with you. Take your cloak in your hand, and I'll bring in the balance of your baggage."

The driver awoke in the middle of the night, as he dreamt that his horses had run away; and when once up, he thought it as well to "get along;" so the horses were "tackled up," and we proceeded through the forest in a cold and damp morning. We did not see any snakes, but heard a great many stories of them. The rattlesnakes and copper-heads were said to be the worst, though they have a singular way of preventing fatal effects from the bites. A man and his wife were passing through the forest; the woman in stepping over a log was bit in the foot by a rattlesnake—they were miles from any assistance—but

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the husband killed the snake, cut it open, tied its entrails round his wife's foot, and she walked home, and suffered little from the wound.

On those seas of verdure, the prairies of the Western World, on the richest soil, and near clear streams, are seen the records of former ages, in the shape of mounds and barrows; the former, often in the centre of a fortified polygon, have been found thirty feet in height, and apparently many centuries old. Sometimes on the top is the body of a chief, below a few feet of earth, and with a sort of tessellated pavement of parti-coloured stones over the warrior. These mounds may have been temples of the Sun. The barrows are oblong, and have probably been the burial-places of the multitude for several generations, as when opened there are found layers of bones, and those which are lowest are evidently much older than the upper tiers. With the bones are often found fragments of pottery, stone-arrowheads, beads, and mantles ornamented with the feathers of the wild turkey.

Though to the north of Mexico there are no ruins of stone, "no ivied monasteries or crumbling baronial walls," to attest the former power of churchmen, and the consequence of feudal chiefs, yet in these Indian mounds, on the vast prairies, there is much to excite the imagination, and awaken an interest for the unknown dead. We see evident traces of a numerous population, whose name and lineage have perished, and who

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have left behind them only their dry bones; near those gigantic quadrupeds, perhaps contemporaneous with them, whose remains show that they also once peopled those charming solitudes.

"Ye mould'ring relics of departed years,
Your names have perish'd, not a trace remains,
Save where the grass-grown mound its summit rears
From the green bosom of your native plains."

The simple tumulus, the most ancient sepulchral monument, seems to have been raised by all nations in honour of the dead. Trojans, Greeks, and Romans heaped mounds of earth over the illustrious deceased, buried with their arms. I have seen them on the steeps of Russia, on the salt plains of Crim Tartary, in the healthy isles of the Hebrides, and on the prairies of America. Yet in Scotland, in later times, "grey stones" appear to have succeeded the tumulus, or were set on the top of it. "Narrow is thy dwelling now, dark the place of thine abode! with three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! four stones with their heads of moss are the only memorials of thee, a tree with scarce a leaf."

In the state of Tenessee, there are objects of the greatest interest to the antiquary and naturalist to be found besides the mounds I have just noticed. Near the Mississippi are mammoth caves, the end of which have not yet been seen by mortal eye, they penetrate so far into the bowels of the earth. During the last war, one of

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these afforded an inexhaustible supply of saltpetre for the manufactory of gunpowder. The roof of one of the mighty halls is said to cover seven acres, and on the floor are heaps of gigantic bones. In other caves in the state, the bodies of Indians have been found in a dried state, with the chin resting on the knees, and the remains of feather cloaks about them. Their countenances differ from those of the present race, and their hair is auburn; this remarkable fact, coupled with the extensive remains of Indian communities on uninhabited prairies, seems to indicate that the Indian race which is now found in the continent of North America had exterminated the real aborigines of the country, as the present race of Hindoos are supposed to have annihilated the woolly-headed Jains.

On rocks in Tenessee, on the banks of rivers, are painted the sun and moon, evidently for the purpose of being worshipped: thus, on one bluff sixty feet from the bottom of a precipice, and twenty feet from the summit, in a situation altogether inaccessible, except by ropes, the great luminaries are painted of a red colour, and six feet in circumference.

In Tenessee, there are several "licks" which are well worthy of a visit. These saline springs have been frequented by buffaloes and other wild animals, whose blood becoming corrupt from the hot swamps beside which were their pasture grounds, paid an annual visit to the licks to purify

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themselves. The tracks of these animals yet exist, (though to the east of the Mississippi the stately bison is no more found,) and are sometimes drawn in a straight line of one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, as if they had been regularly surveyed. Arrived at the springs, the herds drank the water, bathed in it, licked the stones and earth impregnated with saline particles, reposed in the shade for some days, and after rolling themselves in the mud, returned from whence they came. The western hunters, however, in the course of time, assembled at the licks, and dealt such destruction among these poor animals, that the survivors took fright, and perhaps crossed "the great river." I saw buffalo robes in all parts of the States, for which half a dollar was only given in the first instance, and one old rifleman declared that he had slaughtered two thousand buffaloes with his own hand. In Tenessee, the hunters still watch the deer stealing towards the licks. The soil round them is unproductive, for it is a cold blue clay; it seems that the number of animals which frequented them was so great, that they trampled down the good soil, and the clay appeared. Great quantities of bones are found near the licks, and the big bone lick has the remains of the mammoth in its vicinity.

We crossed the Big Hatchet river, and took up at Jackson (a thriving town) a Kentucky lawyer. After answering his interrogatories, and enjoying

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his surprise that any one should travel as I did, without the prospect of ultimately realizing a handsome sum by the speculation, (as yet I had met with no one since I left England who was *en route* for pleasure or information only,) I cross-questioned him in my turn about the state of the country. He said, "In these Western States of Kentucky and Tenessee, we are improving in the main, particularly in Old Kentuck; though where we now are, the Tenesseans are opposed to internal improvements, and actually wish their roads to remain nearly impassable, as we see them and feel them to be."

"What can be the reason of that?" I demanded "We read, in Cooper's novel of the Prairie, of the Trappers retiring before the face of civilization, and hating towns and their bustling commercial inhabitants; is it owing to similar feelings that some of the Tenesseans wish to shut themselves up?"

"Exactly so—they think, that with bad roads, new people will not settle among them."

"According to the Oriental phrase, 'they wish their heads to grow grey in quiet.' In your part of Kentucky, are there any duels now?"

"Yes, we've sometimes a little rifle and buck-shot practice, but not so often as I remember in my younger days. In our town, a duel took place a short time ago, which gave us a good deal of amusement. The parties were a doctor and a lawyer, who had quarrelled at a horse-race; they

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agreed to fight next morning with rifles, in a copse of thirty acres of trees and brushwood, and take every advantage, like the Indians. Accordingly the lawyer, to make sure of his man, went out of the town at night and lay in a copse till morning, with the rifle pointed over a log towards the road, by which he expected his antagonist to come. The day dawned, and the sun rose, still no doctor appeared; the lawyer was beginning to think that his enemy had taken fright and declined the combat, and he was getting up to return to town to proclaim the poltroon, when he heard a stick break behind him, and looking up, he saw the doctor's rifle presented within ten feet of his head. The lawyer forthwith called a parley, and was allowed to go off into the wood to try again; away he went, and looking about he found a hollow tree, in it he ensconsed himself, and remained quiet for some time, when, hearing no noise, he ventured to look out with one eye, when 'crack' went a rifle from some bushes in front of him, and the bark of the tree was knocked off by a ball, within an inch or two of his head. He saw smoke, but no doctor, and therefore could not return the fire; he accordingly called another parley. The doctor, who had been often out with Indians, now showed himself, and agreed to make up the quarrel. They returned to town and had a horn together, and we had a good laugh at the lawyer."

About Reyholdsburgh, on the Tenessee River,

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the appearance of the forests changed from a gloomy shade to woods open and clear of underwood. We could see far into them, and could admire the polished stems and the carpeting of wild flowers. In these woods the young men go on "Still Hunting-parties," not, as in Ireland, to ferret out *potheen*, but with a dog at their heels and a rifle on their arm. They move noiselessly through the forest, and try to steal upon and surprise the deer. An Indian sometimes crosses their path, treading stealthily, like a cat, ornamented with feathers in his hair, and his skin surcoat edged with painted hair. He makes the sign of peace, holds up the open palm to the white man, and they continue the pursuit of their game.

We passed some hunters practising at a mark; one was an aged and weather-beaten man, whose hand shook so violently that he could not take up a cup of water without spilling it, but the moment he handled his rifle he was as steady as a rock, and no doubt could have brought down a grey squirrel from the top of a sycamore, by hitting the bark immediately below it, and stunning it, without drawing blood or injuring its skin.

We next passed some miles, of what are called in the West "barrens." These are prairies, or plains, on which is a scanty, or stunted vegetation. I saw one or two white-headed eagles, the national emblem of America, soaring over these lonely and desert scenes, and the beautiful red

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bird sang in the bushes by the side of the road. Some maintain that these barrens are owing to the poverty of the soil; others say, that they were occasioned by the Indian practice of burning the forest in a circle, thus to enclose the game, or to cause fresh grass to grow for their cattle, or to entice deer to particular tracts.

Then we came to a part of the forest through which a hurricane had swept, ploughing it up, as it were, and prostrating the trees in a lane of a hundred yards in breadth. Those in the centre of the resistless blast were levelled with the earth, and their roots stood up in a circle of earth and fibres. The trees at the edge of the current of air had had their branches twisted off and carried away like straws, and it was evident that the luckless passenger, coming within the influence of such blasts in these woods, must inevitably perish. Sometimes we heard the hammering of woodpeckers, or screams of parroquets, and fancied we saw humming-birds flitting from flower to flower, though there were but few of them at this season of the year. The geranium, hollyhock, althea, and passion-flower, grew wild in the woods.

"The groves were God's first temples; in the darkling woods,
Amidst the cool and silence, man knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication, ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems!"

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We halted to eat our mid-day repast at a house, the mistress of which had a very sinister expression, and I was told the following story regarding her: Her husband, a small farmer in the woods, had lived happily with his wife until a young fellow came to board in the house, who was on the look-out for a "location," or intended to "take up land" in the neighbourhood. The wife and the boarder soon understood each other; and the husband suspecting something wrong, pretended (as has been done a thousand times before on similar occasions) to go on a journey. He returned at night with his rifle, and a couple of dogs, and found that his place was supplied. He accordingly put the clothes of the paramour on the fire, whilst their owner escaped in his shirt by the window. A bullet was sent after him without effect, but the dogs pursued him down the river side. Some more settlers rose and joined in the hue-and-cry, and the luckless wight was forced to take to the water in a cold night, and saved himself by swimming to a house, where he was taken in and concealed till he was able to flee the country. But he escaped much better than some other poachers whom I heard of here.

I had a lusty good-natured fellow, who was a sheriff, as my "*compagnon du voyage*" for a day, and he afforded much amusement by recounting various anecdotes illustrative of life and manners in the back woods. He described, among other merry-makings, a quilting, or a party of women

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assembled to sew patches into a quilt. At the end of the day's work the bed-cover is suspended from the ceiling; the young men of the neighbourhood join the party; a fiddler seats himself on a flour-barrel, and they dance and drink whisky till a late hour.

Then the worthy sheriff went on to state how he was obliged to be his own thief-taker and executioner; the pursuits he had had after horse-stealers; their desperate resistance with their knives before they would allow themselves to be taken; the satisfaction he had in flogging with a cow-skin a fellow who weighed two hundred, who had long eluded him, and had often "broken away from him like a quarter-horse;" how he administered the thirty-nine scientifically, sinking the instrument into the skin and jerking it towards him till the culprit roared like a buffalo, with pain; how he paddled negroes, strapped them over a log, and punished them with a board full of gimlet-holes, so that every stroke raised blisters which took a month to heal. All this, and more, he recounted as we walked along before the baggage-waggon, for the roads were still so rocky and uneven that, when I ventured to ride, the jolting reminded me of Gulliver's journey to Brobdignag, when he was so terribly shaken and discomposed in his box, on a horse that went forty feet at every step. These Tenessee roads were far worse than the tracks over the Russian "steppes," or rugged passes of the

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Carpathian Mountains, where one had the consolation of rattling over the stones at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour. In Tenessee four was our utmost speed. Of a verity, these roads much require an American Macadam, or Western Wade.

Two or three parties of migratory farmers from the eastward passed us. Their wives and worldly goods were placed in long waggons, with a tilt, which rose at the ends like a Burman canoe; and the pioneers themselves, in their shirt-sleeves, either bestrode their rear wheelers, armed with a long whip, or trudged on manfully by the side of their moving residence, with broad axes on their shoulder. I stopped for some time to admire a picturesque group of adventurers; a single family, seated under a sycamore near a clear stream — a comely wife and smiling infant, with a fine specimen of manhood in the husband; his younger brother unyoking the horses, ornamented with fringes of thongs descending from the harness, to keep off the flies. Now these people had left a comfortable home for no better reason than that they wanted a wider range, or "all for the mere love of moving."

We emerged from the forest, and found ourselves in a little terrestrial Paradise, so great was the contrast between the smiling, the varied, the cultivated, and picturesque environs of Nashville, the capital of Tenessee; the clean and comfortable appearance of the town itself, and

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the scenes we had passed through between it and the Mississippi. Doubtless "there is a pleasure in the pathless woods!" doubtless there is a great charm in solitude, for a time; but still a healthy mind will hail with satisfaction and delight a prospect which shows that some of the great family of mankind are fulfilling the design for which our first parents were placed in Eden — are cultivating the earth, and "keeping and dressing" the great garden of a fruitful valley.

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CHAPTER V.

Nashville Hotel.—A pleasant Change.—A Job.—A Tenessee Supper.—Reflections.—Panorama.—Indian Skirmishes.—A Sulphur Spring.—The Bridge.—The Legislature in Session.—The Members.—Mr. Yeatman.—The Penitentiary.—Prison Discipline.—Vauxhall Gardens.—Effect of a Visit to Canada.—Emigrants ought to settle among their own People.—Leave Nashville.—A facetious Driver.—The Americans not musical.—Old Kentuck.—Delightful Climate.—Negroes *en route*.—Rival Claims of Clay and Jackson.—An opinion.—Religion in Kentucky.—A Camp Meeting.—The Sink Hole.—A violent Quarrel.—A regular Snorter.—Female Foresters.—Pity the Rover's Bride.—A Jeremiad.—American Gold Mines.—Gold in Dust and Gold in Mass.—Smelting.—Aborigines worked the Mines.—Return of Gold for several years.—The Nullifiers.—Cut off the Tail.—Arrive at Louisville; Falls of Ohio.—The Canal.—Freedom of Election in the Back Settlements.—A Temptation to enter into Holy Wedlock.—The Banks of Ohio.

For the honour of the thing, we drove up in the weary waggon to the door of the principal inn of Nashville, in the principal square, in the centre of which stood the Court-house; and alighted amidst a crowd of members of the State Legislature, which was now in session. Several members arrived about the same time that we did, but on horseback, with their legs cased in green baize leggins, tied round the ankles and knees with tape.

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It was a great luxury to get into a comfortable and a carpeted room after the severe trial of strength and the violent exercise I had had, and to be enabled to perform my ablutions, and repose for a short season in quiet. But the violent ringing of a bell soon roused me, and a negro-boy put his head into the room, and said that supper would soon be ready. I determined to appear in a town-like costume before these provincial legislators, and I gave Mungo a surtout to have it ironed by any tailor in the neighbourhood. He returned with it, and said that the knight of the needle demanded one dollar for the job. "That seems a heavy charge for the backwoods?" I said.—"If Massa tink so, Massa can settle with him tailor himself; he will take supper wid Massa!"—"*Vivent la liberté et égalité!*" I exclaimed. The tailor after supper compounded for three quarters of a dollar!

I descended to the passage, and found a crowd of expectants before a closed door. Another bell rang out loudly and rapidly from a belfry on the roof of the hotel. The door was unlocked, and we all rushed into a long hall, like a squadron of Hulans charging the enemy, and found tables covered with meat, vegetables, preserved fruit, tea, coffee, and bread, both of maize and wheat, and soft hoe and waffel cakes. Down the company sat in a hurry — noses were blown to one side — cotton handkerchiefs were spread on the knees — cuffs were turned back, and then com-

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menced "the crash of the crockery and the clash of the steel!" No ceremony was used; each man helped himself with his own knife and fork, and reached across his neighbour to secure a fancied *morceau*. Bones were picked with both hands; knives were drawn through the teeth with the edge to the lips; the scalding mocha and souchong were poured into saucers to expedite the cooling, and the cup deposited in a saucerette on the right. Beefsteaks, apple tart, and fish, were seen on the same plate the one moment, and had disappeared the next! The black domestics bustled about in breathless haste. Mr. Edmonstone, the respectable landlord, stood at the end of one of the tables, serving out meat and seeing that his guests wanted nothing.

I was rather bewildered, and could not eat for some minutes, when I saw first one man get up, and then another, and walk out of the room wiping their mouths with the heel of their hand. "I hope the gentlemen are not displeased at any thing?" I said to a neighbour jocularly. "Oh no! they are quite content and have finished their supper!" The rest continued to eat as if it was their last meal, or as if they intended to choke themselves, and disappeared so suddenly that it seemed as if they had finished by eating one another; but on going into the bar I found them all alive and well, lounging about with their hands in their pockets, balancing themselves on the chairs, taking a quid from

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their "bacco-box," or receiving a stiff glass of sling from the bar-keeper.

Now what could be the meaning of all the haste and hurry at the supper-table, I thought, and now why so listless? What would Orientals, full of etiquette and ceremony, have said to see men, calling themselves civilized, seizing their food like wild beasts, and bolting it without mastication? But I am in a new country and among a new people—among men descended from Britons, who speak my own language, and for whom I feel a great interest, for I see their rapid strides to greatness as a nation, their country rapidly changing from an unproductive desert to a cultivated garden under their hands; and why should I sneer and cavil because they eat after a strange fashion? I am in company with men of all professions, from the great landed proprietor and wealthy merchant, to the store boy and tailor. Suppose I had supped with the latter class in England, might not their manner of eating have been as rude as what I have just witnessed? Assuredly it might, and assuredly there is great advantage in seeing life in all its phases.

Next morning I wandered about the town, and ascending an eminence, on which stood the house of Judge Campbell, I was enabled to see the surrounding country undulating and beautiful. At a short distance was the unbroken forest; but along the banks of the Cumberland river, which

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runs a course of three hundred miles from Nashville to the Ohio, there were numerous cotton plantations. Gardens and fields were round the town, new houses were springing up on all sides, and this delightful capital of a back-wood state, now containing six thousand inhabitants, promised speedily to double its population.

It is but a few years since the Indians made incessant and desperate efforts in the neighbourhood of Nashville to drive back the whites. The older inhabitants told stories without end of bloody skirmishes on the banks of the Cumberland; of the pioneers' houses attacked by the savages in the absence of the men, and women and children massacred; of the deadly flight of the tomahawk, the thrust of the scalping-knife, and the firebrand concealing the traces of gore in smouldering ashes.

> "All died—the wailing babe—the shrieking maid,
> And in the floods of fire which scathed the glade,
> The roofs went down; but deep the silence grew
> When on the dewy woods the day-beam play'd;
> No more the cabin smoke rose wreathed and blue,
> And ever by their lake lay moored the light canoe."

From their encounters with Indians, the whites when they quarrelled among themselves, acquired a savage manner of settling their disputes. A few years ago, General Jackson, whose country-house is within a few miles of Nashville, was engaged in an affray at the principal hotel, when pistols, sword-canes, and knives, were all

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at work — as usual, it was some electioneering quarrel.

I visited in the neighbourhood of the town a sulphur-spring in great repute, then walked round to the bridge, which is of wood, roofed over and supported on piers at least one hundred feet above the bed of the river; then I attended the debates of the legislature, and found the members in handsome rooms, the chairman elevated above the rest in a curtained rostrum, whilst the members themselves sat on chairs at separate tables, and every man of them, except the orator for the time being, was balancing himself on the hind legs of his chair, with his dusty boots on the table among the writing materials, and the soles of the feet presented at the chairman. "What would they have said to this in Persia?" I thought; "where on all occasions when seated, the feet are to be hidden by the skirt of the robe, and where also to present the sole of the shoe even at a beggar, is a deadly insult." As little attention seemed to be shown to the different orators as we see on many occasions in St. Stephen's. The members spoke to each other, coughed, chewed tobacco, and spat on the floor; some walked about with their hats on, or opened a window and leaned over it with their backs to the company. The subject of debate was, whether or not new slaves should be allowed to be introduced into the State, for the Virginian massacre of seventy whites, which had just taken place, had alarmed the cotton-

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planters here, who were fearful that slave-traders would purchase Virginian negroes, (now sold cheap, for no confidence could be placed in them,) and introduce them into Tenessee, and thus corrupt the whole servile body.

I afterwards dined at one o'clock with a wealthy and most intelligent gentleman, Mr. Yeatman, from whom and his friends I received every attention, and was particularly pleased with the conversation of the principal of the college, Mr. Lindsay; and I beg to state, for the information of the silver-fork school, that in the houses of the "*gens comme il faut*" at Nashville, there was handsome furniture, a handsome table-service, and, above all, handsome ladies to preside. What more need I say?

In the afternoon I visited a new stone penitentiary a short distance from town. This fine building is three stories high, three hundred and ten feet in length, and fifty in width, contains cells for two hundred convicts, though I saw only about twenty in it, and cost about fifty thousand dollars. The plan on which it is built is this: a large roofed building has a broad central wall running its whole interior length; in this wall, on both sides, are the three tiers of cells, to which access is afforded by ladders and galleries. The cells are very narrow, contain a bedstead with bed clothes, and a Bible; the door, as strong as wood and iron can make it, has a grating for the

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admission of air, and is ingeniously and most securely fastened on the outside.

No visitor is allowed to converse with the prisoners, nor are they permitted to hold communication with each other. Some worked as tailors and shoemakers inside the penitentiary, in the open space between the central and the side wall; while the rest, in their dark grey dresses, were employed in an outer court forging the bolts and bars for the completion of the building, and to prevent their own escape. The good effects of this new house of correction are already apparent, for three *gentlemen* were confined in it, one for gouging out his neighbour's eye, the second for stabbing, and the third for biting his neighbour's nose off; and since summary punishment now attends these abominable modes of fighting, it is said that within these few months an alteration has taken place for the better among the lawless pioneers of Tenessee.

I next walked to a garden dignified with the name of Vauxhall. In the midst was a long room for balls, at the upper end of which were full-length portraits of President Jackson and General Lafayette. Under a shed, some people played at nine-pins, who addressed one another as colonel, major, and squire; whilst a few young men passed round a circular rail-road, on self-moving carriages of a novel build.

I spent the evening with some of my country-

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men, one of whom had lately visited the Canadas, and he was quite delighted with the country and people. "I have been fifteen years in the United States," said he, "and though I have succeeded tolerably well, yet I never can feel myself at home here. I don't disagree with the citizens, and have many friends among them, still their manners are so different from those of our own people, that they are not at all to my taste, and I am resolved to move into the Canadas next year, and end my days in the midst of my countrymen, and of men whose habits and feelings are congenial with my own."

I mean no disparagement to the citizens of the flourishing Republic by recording the sentiments of an old resident among them. Americans who set up their staff in the Canadas feel as uncomfortable as he did in the States. My only object in stating the above is to show that emigrants from Britain to America will best consult their comfort and happiness by settling among their own people, remaining subjects of our gracious Monarch, and eschewing a republican form of government, to which they are happily unaccustomed.

After a sojourn of three days at Nashville, I started for Louisville, Falls of Ohio, Kentucky, and was driven by the first man I had heard sing since I had entered the States. But a jolly dog was this charioteer, and of some humour. "You

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were capsized the other day, Mr. Driver?" said one of our passengers. "Yes, I reckon I was, but nobody was hurt. The tongue of the pole broke in going down a hill, and I was afraid of running down to the bottom of it; so I told the passengers to sit still, for I was only going to upset them! They sat quiet, and I turned them over on a bank and stopped the horses, I 'm d—d if I didn't!" The Americans in general have little music in their souls, and as yet it is as uncommon for an American gentleman to sing as it is for a Turkish effendi; the first considers it an accomplishment by which nothing is to be got, and the last thinks it disreputable either to sing or dance, and is content to pay for hired performers.

We journeyed on, well shaken as before, but got out and walked, every now and then, some miles. "Wait, Mister, till you get out of this d—d State (Tenessee), and into old Kentuck; you 'll then see a pretty country, I reckon," said a fellow passenger. At last we got into Kentucky, where I expected to see a proud, fierce, and overbearing set of people, that would be ready to pick a quarrel with a stranger on no provocation; but I found them, during the few days I was in the State, blunt in their manners to be sure, but withal civil and hospitable; and I may remark generally, that though I met with some very rough characters in the back woods, and saw

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knives drawn on several occasions, I suffered no personal insult, though the rude familiarity of the West often tries the temper.

The country, too, through which we passed, though but thinly peopled, was more open and cheerful than Tenessee. The climate was delightful, for the soil rests on a bed of porous limestone, which absorbs the moisture and renders the atmosphere dry and elastic, the temperature being about 65° in the end of September. Kentucky now contains about 700,000 inhabitants. On the road side grew wild vines abundantly, and the fruit, though small, was very palatable; there was also the persimmon, a species of plum. In walking up a hill, a straggling party of fifty negroes, preceded by the white owner, passed us. They were proceeding into Tenessee. This was an evidence of the internal slave-trade in the United States, which the Government is afraid to prevent.

I was quite tired of the endless discussions and arguments about the respective claims of Jackson and Clay to the Presidential chair. Though the first was not to vacate his office for eighteen months to come, yet the subject of his re-election was as warmly discussed as if it were to take place in a day or two. Morning, noon, and night, in coaches and waggons, riding or on foot, before and after meals (for of course there is not a word spoken during meals), and at night, in the many-bedded sleeping apartments, nothing was

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heard but Clay and Jackson, Jackson and Clay! Before we came to a "stand" the passengers would lay bets about the politics of the next driver we were to get. He would mount his box, and turn round and join in conversation with the passengers inside, and give his opinion as to which of the rival candidates was "the best man." When we stopped to change horses in a village, strapping fellows in leathers, and with their hair tied up in eel-skins, would put their foot on the wheel and their head into the conveyance, and say to me, "Well, stranger, which are you for, Clay or Jackson?"—"Why," I answered, adopting their own phraseology, "I think Mr. Clay is a very smart man, but perhaps not so spry as the old General."—"No, I guess not; if we had had another like him, the Britainers would not ha' taken Washington city."

The Kentuckians have been accused of a total disregard of religious principles, and railing at every form of worship. We stopped to dine at a small village, in which was a good church, and before meat the landlord pronounced as long a grace as I ever heard in Scotland; and where we slept at night, at Bowling Green, there were many religious books in the landlord's bookcase, and a camp-meeting in the immediate vicinity of the town.

A stage was erected in an open spot in the forest for the preachers, who relieved each other, and round it were huts, hastily put up, to accom-

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modate the religious enthusiasts during the several days they remained in the field. There was psalm-singing, energetic prayer, and wild declamatory discourses, to which the people responded by howling and crying. At night the idle and licentious of both sexes flocked to the meeting; flambeaux, and fires, blazed in the centre; but the skirts of the congregation were dark, and *there* were constant scenes of drinking and debauchery. Thus we see that on all occasions ultra-Christianity and religious fanaticism are attended with the worst effects.

Next day we passed through a beautiful country, undulating and abounding in scattered oak woods. The houses we passed were plain, but comfortable, and the food of the people was abundant. We got venison, chickens, bacon, eggs, &c. and saw tobacco and maize fields everywhere. The more I saw of the people of Kentucky, the more I liked them. I saw some fine specimens of the manly character among them, and I respect them for the pride they take in their fine country and in all pertaining to it.

I stopped for some time to examine a natural curiosity by the side of the road. It was what was called a sink-hole. A stream disappeared in a large cave; and where it rushed down into the bowels of the earth advantage was taken of the fall of water to erect a mill in the mouth of the cavern.

It came on to rain heavily, and to add to our

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discomfiture, a violent quarrel took place between two of the passengers; one, a foul-mouthed little rascal, boasted of his love intrigues, of his money and ability as a trader, and affected to despise every one who had not been across the Alleghanies, and had not seen Philadelphy, as he called it. This arrogance and desire to astonish provoked a Kentuckian, who swore he was nothing but a dirty bob-tailed store-keeper, and wished to impose on us, who he thought were hoebocks (country fellows). "But I'll fight you rough and tumble, or fair fight, for fifty dollars," said Kentuck, pulling out his pocket-book. The merchant looked small, but also produced his notes, he could not, however, find one among them for a less sum than one hundred, so we had no fight, but a surfeit of swearing and blackguardism. "It makes me mad," said Kentuck to me, "to hear a gingerbread fellow, like that, brag; but I knew he was a bankrupt, and would blow up, and come out at the small end of the horn."

A friend was one day standing at the door of a tavern in Kentucky, and whistling an air to himself. A fellow with his hair in an eel-skin coming past, cried, "I say, mister, you whistle very well, I reckon, do it again." My friend good-naturedly complied. "Come," said he of the pigtail insolently, "try it again."—"I'll try and slap your chops."—"Slap chops!" cried Kentuck, and sprang into the middle of the road. "H—l! I 'm your man for a fair fight, or rough and tum-

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ble;" and clapping his sides with his elbows, and crowing defiance like a cock, he swore he was a regular snorter, half horse half alligator, and a bit of the snapping turtle, and cared for no man. Some of the by-standers interfered, and prevented a combat.

I was rather vexed, I must confess, with the strange manners of the women in these woods. I tried to put them in a good humour by praising their children and their houses, but I seldom or never could elicit a smile; they were almost always dull, cold, and melancholy. I should conceive it to be rather difficult to make love to one of these foresters. One afternoon I went up to a young mother with her first child at her knee, and said, "What a nice garden you 've got." After a stare and a long pause, she inquired, "What say ye?" I repeated my remark, to which she merely replied, "tolerable." Yet with all this silence and reserve, they were always attentive to our comfort, set before us the best their house afforded, were far from being greedy of money, but rather extremely moderate in their demands for the food they supplied. Poor people! I often pitied them when I thought they were married to incorrigible rovers, to men who, after they have "fixed" themselves in a fertile spot, cleared some acres and inclosed them with rail-fences, raised log-houses and out-houses, and even planted an orchard, hear from some passers by of fertile tracks in the far-off wilderness in Arkansas or Missouri,

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and, like the Tartars in search of fresh pastures, move off and are no more seen. Has not this continued desire for change of place and scene something to do with the non-existence of the law of primogeniture? Why are there so few durable houses in the States, so few libraries formed, or a taste for the fine arts shewn? "The country is a new one," answers the American. I think that primogeniture being of no avail, and the want of local attachments, cause this restlessness.

I saw females who had been reared in comfort in New England, but whose husbands, having suffered from the mad spirit of speculation which is abroad in the States, had retired into the wilderness to avoid their creditors, and to endeavour to retrieve their fortunes. The men looked sedate and thoughtful, and the women, though generally silent, yet occasionally gave vent to complaints of want of society; said they felt deeply the melancholy occasioned by the dark woods around them, and sincerely regretted their separation from friends and home.

"Thus memory from her treasured urn
Shakes o'er the mind her spring-like rain;
Thus scenes appear and palely burn,
Like night-lights in the ocean's train.
And still the soul shall these command,
While sorrow writes upon the face;
Their thoughts are on their native land,
Their heart is in their native place."

A traveller joined us who had just come from

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the Gold Mines of North Carolina. He gave me a very interesting account of them, and as I know that few in England are aware of the existence of gold in any quantity to the north of Mexico, I beg to subjoin a short statement regarding these mines.

The gold region as at present known extends in ridges two hundred miles long, and forty broad, through North Carolina, touching also Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Tenessee. The gold has hitherto been found principally by washing the sand of water-courses. The country people brought the gold dust into the town of Charlotte, which is in the centre of the mines, in quills, and sold it to dealers, who afterwards sent it to the Mint to have it melted into bars, and stamped. But tricks were not unfrequently played, and copper was mixed with the gold dust.

Gold is also found in North Carolina in ore, and I was told of one mass of twenty pounds weight, nearly the whole of which was gold. The gold veins generally have an inclination of 45°, and are of various widths. They occur in the valleys as well as on the sides of the ridges. The deepest shafts that have yet been sunk, are not much above one hundred feet in depth, but galleries have been carried from these to considerable distances under ground, though attention has been directed to the mines only within these five years.

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The mass containing the precious ore is first stamped, or pounded, then ground with quicksilver, and finally subjected to the action of fire, to separate the gold from the quicksilver. In 1831 a body of miners arrived from Mexico, and speculators are flocking to Charlotte from all quarters, so that the town, which was lately an insignificant village, is growing very rapidly, and is now a bustling place. The Messrs. Blissels are very extensively engaged at the mines; they employ no fewer than six hundred hands, and in all, there are engaged in mining and washing twenty thousand individuals. Some estimate the value of the ore found last year, to be three millions of dollars, and others said it could not be less than five. The greater portion of the gold is said to be shipped to Paris.

Another tourist in North Carolina stated a fact of considerable interest connected with the gold region, that there is undoubted evidence of the mines having been worked by the Aborigines, or by foreigners, at an unknown date. Pieces of rude machinery have been found, and crucibles, far superior to the best now made, and which are eagerly sought after by the present miners. The same individual stated the belief to be, that the gold region of the United States is likely to turn out more productive in gold than any other part of the globe; and Professor Olmsted, in the "American Journal of Science" in 1825, estimated the United States gold country to be one

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thousand square miles in extent. Whether this will prove a blessing or a curse to the Union, it is impossible to say; at present, the morals of the miners are represented to be in the worst possible state. The Government does not interfere with the mines, in which foreigners have principally invested capital.

The amount received at the Mint from the United States gold region, was

In 1825	Dollars	17,000
1826	"	20,000
1827	"	21,000
1828	"	46,000
1829	"	128,000
1830	"	466,000

It appears, therefore, that shortly the United States will not require gold from Africa, South America, Mexico, and the West Indies, as heretofore; and if they secure the Texas, they will also have silver within themselves.

The conduct of the South Carolinians was constantly discussed by the people I fell in with on the road, for among them are found the most determined of the nullifiers, that is, they claimed a right to nullify or set aside any Act of Congress which at all interfered with their interests. Thus they said "That in order to protect the manufacturers of New England, Congress makes us pay heavily for our goods, whereas we could import them much cheaper and better from Europe." Some of the Carolinians, by way of

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experiment as to the course their Government would pursue, had just imported woollens from Liverpool, on which they refused to pay duty at the Charleston Custom-house, and were sentenced to be fined; but the matter was referred to the highest authorities, and the final settlement of the question will occupy some time. In the mean time, the nullifiers threaten to demolish their own custom-house, and separate themselves from the rest of the Union. "They must be blockaded, I swear," said a New Yorker to me. "These Carolina planters are as proud aristocrats as any in the world, and think nothing of a man unless he can ride in his coach. They abuse the tariff which protects our manufacturers, and say it prevents the cotton growing! Some years ago, they got twenty-five cents for their cotton per pound, and this year only eight—all the blame is laid on the tariff. They may separate from us if they like, and perhaps we might be better off if we wanted the tail."

We passed through Elizabeth Town, and after a beautiful ride came to the Salt River, which we crossed, on a large raft, near where it debouches into the Ohio, its clear stream gliding majestically between wooded hills to join the turbid waters of the Mississippi. We then struggled on through a muddy road, and arrived at Louisville, Falls of Ohio, an hour before sundown. The town, as we passed through the streets, had a very thriving aspect, and many of the houses had

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a substantial air about them, for they were of brick, and rough cast. We were set down at a large hotel, among a crowd of citizens waiting for their supper. Their hair was generally long, hat turned up behind, and every man of them had his hands in his pockets. In passing the bar I heard the usual interrogatory at the bar-keeper — "Have you got any good gin, sir?"—"Yes, sir, hollands."—Well, mix me a cocktail—I want to wet up."

I had an introduction from Mr. Audabon the naturalist, to his relations here, with whom I supped, and next day was occupied in walking along the river viewing the canal, which goes past the rapids or falls, and in seeing some of the public places in the town.

The canal seems a very complete work, and overcomes a height of twenty-four feet of lime-stone rock. The cross section is two hundred feet in width from bank to bank at top, fifty at bottom, and forty-two feet high. There are one guard and three lift-locks combined, each about one hundred and ninety feet in the clear. The canal is intended to accommodate steam-vessels of the largest class.

Louisville contains ten thousand inhabitants, and will increase rapidly in population, from its excellent site and freedom from the scourge of yellow fever, with which it was afflicted before certain swamps were drained near the town. The environs are very picturesque, especially the river

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view, with its woods, villas, and cultivated fields on the banks of the broad Ohio.

A laughable proof of the freedom of election in America happened to an acquaintance here, which I may as well repeat. He saw a crowd assembled at the door of a tavern, and on inquiring what was the occasion of it, he was told, that a lieutenant of militia was desirous of being made a general, and was then treating his friends with sling previous to the election. The privates elect their own officers by ballot in the States. A drunken fellow then staggered up to the stranger, and holding a bottle of rum by the neck, demanded, in a threatening voice, "Who are you for, Mister? D—n you, won't you vote for General Twig?"—"Excuse me," said my friend, smiling, "I won't vote for either General Twig or General Wig!"—"You won't vote for General Twig, eh?" (shaking the bottle at him;) "what for?"—"Because," quietly answered the stranger, "I have no right to vote at all; I 'm not a citizen of the Union!"—"Oh! that 's it! Why the devil did you not say so before? Come, take an anti-fogmatic, then!" and they amicably pledged each other in a horn of old Jamaica. "Vote for my man or else get your head broke," is often the maxim in the back settlements.

I was tempted to stay in Louisville by an offer of an introduction to certain young ladies with blocks of houses, (a block is half a dozen or a dozen contiguous dwellings built on the same

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plan,) but as I had no inclination to locate myself on the banks of the Ohio, pleasant though they be, and handsome the fair that are found beside them, I embarked in a steamer, the Lady Byron, and paddled away up the river, bidding an eternal adieu to the attractions of Kentucky.

> "Away! away! o'er earth and sea,
> This land is not a home for thee.
> Arise! and with a roving wing,
> To seek elsewhere the smiles of spring!"

In the morning the mists lay on the valley of the river until touched by the magic beam of the sun, when they began to move, gradually separated, and rolled away in clouds of white vapour among the hills, just lingering for a moment on their tops, and, disappearing, left the glorious carpet of variegated foliage, which is said to be more beautiful in the fall, or Autumn, in America than in any other part of the world. Here, on the hills of picturesque outline the yellow leaf of the poplar was contrasted with the red foliage of the maple, and masses of evergreen pines gave relief to the gorgeous sylvan mantle of scarlet and gold. But this theme has been exhausted before; the beauties of the banks of Ohio, and of the glorious Hudson in the fall, have been painted by other and abler limners; and, like the accomplished author of "The Dutchman's Fireside," nothing is left for us but to repress the feelings of our swelling hearts by silent musings.

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CHAPTER VI.

Cincinnati in Ohio.—Its rapid growth, compared with Columbus. — The Author of "The Mississippi Valley." — Mrs. Trollope.—Falling Trees.—Marrietta.—Land at Wheeling in Virginia.—Its Coal.—Its Fabriques.—Lament for Authors.—The Big Grave.—An American Beggar.—Tale of a Chair.—A Horse Ferry. — Virginian Landlord. — Fanatics. — The Golden Bible.—Rapp's Settlement on the Ohio.—Mr. Birkbeck in Indiana.—Wellsville.—A Scotch Colony.—Why was it located in the States? — Sergeant More M'Alpin. — The State of Ohio.—A Stage.—A Blacksmith's notions of England. — Good feeling on the part of Fellow Travellers. — Peach Plunderers. — Hungry Wayfarers. — Lake Erie. — A Walk.—Land Speculators.—Town of Erie.—Belgian Emigrants.—Fredonia.—Natural Gas.—A Sermon.—Dunkirk.—Sail to Buffaloe.—The great Erie Canal.—Rail Roads.—The Niagara River.—The Great Cataract.

We sailed by the shores of Indiana on the left, and soon arrived at Cincinnati in Ohio. Its site is extremely pleasant, with a south exposure. It rises on a slope from the clear river. Its streets, notwithstanding what Mrs. Trollope said of them, seemed to me to be clean, were bustling with active industry, and are at right angles to each other. The tall chimneys of factories were seen here and there among the neat houses, and a crowd of steam-vessels lay below the town, in

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which there are now an hundred English families of respectability.

In 1800 Cincinnati had only a population of seven hundred; in 1810 two thousand five hundred and forty; in 1820 nine thousand six hundred and forty-two; and at present it contains upwards of twenty-eight thousand inhabitants. The rapid growth of this town is most astonishing, and the Miami Canal to Lake Erie will, it is expected, add to its size and consequence in an increased ratio. The location of Columbus, the capital of Ohio, not being so favourable as that of Cincinnati, it has not "improved," as the phrase is, as was to be expected; and though it is seated in the Scioto Valley, famous for its herds of cattle, and has other advantages, its population is only two thousand four hundred and thirty-seven.

At Cincinnati, among others to whom I had introductions, was the Reverend T. Flint, the author of a valuable and interesting work, "Ten Years' Residence in the Valley of the Mississippi." Mr. Flint is stricken in years, and is a tall and spare-made man, full of intelligence and information regarding the vast and fertile tracts near which he dwells. He gave the preference to Indiana.

When I was leaving Cincinnati I remarked an odd-looking tower near the steam-boat landing, on which was inscribed in large letters, "WELCOME LAFAYETTE!" This I understood was erect-

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ed by Mrs. Trollope after the celebrated General's last visit to the States in 1826. I wonder if the tower is still in existence!

As we proceeded up the river, it was interesting to notice the parts of the bank which had fallen in. The roots of the trees were exposed at the edge of the precipice, and the foliage beginning to decay; other trees had fallen back into the arms of those behind them, and some lay with their heads in the water ready to be carried away by the next "fresh," to form snags, sawyers, and other impediments to the navigation.

We passed Marrietta in Ohio, a thriving place, with interesting remains of Indian works near it; and after running aground once or twice, for the river was very low, we arrived at Wheeling in Virginia. From the coal-field in the immediate neighbourhood of this town, there are a great number of fabriques of different kinds, in which steam is the *primum mobile*. There were saw-mills, paper-mills, woollen manufactories, &c. These I examined. After returning from my walk, I was sitting at the door of the hotel, when a little man with a bag in his hand came up to me, and asked me to purchase a volume of poems. I asked, "Who is the author?"—"I 'm the man," said he;—"sometimes you see genius in a coarse coat." This was a romantic tailor, who warbled about the banks of Ohio, and occasionally quitted his shop-board to vend his own works. In the States there is such an inundation of reprints

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from English works, that native authors have little chance of encouragement from American publishers. Therefore was the poetical Schneider obliged to be his own bookseller to clear the expense of publication. I condoled with Thomas J. Lees, and purchased his "Musings of Carol."

Near Wheeling is a most remarkable and interesting memorial of the former possessors of Virginia; it is called the Big Grave: a mound three hundred yards in circumference, ninety in altitude, and forty-five in breadth at top (where it has sunk in, and forms a sort of crater); it contains thousands of human bones; the skeletons of men of all ages are there found, with their heads directed to the common centre; and the lowest tiers are evidently many ages older than those near the top of this venerable monument of the unknown dead.

"Like the shadows on the stream;
Like the evanescent gleam
Of the twilight's failing blaze;
Like the fleeting years and days;
Like all things that soon decay,
Pass the Indian tribes away!"

I here saw the first beggar and the last that I met in the States. Need I say more to attest the abundance of food and employment there is in this prosperous country? The beggar I speak of was a stout and well-dressed woman. She walked boldly into the room, and held out a hand which had been maimed in a cotton-mill. "You see

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that!" said she bluntly.—"I do."—"You 'll give me something for it, I guess?"—"I reckon I will if you don't make a demand."—"Umph!" she replied, without thanking me for my mite, and without moving. "Well, what are you waiting for? have you not got enough?"—"No; have *you* got nothing in your pocket for me?" addressing another person in the room. I was so provoked by her rudeness and unusual way of asking charity, that I took her gently by the shoulder and showed her the outside of the door. People are not yet accustomed to the trade of begging in the States.

I may here give another instance of Virginian bluntness and independence. An Englishman was travelling with his wife through the country in a gig. One day, after having journeyed as far as they intended, they stopped opposite to a house before which a bear swung on the sign. The gig had lost a step, and the husband jumping out, called to a young woman lounging at the door of the tavern, "Bring a chair here!" The damsel addressed did not move. "Bring a chair here, I say!" Still no indication of assistance. "D—n it, are you deaf? don't you hear me? I say, I want a chair to let my wife down, eh?" On this the landlord presents himself at the door—"Halloo, stranger, what 's all this about? We allow no swearing here; go along, Sir! we take nobody in who swears or makes a noise here,"—and our distressed countryman was obliged to convey his

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spouse some ten or twelve miles farther on to another house of entertainment.

I crossed to an island opposite to Wheeling, by a horse-ferry raft. The poor blinded animals walked on a horizontal tread-mill, which communicated with paddles. The steersman and driver were two of the most eye-gouging, whisky-drinking, nose-biting looking villains I ever beheld. After taking a survey of some farms, I embarked in a small steamer, the Swan, to go a few miles up the river to Wellsville: the banks became more picturesque as we advanced, and every thing combined to add a charm to the scene. It was the Indian summer, and the temperature was bland and the sky bright, except an occasional redness and haziness in the horizon. The noble sycamores and beeches threw their shadows into *la belle riviere*, and their polished stems were often entwined with the bright red leaves of a wild vine.

I was surprised to see that still so little wood had been cleared. For miles we sailed by varied hills and rich bottoms, without seeing a house. A few solitary taverns were pointed out which had been the scenes of deeds of violence and rapine. The keelmen, in descending the river, were enticed to land at these, a quarrel was got up, which ended in a fight. The boatmen were often stabbed and put out of the way, and their keel seized and carried down to New Orleans by the tavern gang, as I before mentioned as occur-

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ring on the Mississippi. It was a saying, that a Virginian inn was not safe if the landlord had lost his ears in a fight, and it was therefore necessary always to examine mine host previous to taking up one's quarters with him.

On the banks of Ohio are found fanatics possessed with the wildest possible conceits; their leaders are as often rogues as fools, and impose on the weak and ignorant, in order to turn the delusions, which they originate, to their own pecuniary advantage. The Mormonists gave rise to a good deal of conversation in the West last year. The origin and progress of this new sect, were shortly this: some idle people had been mis-spending their time in digging up money, but in their re searches, they, as usual, stumbled on nothing more valuable than stones and earth. To them by invitation, Ringdon, a preacher of Ohio, joined himself, who pretended to dream of hidden treasures, and the party set to work with renewed hopes. To one of them it was revealed in a vision, that in a certain hill there was deposited an iron chest, containing golden leaves of a new Bible, called the Book of Mormon; and after a time, the rest gave out that they had discovered what was pointed out "in a vision of the night." A translation was forthwith made of the mysterious work, a rhapsody in scriptural language, and a multitude joined the Mormonists. Husbands forsook their wives, and parents their children, to become disciples. Farms were sold, and stores

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shut up to obtain the means of accompanying the elect into the wilderness. An island of the Mississippi received a number of these deluded people, where, in waiting to be fed like Elijah, with ravens, or with manna from heaven, they died of disease and hunger.

The settlements of Mr. Rapp (a German) on the Ohio, are well worthy of being visited. He is at present residing at Beaver. This gentleman understands colonization so thoroughly, that he will go with his countrymen into a howling wilderness, and in five years the desert, under his directions, will be flourishing "like a green bay tree." Handsome houses will be found, elegant churches, stores filled with goods, hotels, museums, and, above all, fields in a high state of cultivation. How is this miracle brought about? simply by combination. Mr. Rapp's followers bind themselves to labour for a common interest, and on a particular plan, and after a certain time divide a common purse, they are then independent. As a contrast to this, the English settlement of Mr. Birkbeck, in Indiana, may be cited. He himself, poor man, is now dead, having been upset in a canoe, and drowned in a creek, and those who followed him to the New World, (many of them with considerable sums of money,) are now almost all ruined and scattered. The cause of all this was, that there was no combination among our countrymen, and, following the same system of agriculture as is usual in Eng-

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land, each trying to act independently, they realised the fable of the bundle of sticks, and were broken separately.

I had a chronometer in South America, but I did not think it necessary to take it to the United States, to verify the positions of the junctions of streams, &c.; besides, from the way in which I travelled, alone, without a servant, and deprived of conveniences, it would have been impossible to carry with me a chronometer, or delicate instrument for taking observations. Tenant's maps seem to give the most correct positions of the junctions of streams and the situations of the towns and villages.

If the traveller turns off at Wheeling or Pittsburgh, and proceeds to the eastward, there is little except the passes of the Alleghany mountains that can be particularly recommended to his notice—their height, direction, scenery, and flora, are all interesting. But it is better worth the traveller's while to push for Upper Canada in the first place, and take the Eastern States on his return. If he be on the Ohio in the fall, this plan will extend his limits considerably, render him independent of the winter, and lead him along a less beaten tract.

At Stubenville there was a fleet of "broad horns," floating shops, containing fruit and flour, and keel boats loaded with produce. On one of the latter there was a specimen of a boatman who afforded a good deal of amusement; in his hands

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were two tin drinking cups, and ever and anon he went to a barrel of whisky in the stern-sheets of his craft, and took a dose with one tin, and dipped the other into the river, making what is called midshipman's grog in his stomach. He looked at us, and said, with a swaggering drunken air, "I suppose you think I 'm a hoeback (clown) because I 'm on a keel, and have not got a good coat on; I 'm a real tar, and by G—d I 'll whip (thrash) any body with a good coat on;" and then he took another horn. The Americans are not so particular about the make of the coat as the fineness of the cloth, and I remarked that they thought very little of those who did not "turn out" in superfine.

The captain of the Swan wanted to leave us at Stubenville, and there was a little fight in consequence; but we carried our point, and went on to Wellsville, and scrambled through the mud to the inn. Every bed was doubly full, and I slept on the floor at the door of a closet, out of which two young women came, and stepped over me in the morning.

In the neighbourhood of Wellsville, (as yet but a straggling village,) there is a numerous Scotch colony. I saw several of my countrymen, and was delighted to hear my native tongue in this far-off land, to answer eager enquiries regarding the happy state of old Caledonia, and to talk of scenes for ever dearly cherished, and held in fond remembrance by the self-exiled. It was impossible to listen without strong emotion to the

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plaintive airs of our country, sung by these simple people with such deep feeling; the eyes of the hearers were involuntarily filled with moisture, and a chord of the heart beat responsive to the music.

"Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I hae mony days been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We 'll maybe return to Lochaber no more."

"Why did you not settle in the Canadas?" I enquired of several. "Some of our friends cam here before us, sir, and we didna ken the difference between the twa Governments; at the time we cam ower here, it was aa ae America to us, and since we're here we maun jist bide. The Americans have been very leeberal in the wey o' land, and are decent folk on the whole, though there's a great difference between oor menners and theirs; every man o' them, man and boy, father and sin, hae separate interests, we aa draw thegither, and try to keep up a kindly communion atween oorsels. There's nae folk like oor nain folk, sir, after aa."

I enquired the history of one man, and he said, his father was a small farmer in the highlands of Perthshire, and that his "forebears" had held the same land for two or three hundred years. A young laird succeeded to the estate who had been in England and abroad, and had acquired extravagant habits and notions. He wished to raise his rents. The farmer offered a higher rent, as much as he could afford to give, sooner than quit

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his beloved country and kindred, and "the graves of his people." The steward demanded more than he could give, and sorrowfully he emigrated to America "to choose his place of rest, with Providence his guide."

The case of this man was similar to that of thousands of others of our warm-hearted peasantry; and I could not help cursing the cold-hearted cupidity of some landlords, (alas! how degenerated from their noble ancestors,) and recalling to mind the beautifully pathetic introduction to the "Legend of Montrose," by the immortal Scott.

"Sergeant More M'Alpin returned after forty years hard service to the wild highland glen, in which he was born and reared to manhood; to his recollection this retired spot was unparalleled in beauty by the richest scenes he had visited in his wanderings. Even the happy valley of Rasselas would have sunk into nothing upon the comparison. He came—he revisited the loved scene—it was but a sterile glen surrounded with wild crags and traversed by a northern current. This was not the worst. The fires had been quenched upon thirty hearths. Of the cottage of his fathers he could but distinguish a few rude stones—the language was almost extinguished—the ancient race, from which he boasted his descent, had found a refuge beyond the Atlantic. One Southland farmer, three grey-plaided shepherds, and six dogs, now tenanted the whole glen,

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which in his youth had maintained in content, if not in competence, upwards of two hundred inhabitants. The veteran determined to follow his kindred to their American retreat, for with heavy hearts they had bid adieu to their native glen, to the strain of *Ha til mi tulidh*, we return no more."

Of the state of Ohio it is said, that from La Belle Riviere on the south to the Canadian Lakes on the north, it affords the greatest body of good land in America; at present, the greater part of it is covered with heavy timber. There are some morasses and some barren tracts; but as a convincing proof of the superior quality of the soil in general, the New Englanders have made it their own. It is a Yankee State; and of this I was sufficiently aware when I saw the compact farms, the neat white-painted frame houses, the orchards, and the general air of comfort and frugality in the people, and in all that pertained to them in the State of Ohio.

Our stage was drawn by four horses; had no outside passengers except "Mr. Driver," but nine insides, on three seats. The sides of the vehicle were of leather, and there was one door of entrance. The springs consisted of very thick and strong leather straps, which went "fore and aft" under the oval body, and were suspended to short iron uprights "front and rear." The wheels were of corresponding strength, and as the roads were very deep and heavy, all the solidity of construction of our stage could hardly save us from

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breaking down under the "rude assaults" we experienced.

A drunken fellow of a blacksmith commenced a series of abuse of Old England, "a land of slaves, with a despotic Government!" I let him run on without interruption, for I wished to hear the notions of the lower classes of Americans regarding our noble country; but when an eastern passenger, in the usual course of guessing and asking questions, learned to what country I belonged, he, as well as the other passengers, insisted on Vulcan's making an apology, which he did, whilst the others hoped that I would not take offence at what had happened, or conceive a bad impression of their country from the ignorance and bad manners of one man. I was highly gratified with all this, and I assured them that I had a great esteem for them and for Americans in general; that I hoped that petty jealousies would cease between two nations derived from the same stock, as soon as the ignorance of each other's character was removed, and that, so far from feeling any ill will myself to the Americans, I felt proud that such a people should have proceeded from a country to whose service I was attached. I heartily wished them success as a nation, provided there was no attempt at interference with the British American possessions, and thus we journeyed on pleasantly together.

We passed a number of peach orchards, and I remarked the pigs feeding on the fallen fruit.

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We sallied out of the stage two or three times, and filled our hats with peaches, but they were flavourless and insipid. One passenger ate a bushel. I don't know how he passed the night after it, but it was lucky that the cholera was not in the country at the time, or he would certainly have fallen a victim to it.

I remarked that at the tavern where we stopped, there was much more economy in the domestic arrangements than I had seen before in the States. The mistress of the family handed us the tea or coffee, with very scanty supplies of milk and sugar, and the eatables were also portioned out in a way that was rather tantalizing to hungry travellers. Everything was remarkably clean in and about the houses, but I observed the same thing in Holland, where the fare was equally scanty.

At last I was refreshed with the sight of that great inland sea, Lake Erie, and passing Ashtabula, I sat down on its shore in the clean house of a fine specimen of a New-England farmer.

A gale was agitating the waters of Erie; and as I strolled along the sandy beach, with water-worn stones and decayed timber thickly strewed upon it, it seemed as if I trod the margin of the ocean's tide. I only met with two persons in a long walk, one a hunter in search of wild turkeys and squirrels, and the other a woodsman, splitting drift logs by means of an iron wedge and a club like that of Hercules.

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I wished to embark on the lake, and sail down to Buffaloe, but I could get no vessel, the small schooners opposite my door being afraid to venture; I accordingly got into one of three coaches at Ashtabula, laden with land speculators, who had returned from the north-west territory and Michigan. Most of them seemed to be disappointed, and said that generally the shores of Lake Michigan were low and feverish. I passed rather an unpleasant night on the road. There was a great deal of "wetting up," and swearing, and the roads were none of the best.

We arrived at the town of Erie, and found in the principal hotel (the Mansion House) a party of thirty-five Belgians, men, women, and children, at the head of whom was a Count Leo. They intended to purchase a tract on the Ohio. These foreigners excited a good deal of interest among my companions, who crowded in to see them eat, as if they had been *feræ naturæ*.

The next stage was Fredonia, where I halted. The others went on. Fredonia is lighted with natural gas; a river runs by it; and if a light is passed over the surface of the water in particular spots, flames rise like those from the waves of the Infernal Phlegethon. In a small house on the banks of the stream is the gasometer; a square reservoir for water has been dug under cover of a roof; in this floats a large wooden box without a bottom; the gas rises in this, and the weight of

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the box forces the gas into tubes, which distribute it over the village.

Two neat churches stood side by side in Fredonia, a Presbyterian and a Baptist. I attended the former, and heard a tall young preacher deliver an excellent discourse. He censured those hearers who are more ready to criticise the orator than attend to the truths which he delivers:— "'He is not a smart man,' say some of a particular preacher, and neglect altogether the doctrines he endeavours to inculcate. How absurd is it," said the Minister, "for those who are starving to refuse food because it is offered to them in vessels whose form they do not like; equally foolish is it in those who reject the word altogether because the minister may not be personally approved of."

From Fredonia I went in a waggon to Dunkirk, on the shores of Erie, and found a house full of Irish emigrants, waiting an opportunity to proceed up the lake to Amherstburgh. I was delayed here nearly two days, and wandered about in the woods and along the beach, visited an American light-house, and spent a few pleasant hours with some lively and intelligent ladies I accidentally met, and shall never see again "on this side of time."

"The star which shines so fair at e'en,
Lives but the hours of night;
It glows on many a fairy scene,
But fades at morning light.

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'Tis like the joys which mortals taste,
They 're but in slumber given;
And when we wake, in life's dull waste,
The golden spell is riven."

At last I got an opportunity to sail down the lake to Buffaloe, and on the voyage thither, observed the rocky south shore of Erie, fringed with dark pines and a few scattered log-houses among them. Erie is two hundred and seventy miles long, twenty-five broad, and two hundred feet deep: it sometimes freezes in winter.

Arrived at Buffaloe, I found myself in a comfortable hotel, the Buffaloe House. I walked about the town, and saw that, phœnix-like, it had risen from its ashes, and exhibited no traces of the fire which had consumed it in the last American war. The commencement of the great Erie canal, connecting the Hudson with the Canadian lakes, is at Buffaloe. I saw a part of it, and heard that last year it took forty per cent. of the profits to cover the expense of repairs. This canal used to be the boast of the Americans, but it was hastily finished, and with inadequate funds. The State of New York suffers, and not private individuals. The papers were filled with proposals for a rail-road to supersede the canal.

The Liverpool and Manchester rail-road has quite turned the heads of the citizens of the States. Rail-roads were the universal topic of conversation in all parts of the country, dividing attention with the rival claims of Clay and Jack-

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son for the presidential chair. If the Thames Tunnel had succeeded, (which it is earnestly hoped it will eventually do, and then we may also see the banks of the Thames enclosed with quays, with handsome houses on them, instead of the present miserable huts, sheds, and wood-yards,) I am convinced that tunnels would have been tried in all parts of the civilized world; and from what I heard in Russia, one under the Neva would undoubtedly have been commenced.

When embarking at Buffaloe to sail down the Niagara river to Chippaway, I saw several families of Swiss peasants who had just arrived from New York. The men wore blue smocks and forage caps with large peaks, and the women had the usual full petticoats, in shortness rivalling the kilts of our red-shanks. The weather was very cold, yet these mountaineers looked cheerful and happy. In sailing out of the harbour, we passed a handsome pier, formed by filling coffers of wood with stone, and then building on them.

The banks of the Niagara river are flat and covered with wood. Silence reigned among those scenes where, fifteen years before, the warning notes of the bugle and the sharp crack of the rifle were hourly heard. We circled round Great Island, on which there was an abortive city called Ararat, from which a religious sect was to have proceeded that was to extend over the whole earth. The river widened out before us, and I remarked that we were swept rapidly onwards by

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an increasing current, showing ripples and eddies at the surface. In the distance, a white cloud rose high in heaven, and slowly and continually changed its form—its colour resembled the smoke of burning lime; at one moment it was a dense mass, then portions detached themselves from it and disappeared in the atmosphere, and lastly, it seemed a great tree with a straight stem, on which rested a spreading top. A dull murmur came occasionally on the breeze, like the far-off "voice of a great multitude, as the voice of many waters, or as the voice of mighty thunderings." It was the sound of the Falls of Niagara.

I landed at Chippaway, and in crossing the bridge, the scene of some desperate encounters, I was aware that I stood on British ground, by seeing before me two soldiers of that particularly smart regiment the 79th Highlanders, and every thing combined to occasion a state of most pleasing excitement. I was at home among friends and countrymen, and about to feast on one of the grandest scenes in the universe.

I continued my course along the Niagara river, and passed a little grey church embowered in oak wood, in which Sir Peregrine Maitland, the late Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, used to attend divine service. The afternoon was calm and serene, and there were no moving objects on the level road, which winded between fields, rail-fences, and dark trees. This repose was fitted to prepare the mind for the mighty cataract, whose

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hollow voice came upon the wind with varying loudness; at one moment, loudly heard as if close at hand, and the next, dying away like the magic strains of an Æolian harp.

I reached a part of the road from which the shelving banks of the river, covered by the pines with many scathed tops among them, descended abruptly. And here a scene burst upon me more like what one may venture to conceive of what shall afterwards be revealed to the blessed in Paradise, than any other the most imposing of Nature's works, which I had delighted in visiting.

A mile of the broad river was broken into angry and foaming rapids, whose waves increased in size, crested with foam as they approached Goat Island, covered with wood, and dividing the channel of the united overflowings of Lakes Superior, Huron, Michigan, and Erie. Between the high bank where I stood and the island, was the sweep of the horse-shoe fall, over which, from their great depth, the waters seemed to roll with majestic slowness into a cauldron below, from which rose the ever-varying column of steam beautifully tinted with rainbows. Dimly seen through the vapour, was the straight fall on the American side. Its broad white sheet contrasted with the dark precipices of Goat Island, preventing the union of the two cataracts. The bend of the British fall did not permit me to see its entire breadth, and as the vapour cloud obscured the bottom of the American fall, and increased

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its apparent size, much was left to the imagination, and consequently a higher conception was formed of the grandeur of the falls from this point of view, than from any other.

But why need I stop to describe a scene which has already so often occupied the pen and pencil of authors and artists? I pass on in thankfulness that it has been my good fortune to have feasted my eyes upon its glories.

Inviting me to enter, on opposite sides of the road were two hotels with pillars, large windows, and white paint, like staring racing-stands. Nothing could be so ill-suited to the scene as these abominations; but if the traveller turns his back upon them, and looks towards the falls and up the river, the scene is still so wild, that it seems as if it were yet only tenanted with the Indians and red deer. I took a room at Lundy's Lane, below the falls, in a quiet country inn, on the field where a desperate night-battle was fought last war, the roar of the artillery mingling with the thunders of Niagara.

In the evening I crossed the fields, leaping fences and scrambling through marshes and underwoods, to see the falls from below. I saw the snow-white water issuing from the cloud of vapour, which for ever hides the bottom of the sheet of this cataract. I stood on the table-rock overhanging a part of the horseshoe, and descending to the lower ledge, placed myself beside the water plunging into the great cauldron, and

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in going under the fall was drenched with the condensed vapour, and assailed with violent gusts of wind, whilst slimy water-snakes and eels wound themselves round the slippery rocks, dimly seen by the green light shining through the thick and resistless sheet of thundering water.

That night, before I lay down, I listened long to the voice of the cataract, and could see in the clear moonlight its cloud ascending slowly and gracefully over the trees. Next morning I rose early, and again hurried to the river, and crossing the ferry in a small boat, wildly tossed about in the troubled waters, I ascended, on the American side, a wooden stair, and saw the ladder from which a strange character, called Jack Patch, used to leap into the river, there two hundred feet deep. I crossed the rapids above the American Fall, to Iris, or Goat Island, by a wooden bridge, a triumph of art over nature. It was thrown across the angry torrent in the following manner: —A beam of wood was fixed horizontally in the bank at one end; from the extremity of the other a strong cradle of wood, filled with stones, was let down into the rocky bed of the rapids, to act as a pier; into this, the first pier, another log was fixed; then a second pier was added, and a third, till the bridge was laid. I wandered among the shades of Goat Island, read in an album containing thousands of names of visiters, that of one who stated his residence to be the world, and his destination the grave; walked to the extremity

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of the bridge, lay on the Terapin rocks, and looked over

> " To where Niagara, in deafening sweep,
> Girdled with rainbows, thunders down the steep !"

and at a late hour returned to take my ease at my inn. And here, by way of episode, I may give a narrative of the last days of a strange being, whose fate has given an additional interest to the falls this year. My tale was in part derived from a respectable resident at Niagara, and was confirmed by the testimony of the ferryman, who was witness to many of the melancholy details which follow.

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CHAPTER VII.

The last Days of Francis Abbott. — His arrival at Niagara. — Enraptured with the Falls.—Resides in Goat Island.—Builds a Cottage. — His eccentric Habits. — Suspends himself over the Cataract. — His Firmness. — His Principles. — He commits suicide. — His Life and Travels. — Examination of his Cottage.—Reflections.—Progressive Changes in the Rock of the Falls.—Water Rockets. — An interesting Walk. — Sporting.—Canadian Rifleman.—Queenstown Heights.—Extensive View. — General Brocke. — Mr. W. H. Merritt.—The Welland Canal.—Embark on Lake Ontario.—Arrive at York, the Capital of Upper Canada. — Its Rise. — The Lieutenant Governor. — The University. — Colonel Givings. — Ride to the Credit Creek.—Clearing Land.—Emigrants.—American Innkeepers.—An Indian Village.—Change of Habits in Indians. —Their Appearance. — Distribution of Presents. —Birds of Prey.—Consequence of allowing Methodist Preachers among the Indians.—Chief Yellow Head.—Ride up Young Street.— — German Settlers. — An old Highland Woman. — Sail to Kingston.—Its Appearance.—Attend a Ploughing-match and Show of Cattle. — Ride to Kingston Mills. — The Rideau Canal. — A Funeral. — The Lake of the Thousand Isles. — Farm House.—The St. Lawrence.—Brockville.—Prescott.— The Cascades. — Sail up the Ottawa. — Philemon Wright of Hull.—Story of a Beaver.—Arrive at Bytown.

On the 18th June 1829, the anniversary of the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo, a tall and handsome young man, habited in a long sad-coloured cloak or gown, passed through the vil-

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lage at Niagara. Under his left arm he bore a roll of blankets, as if for bivouacking, a portfolio, a flute, and a large book; in his right hand was a cane. In passing the Eagle Hotel he attracted the gaze of the visiters by his eccentric appearance; but regardless of the idle and gay crowd, he passed on, and sought out the unpretending inn of Mr. O'Kelley. There he immediately entered into stipulations with the host for the entire use of a room where he could eat and sleep alone, and that certain parts of his cooking should be done by Mr. O'Kelley. He then made the usual inquiries as to the localities about the Falls, and wished to know if there was a library or reading-room in the village. On being informed that there was, he repaired to it, deposited three dollars, took out a book, purchased a violin and some music-books, and informed the librarian that his name was Francis Abbott, and that he should remain a few days at the Falls. He then conversed on various subjects, and showed by his language that he was a man of cultivated mind.

Next day he returned to the library, and expatiated enthusiastically upon the beautiful scenery round the Falls, and upon that most sublime and magnificent spectacle the great cataract itself. "In all my wanderings," he said, "I have never met with anything in nature that equals it in sublimity, except perhaps Mount Etna during an eruption. I shall remain here at least a week, for

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as well might a traveller in two days expect to examine in detail all the museums and sights of Paris, as to become acquainted with Niagara, and duly to appreciate it in the same space of time. You tell me that many visiters remain here only one day, and I am quite astonished that any one, who has a few days to spare, could think of only devoting one to this, perhaps the grandest of Nature's works."

In a few days he called again, and again spoke in raptures of the glorious scene. He said he had now determined on remaining a month, or perhaps six months, and wished to fix his abode on Goat or Iris Island, and was desirous of erecting a rustic hut, where he might abstract himself from all society, and lead a hermit's life of seclusion. But the proprietors of the island refused him the permission he sought, so he occupied a small room in the only house on the island—a log-hut of one story, and in front a vegetable garden, washed by the rapid above the American falls. The family with whom he lived furnished him occasionally with bread and milk; but he often dispensed with these, providing himself with other articles from a store, and performed his own cooking. He thus lived for twenty months, until the family removed; and then, to those few persons with whom he held communication, he expressed his great satisfaction at having it now in his power to live entirely alone. But after a time

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another family occupied the hut, whose manners he did not like; so he set about building for himself, and erected on the opposite bank a dwelling of plain exterior, which yet stands, about thirty roods from the American fall, and embowered in trees; here he lived for two months.

Many spots on Iris Island are consecrated to the memory of Francis Abbott. At the upper end of the island he had established his promenade; and in one place it was hard trodden, like the short walk of a sentry at his post. Between Iris and Moss Island there is, in shade and seclusion, a small but interesting cascade; this was his favourite retreat for bathing. Here he resorted at all seasons of the year. In the coldest weather, even when there was snow on the ground and ice on the river, he continued to bathe in the Niagara.

At the lower extremity of the island is the bridge leading to the Terapin rocks, between which the troubled water roars and rushes immediately before it is precipitated over the ledge. At first, when I went on this bridge, though I am not accustomed to become giddy, yet, for a time, I could not divest myself of the idea that the bridge was giving way under me, and was hurrying over the awful steep —

> "Towards the verge
> Sweeps the wide torrent; waves innumerable
> Meet here and madden; waves innumerable
> Urge on and overtake the waves before,
> And disappear in thunder and in foam."

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From the end of the bridge there extended a single piece of timber, some twelve or fifteen feet over the cataract. On the bridge it was the daily practice of the hermit to walk, either when alone, or when there were visiters there, whom he often alarmed by his strange appearance in his dark gown, hair streaming in the wind, and bare feet. With a quick step he would pass along the bridge, advance on the timber to the extreme point, turn quickly but steadily on his heel, and walk back, and continue thus to walk to and fro for hours together. Sometimes he would stand on one leg, and pirouette with the other round the end of the log; then he would go down on his knees, and gaze in seeming ecstasy on the bright green and snow-white water of the cataract. "But the worst of all, Sir," said the ferryman to me, "was when he would let himself down by the hands, and hang over the Fall. Lord! Sir, my flesh used to creep, and my hair stand on end, when I saw him do that." Truly, he must have had nerves of iron, thus to suspend himself over such a fearful abyss, the vapour rising in clouds round him, the appalling roar of the mighty waters stunning him, as the heavy sound rose from the bottom of the mighty cauldron, perhaps five hundred feet deep.

To the inquiry, why he would thus expose himself? he would reply, that in crossing the ocean he had frequently seen the sea-boy "on the high

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and giddy mast" perform far more perilous acts; and as he should probably again soon pass the sea himself, he wished to inure himself to such danger: if the nerves of others were disturbed, his were not. The ferryman said that he suspected he wished to slip from the bridge some day by accident. At the midnight hour he was often found walking, alone and unfearing, in the most dangerous places near the Falls, and at such times he would shun approach, as if he had a dread of man.

An agent at Boston remitted him a stipend of about five dollars a-week, and he always attended to the state of his accounts very carefully, was economical in the expenditure of his money for his own immediate use, and was generous in paying for all favours and services, never receiving any thing without making immediate payment. He had a deep and abiding sense of his moral duties, was mild in his behaviour, and inoffensive in his conduct. Religion was a subject he well understood and highly appreciated:—"The charity he asked from others, he extended to all mankind."

The ferryman informed me that some weeks before I arrived at Niagara he observed Francis Abbott bathe twice in one day below the boat-landing; a third time he came down, and the ferryman remarked him holding his head under water for a considerable time, and thought to himself he should not like to be so situated. He

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turned his boat to convey a passenger across, and on looking again to the spot where he had last observed the hermit, he was no more to be seen—his clothes only lay on a rock. Search was immediately made for the body, but it was not discovered till ten days afterwards, many miles below the Falls, at Fort Niagara. When picked up, it was slightly bruised, doubtless in passing through the Devil's Hole, a terrific whirlpool with drift timber in it, three miles below the great Falls. The corpse was removed to the burial-ground at Niagara, and decently interred.

Thus terminated the career of the unfortunate Francis Abbott, so little known to those among whom he spent his last two years, that only a few gleanings of his life can be given. He was an English officer, on half pay, and of a respectable family; his manners were excellent, and his mind highly cultivated. His education had been a finished one, for he was not only master of several languages, but well versed in the arts and sciences, and also possessed all the minor accomplishments of a gentleman; with colloquial powers in an eminent degree, and music and drawing in great perfection. Several years of his life had been spent in travelling; he had visited Egypt and Palestine, had journeyed through Italy, Turkey, and Greece, Spain, Portugal, and France, and had resided for a considerable period at Rome, Naples, and Paris.

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While at the Falls, if business brought him in contact with any of the inhabitants, with a few of them he would sometimes be sociable, to all others distant and reserved. When he chose to converse, his subjects were always interesting, and his descriptions of people and countries were glowing and animated; but at most times he would hold no conversation with any one, communicating his wishes on a slate, and requesting that nothing might be said to him. Sometimes, for three or four months together, he would go unshaved, often with no covering on his head, his body enveloped in a blanket, shunning all, and seeking the deepest solitudes of Iris Island. He composed much, and generally in Latin, but destroyed his writings as fast almost as he produced them. When his cottage was examined hopes were entertained that some manuscript or memorial might be found of his composition; but he had left nothing of the kind. His faithful dog guarded the door, and was with difficulty persuaded aside while it was opened. A simple cot stood in one corner, and his guitar, violin, flute, and music-books, were scattered about confusedly; a portfolio lay on a rude table, and many leaves of a large book; but not a word, not even his name, was written on any of them.

"What, it will be asked," said an intelligent American, "could have broken up and destroy-

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ed such a mind as seemed to have been that of Francis Abbott? What could have driven him from the society he was so well qualified to adorn, and what transform him, noble in person and intellect, into an isolated anchorite, avoiding the society of his fellows? The history of his misfortunes is unknown, and the cause of his unhappiness and seclusion is still a mystery."

At Niagara I remained part of three days, and could with difficulty tear myself from the glorious scene. I found that no material change had taken place in the Horse-shoe Fall since Captain Hall visited it; the American Fall seems to be fast assuming the horse-shoe form. In standing under the Falls, one ever and anon hears the sound of falling rocks amidst the awful roar of the cataract; but many of these may have been rolled down the rapids from a distance, and may not be portions of the rock of the cascade itself which are falling, I looked attentively for the water rockets which Captain Hall (in general a close and accurate observer) states to be projected upwards from the bottom of the Fall, and to burst in mid air; but I think, with all due deference, that he must have been under some delusion when he thought he saw this. I could observe nothing of the kind either here or at any other cataract, and no one about Niagara, or acquainted with it, knew anything of such phenomena.

I know of few walks more interesting than to

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trace the short course of the Niagara river, thirty-six miles, between lakes Erie and Ontario; the woods are extremely beautiful; in them were fought many skirmishes and actions in the last unnatural war between Britain and her sturdy descendants. Comfortable farm-houses, with their peach and apple orchards, and fertile fields, are found scattered amongst the groves. If one has time to tarry a few days in the month of October, he may accompany the young farmers deer-shooting, or signalize himself against innumerable flocks of wild ducks. Of a morning, hundreds of these poor birds are sometimes found dead in the pools below the Falls, perhaps carried down the rapids when asleep, and when they awoke fear may have paralyzed them, and prevented their saving themselves before they took the fatal plunge.

I fell in with a young rifleman on my way to Lake Ontario, and we had a long discussion about deer-shooting and rifles; he said he had been in some of the actions during last war, and that the Americans cared little for a volley from our regulars, but dreaded the Glengary Fencibles, who from youth were trained marksmen in the Canadian Forests.

We reached Queenstown heights, seven miles below the Falls, and here enjoyed the first extensive prospect since I had entered the States; all had hitherto been streams and dark woods—

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"From Mississippi's proudly fertile flood,
And Orleans, seated on her banks of mud!"

Now, however, from a commanding eminence, the eye wandered with delight over the country in the State of New York; fields and foliage, plains and distant hills, with the town of Lewiston, were on the right, while in front, the Niagara river swept majestically between its rocky banks into Lake Ontario, which lay in the bright sun calm and unruffled, the white sails of a schooner giving relief to its azure waters. On the left were the shores of Upper Canada, and on the eminence above us was the pillar, erected in memory of the gallant Brock, beside some crumbling batteries, from which he received his death-wound on the memorable 13th of October 1812, when an American force of sixteen hundred men, under General Wadsworth, crossed over from Lewiston to invade Canada, but few of them returned. After their signal defeat upwards of a hundred were bayonetted over the rocks on the right, three hundred feet above the Niagara. The General, and one thousand officers and men surrendered to the British.

I was fortunate enough to fall in with Mr. William Hamilton Merritt, to whom Canada is mainly indebted for the Welland Canal. With him I passed through a cut of the canal; and for those of my readers who wish an outline of this

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important undertaking, I subjoin the following sketch:—

In 1825 a company was incorporated by an act of the Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada, for the purpose of connecting the Lakes Erie and Ontario, by means of a canal, so as to pass round the Falls of Niagara and admit vessels of a hundred and twenty-five tons burthen. The length of the canal is forty miles. Nineteen of this required excavation, and rivers form the remainder. The summit level is three hundred and thirty feet above Lake Ontario, and this has been surmounted by thirty locks of wood; and last autumn several vessels passed through the canal.

The original capital was 180,000*l.* sterling, divided into sixteen thousand shares of 11*l.* 5*s.* each; but the original capital not covering the expenses incurred in the construction of the canal, several loans have been obtained to complete it.

The locks are one hundred and twenty-five feet by thirty-two in some places, in others one hundred feet by twenty; but why there should be two sizes for the locks does not appear. But this is only a part of the many mistakes that have been committed in the Welland Canal; the principal of which are — 1st. An improper route, through a horrible marsh, the Wainfleet, the seat of agues and actual yellow fever, and abounding in rattlesnakes and musquitoes; and 2ndly, Mak-

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ing the locks of wood instead of stone: "Many of these," said Engineer M'Taggart, "have been carried away by the floods, and sailed down to Ontario, like immense cages; and they constantly require repairs."

Yet, in the end, the canal must succeed, for the trade of all the upper lakes will pass through it, and their shores are settling so rapidly that a dense population will eventually cause the Welland Canal to be a prosperous speculation, provided always, that a rail-road, proposed between Queenstown and Chippawa, on the Niagara river, does not interfere with it.

I embarked on Lake Ontario, and sailed to York, the capital of Upper Canada, seated on a flat shore behind a long spit of sand, which encloses the harbour, like that of Kingston, Jamaica. York presents no very imposing appearance, yet it is rapidly rising in importance; and though the land around it is sterile, and fine forests are close to the town, yet, under the fostering care of the present Lieutenant-Governor of the province, it will become a flourishing city. I found the streets laid out in straight lines, the wooden tenements all giving place to brick buildings, and a convenient footway on each side for pedestrians. The public offices were of handsome exterior, and the New University, founded by Sir John Colborne, leaves nothing to be desired by the colonist with the cares of a family on his hands.

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I delivered an introduction to the Lieutenant-Governor (the right hand of the gallant Moore,) and was most kindly received by an officer, to whom his juniors would do well to look up as a pattern, both as a man and a soldier; courteous in the hall, undaunted in the field, and zealous in promoting the comfort and happiness of those committed to his charge.

I visited the college, and found one hundred and ten students receiving an excellent education from professors belonging to the English universities. The emulation among the young men was quite surprising, and all seemed nearly perfect in their classical and mathematical exercises. They were, besides, clean, well dressed, and healthy. Those who board at the college are fed and taught for the very moderate sum of *25l.* a year.

Colonel Givings, the superintendent of Indians, being about to proceed to the Credit Creek to distribute the annual presents to the Massicugua tribe, Sir John Colborne lent me an active horse, and with his two eldest sons, and some officers of the 79th, I rode to see the interesting ceremony.

We trotted merrily through the pine woods, growing in deep sand, and occasionally came to patches of better soil, where was seen the process of clearing land. A rude log-hut stood on the edge of the forest, and round it were the stumps of trees recently cut down; a settler with a yoke

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of oxen, dragged the logs over the unseen surface, and laid them in cradles, or heaps, to which he applied fire; and thus was timber of some value consumed without mercy, to make way for that noble plant the maize.

Farther on we passed one or two light waggons, drawn by a span, or pair, of horses, and laden with chests, on the top of which were seated my countrywomen, distinguished by the clean white mutch, or cap, and red cloak; beside them walked, thoughtfully but not downcast, their husbands, brothers, and sons, in blue coats, and tartan or corduroy trowsers; under their bonnets were the long and sagacious features peculiar to the Caledonians.

The way-side inns were principally kept by Americans, many of whom locate themselves in Canada; and on a fertile and productive soil, with a salubrious climate, they enjoy as much civil, religious, and political liberty, as they did in the States, and are much more lightly taxed than in the Union.

We crossed several streams, and turning to the left, after several hours' ride we exchanged the pines for beech and oak, from which the leaves fell in rustling showers around us, and the squirrels bounded across the path, and blithely chirping, nimbly mounted the grey stems—

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" The squirrel flippant, pert, and full of play,
He sees us, and at once, swift as a bird,
Ascends the neighb'ring beech, there whisks his brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps, and cries aloud
With all the prettiness of feigned alarm,
And anger insignificantly fierce."

A wild whoop in the woods, and the report of a musket, told us that we were near the Credit Creek, and shortly we found ourselves on an elevated plateau, cleared of wood, and with three rows of detached cottages, among fields surrounded with rail fences; below, a clear stream, abounding in fish, rushed over its rocky bed to join the waters of Lake Ontario. We rode into the open space in the centre of the village, and found the Indians assembled round a pole, on which fluttered the Union Jack: on the top was a small house for the martens to build in, whose presence is considered fortunate in Canada.

Formerly, when presents were sent to these Indians, they received them drawn up in military array, fired off their rifles, and performed the war dance; but on this occasion we were vexed to find that the influence of the Methodist preachers from the States had checked their mirth, and they all wore a downcast and morose look. The swarthy chief, six feet in height, was distinguished by a black hat, broad ribbon, and blue coat; the others wore blankets, or grey surcoats descending to the knee, and confined by a girdle round the waist; with red caps, under which their straight black

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hair hung down to their shoulders. Leather or cloth leggins cased their lower limbs, and on the feet were the light mocassins of deer-skin ornamented with porcupine quills. The women sat on the grass in groups, with the hood of their blankets, or dark mantle, drawn over their heads; their leggins were scarlet. The children were miniatures of their parents in dress; and the infants were fixed in long baskets, with a handle, by which the mothers rocked them in an upright position, and occasionally held them, basket and all, to the breast, as if they had been playing on a fiddle.

The Indians, two hundred and twenty-two in number, were all made to sit in a large circle, into which two artillerymen drove a waggon laden with the presents, which were piled in a heap; they consisted of red and grey cloth, chintz, blankets, shoes, rifles, five hundred pounds of gunpowder, lead, &c. — no spirits were given. The chiefs distributed the presents, which were handed round to the people, who received them with a grunt.

I remarked a number of Yankee squirrel-shooters with their rifles and shot-pouches, lounging about: — "Where the slaughter is, there will the eagles be gathered together." I asked them to show how they could use their pieces, and accordingly they lay down on their bellies and fired, with a rest, at a bottle; and when they could get

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a tree, they put a gimlet into it, and rested their rifle on that.

I went into the school-room, where I saw American school-books in which Great Britain was not spoken of in the most respectful terms. I also saw American maps, in which we were altogether excluded from the shores of the Pacific, the American and Russian territory joining in the north-west; also the boundary on the north-east brought up to the Saint Lawrence. Now all this is unbearable among Indians under the protection of the Canadian government, and who would, I fear, be of little use to us in the event of another war. The cause of it was shortly this: a former Lieutenant-governor, with the best intentions, would allow none but Church-of-England clergymen to go among the Indians; now, whether the zeal of the members of the Established Church was not so great as that of the sectarians, or that they could not be spared from other duties, I know not, but so it was, that they left the field vacant, which Presbyterians or Moravians would gladly have filled if they had been allowed. In came the American Methodists from the States, and what have been the consequences? Disaffection to England. But, fortunately for the country, Sir John Colborne has been exerting himself to change the old system, and allow none but those attached to the British Government to interfere with the Indians in any way; and no man is

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so anxious to promote their moral and religious instruction as his Excellency.

Last year the Lieutenant-governor sent a present of carts, oxen, and agricultural implements, to a tribe of Indians living on the shores of Lake Simcoe, where I am fortunate enough to possess a tract of land. A Methodist, disliking their improvement, said to the Indians — "The British want to enslave you by giving you these things. What use have you for them? — throw them all into the lake at once."—"No," answered Chief Yellow-Head, "we will keep them. Yesterday you pray, good, show way to Heaven: to-day your heart black, dirty; yesterday, quite clean. Governor for good, wish all get christened, and for good give present. Not your business to meddle with our oxen and carts." Some of these Methodists had the assurance to ask Sir John to give *them* the deeds of the Indian lands, and to pay into *their* hands the amount of the annual presents in money, for that they best knew how to apply it for the benefit of the Indians. Protestant Jesuits! seeking to obtain an undue influence over the ignorant, and nefariously to aggrandize themselves under the sacred cloak of religion. When shall we be delivered from the cant and cunning of these wolves in sheep's clothing?

I rode back to York, and spent some pleasant days in the family of Sir John Colborne; one

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day I rode up Young Street with his Excellency; this road, upwards of thirty miles in length leads to Lake Simcoe, and I was much pleased to see the comfort of the German settlers, in particular, their neat log or frame houses, and well dressed fields. I saw many Highlanders going to settle in the townships of Innisfail and Oro, on Lake Simcoe, among their own people; and one old woman, who could not speak a word of English, put a paper into my hand, stating that she was eighty-three years of age,—and was proceeding to join her kith and kindred who had gone before, from the braes of Balwhidder. Her appearance reminded me of an oriental description of an aged person; "she advanced, with the aid of a staff, her back was bent with debility like the arched eyebrows of the moonlike damsels; the thread of the pearls of her teeth was unstrung, and upon the surface of the forehead time, like the breeze upon the water, had waved countless wrinkles."

I again embarked on the lake, and sailed to Kingston, well known last war as the naval depôt for the Canadian Lakes. The banks of Ontario were higher than those of Erie, and more beautiful; the bay of Quenti, which we passed, is celebrated for its picturesque headlands, and varied scenery; into it flows the Trent, on which is the best land in the province.

Some poor Irish having located themselves in

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Peterborough, at a distance from other settlers, were supported for a time by government, in the expectation that they would bestir themselves, and clear, sow, and reap, but, when the allowance was continued, they still continued idle, and when it ceased they starved. The Lieutenant-Governor hearing that fifteen had died in one week of want, immediately despatched, out of his own funds, supplies for the survivors, which accompanied us in the vessel.

I liked the appearance of Kingston, silent though its streets now be, like those of Portsmouth since the war, where in the high street a person may feed a horse. There is a great preponderance of stone houses in Kingston, and what with batteries on the heights, commanding the deep and excellent harbour, some immense vessels of war on the stocks, naval stores, a long wooden bridge, &c. and the substantial air of the buildings in general, Kingston presented a much more respectable aspect than other towns which I had lately visited.

I found some old friends of the 66th regiment here, quartered in Wellington barracks, the first I had seen in which there are loop-holes between every window, and the wall which surrounds them is also loop-holed, so that the barracks are thus at no expense converted into posts of some strength. I stayed several days in Kingston: one afternoon I rode out with Colonel Wright, R.E.,

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to see a ploughing-match, and show of cattle, at the village of Waterloo, some miles off; and I could have fancied myself at a similar exhibition at home. The faces round me were almost all Scotch, as was the conversation, but the manner of ploughing was different. A pair of oxen was attached to each plough, without a driver, and without reins to guide them; they did their work obeying the voice of the man who held the stilts. Premiums for home manufactures (as coarse cloth prepared by the women) were given, and from these meetings of the farmers the best results follow; people become acquainted, prizes render them emulous of excelling, and they observe and imitate what is superior in their neighbours.

Another afternoon I rode with Colonel Wright and Major Baird to Kingston Mills, seven miles off, at the Entrance Valley of the great Rideau Canal, of which important work I may here say a few words.

During the last American war great loss was occasioned by the enemy, whilst the British were dragging their munitions of war up the rapids of the St. Lawrence to supply the forces on the lakes. It was therefore proposed, on the return of peace, to have a water communication from Montreal to Kingston, avoiding the rapids of St. Lawrence and the American frontier altogether; and by connecting a chain of small lakes and rivers between the Ottawa River and Lake Onta-

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rio, not only to form a navigable canal for the transport of stores, but also to open up a new tract for settlers.

Accordingly, the Rideau Canal was commenced in 1826, and it is confidently expected that by this time a steam vessel has passed from By-town, on the Ottawa, to Kingston, distance about one hundred and seventy miles. The number of locks is fifty, and their dimensions one hundred and forty-two feet by thirty-three. Some of the dams, of arched key-stone, are two hundred feet in length, and fifty feet high, and where formerly there were impassable rapids, now still water, five feet and upwards in depth, is made by a single dam for eighteen or twenty miles. One or more locks are at each dam, to enable vessels to pass them. The different parts of the work having been contracted for, were commenced simultaneously, and the outlay has been £700,000., including twenty-two block-houses to defend the canal, roads from quarries, purchase of land, compensation to old settlers for damages, &c.

The Rideau Canal differs from all others in being formed by lock and dams, and not lock and cut, or excavation. Ten feet is the lift of the locks; thus, if forty feet are to be surmounted four locks are required. The rise from the Ottawa to the grand summit level is two hundred and eighty-three feet, and the descent from

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thence to the Ontario Lake is one hundred and fifty-four. The different parts of this great work are constructed in the most perfect and substantial manner, and reflect the highest credit on Lieutenant-Colonel By, R.E. the superintendent, and on his assistants.

Whilst viewing the extensive works at the entrance valley, enclosed with lofty granite cliffs, covered with birch and pine, a funeral passed us, consisting of several light two-wheeled waggons, each drawn by a span of horses. Women and men sat in three rows in these primitive conveyances, and the coffin, covered with a white sheet, lay among the straw of the leading one. I saw only one funeral in Canada! Alas! how many hundreds of our countrymen have since been swept off there by the cholera's fearful scourge.

I returned to Kingston, and again embarked to sail down a part of the St. Lawrence. We passed through that fairy scene the Lake of the Thousand Isles, among which one might recreate for months and daily discover new beauties in the wooded rocks, of every size and form; the dark-coloured, but transparent waters swept us silently past them, and great, though too fleeting, was the pleasure to watch the ever-changing scene, to see the reflection of the cedars and pines in the water, where it was not broken into silver-crested and sparkling waves.

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One or two farms in full view of the romantic lake, afforded good specimens of recent settlements. The residence was long, single-storied, and with a door and two or three windows in front. A zig-zag fence enclosed a field or two, in which the stumps were still left. Sheep grazed before the door, and hogs, with a triangular piece of wood round their necks to prevent them trespassing in the fields; and behind the house, and three times the size of it, was a high-frame barn, with a few stacks round it. The barn is the first care of the settler, and he lives for years in an indifferent house, till he has means to build a better; he then converts the original one into a stable.

We remained an hour or two at Brockville, the village of palaces; and few villages have I seen more attractive than this one. It is situated on a shelving bank, with a southern aspect, and groves of trees round it. The houses and churches are built of grey stones, and being covered with tin, have a light and pleasant appearance.

I landed at Prescott, at the head of the rapids of St. Lawrence, here, eighteen hundred yards wide. On the opposite side, was the American town of Ogdensburgh, which, like others I had seen on the frontier, excels in size the Canadian towns. I inquired the reason of this, and was answered by a farmer as follows:—"The American towns or villages are often larger than the

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Canadian ones opposite to them, because New-York speculators advance money to those who wish to build houses, and endeavour to turn them to account, by afterwards selling them; but most of those houses you see over the water are unfurnished, and have reverted to the speculators who advanced the sum to build them, the architects having been ruined." According to my informant's account, they were much in the same state as many houses in Moscow after it was ordered by his late Imperial Majesty to be rebuilt. Walls, roofs, doors, and windows, were all in order towards the street, but the inside was void.

I strolled along the banks of the Great River, and enjoyed the delicious temperature of an October evening. I examined a lofty square redoubt (near the water) without flanking defences, Fort Wellington, in which was a blockhouse to contain two hundred and fifty men. The Americans often threatened, but never ventured, to assault this work, which cost 100,000*l.* Labour was so dear then that a cart and horse were not hired under four dollars a-day. On the 22nd of February, 1813, Major Macdonnell, with a force of five hundred men (half of which was Highland Militia, commanded by Captain Jenkins,) and three field-pieces, marched across the ice from Fort Wellington, attacked an American force of equal strength posted in Ogdensburgh, drove them out with great loss, and captured eleven

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pieces of ordnance. This was considered one of the most dashing exploits during the war.

I now got into a coach, and journeyed down the river. I had several fellow-passengers, one of whom was Mr. M'Kenzie, an opposition member of the Provincial Parliament, who was proceeding to attend a meeting which he had called, of the farmers about Maria Town, to petition the King to remove certain grievances which, *he said*, existed in the province.

When I entered the coach I did not know that I had the honour to sit by such a notorious character as he rendered himself last year, and in talking over political matters Mr. M'Kenzie was roughly handled. When we had proceeded some distance, he called to the driver to stop, and left the coach for five minutes, with a portfolio of inflammatory pamphlets in his hand, some of which he left at a settler's. I thought at first of making him an apology for what I had said of him, but seeing the disgraceful way in which he was employed, sowing discontent among industrious farmers, who without taxes enjoyed every liberty they desired, and who were perfectly satisfied with their Government, I did not feel myself called upon to take any notice of my having inadvertently abused him to his face. He has since been expelled from the Parliament of Upper Canada.

I next joined company with some officers, and

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we sailed through Lake St. Francis, and journeyed together past the Rapids of the St. Lawrence, (among which the Long Sault (Soo) is distinguished,) to where the Ottawa adds its tribute to the mighty flood, and passed the field of the victory of Chryster's Farm.

The scene is full of excitement when the timber rafts and the long Durham boats, laden with flour-barrels, descend the Rapids, foaming and rushing headlong over the rocky channel, like a squadron of white-maned Arabs charging an enemy of the sons of Ishmael.

Then we saw the Canadian voyageurs in their grey capotes and peaked hoods, painfully poling their boats against the stream, following one another in a line along the gunnel, or else drawing the boat round a point by a long tow-rope; but when they stopped to boil their kettle, suspended, gipsy fashion, between three sticks, and took their "goutte" of brandy, they seemed quite happy and contented with their lot, and would occasionally strike up in chorus one of those wild and plaintive boat-songs in which there is such a charm, transporting the listener at once to the torrents of the dark woods and silent lakes of the wilderness.

I slept a night at the inn at the Cascades. It was cold and wet outside, the house smoky and noisy inside; a party of voyageurs drank and talked incessantly, while the children of emigrants

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(who lay thick on the floor) complained in their usual manner (so soothing to bachelor's ears) of their rest being disturbed.

Next day I voyaged up the grand Ottawa river towards Bytown. A well-known character in Canada was on board, Philemon Wright, of Hull. Dressed in black, with a broad-brimmed hat, his make was spare; he had been tall, but now stooped considerably under the weight of seventy-three years; his nose was long, and his eyes deep-set and sharp. "Thirty years ago," said he, "before a bush was cut on any of these rivers, we had a weary time of it, poling and dragging our boats where now steam-vessels navigate. When I first came from Boston to look out for a location in the Canadas, I voyaged up this river without a settler on its banks, I may say, nobody but a few Indians and bears; I got as far as the Falls of the Chaudière, one hundred miles from any white man, and set myself down with thirty axemen, and began to clear."

In a few years in the wilderness of Hull, were to be seen one thousand arable acres, churches, schools, mills, farm-houses, stores, heavy crops of grain, and large herds of cattle,—all from the enterprise of this single individual, with whom also originated the idea of the Rideau canal. Taking out some maps, I went over with him his various schemes for extending and improving the internal communications of the British

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possessions, for exploring the rivers that descend from the north-east into the Ottawa, and for establishing rail-roads where canals might not answer.

The river opened out into the lake of the two mountains, and we passed close to an Indian village of remarkably neat houses, a grey church with its tin-covered spire, rows of trees, and a school-house beside it, all giving the lie to those who maintain that Indians are irreclaimable. Here French clergymen, distinguished by a life of purity, ingratiated themselves with the red men, gave them settled habits, and saved a remnant, who might otherwise have been overwhelmed by the tide of (misnamed) civilization.

> "They, the rightful lords of yore,
> Are the rightful lords no more;
> Like the silver mist they fail,
> Like the red leaves in the gale;
> Fail like shadows when the dawning
> Waves the bright flag of the morning."

About the time that Mr. Wright first climbed a tree at the head of the navigation of the Ottawa, "and looking round, saw a number of rivers as it were pouring into one, and that the country, by the appearance of the timber, seemed fit for agriculture," there dwelt but two white men on "the Ottawa's tide," between the falls of St. Anne and the Chaudière; the one was a pensioner, and the other a French Canadian; they

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lived some distance apart, and when one visited the other, the guest would shut up his own house and remain perhaps a week with his entertainer. Beavers abounded in those days on the Ottawa, which are now driven farther into the wilds by the rapacity of the fur-traders. The pensioner had a young one as a pet. Christmas came round, and the old soldier, who had fought by the side of Wolfe, putting his wife into a sleigh, drove off to his friend, leaving in the house his beaver, with a supply of water and branches of trees for its subsistence. After a week's social communing he returned to his lonely dwelling, but to his surprise the door resisted all his efforts to open it; he entered by a window, and found that his pet had not been idle during his absence, but that its faculty of constructiveness had (irresistibly) developed itself. There were no iron stoves then; no "Nott's patent;" the pensioner's was a tall Dutch one, built of brick and tempered clay. On this the beaver had operated, had softened the clay in his tub of water, had gnawed off the legs of the tables and chairs, and mixing all up with bricks, old mocassins, and other odds and ends, had effectually barred the door against all intruders.

We continued our voyage to the rapids at Grenville, where a canal has been carried round them. After sleeping at a French Canadian inn

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on bear-skins, we drove for twelve miles over one of the roughest roads in the universe, (by the side of the canal not yet completed, and into which vehicles have sometimes slipped,) and again embarking on the Ottawa, we sailed between dark woods on low lying and fertile banks, and arrived at Bytown.

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Drawn by J.E.A.

Etched by Wm. Heath.

Making a Portage.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Colonel By, R. E. — His Cottage Orneé. — The delightful prospect from it. — The Union Bridge. — Fall of the Chaudière, and Rideau. — Bytown, and its Environs. — The Rideau Canal. — Voyageurs. — The bursting of the Hog's-back Dam. —The Wilderness of Rideau.—Indian Wigwam.—Halloween. —Rapids. — Merrick's Mills. — Service on the Rideau. — A Warm Friend. — Jones's Falls. — The Cranberry Marsh. — Fevers. — Brewer's Mills. — Settlers on the Rideau. — Wild Irishmen.—Benefits of the Canal to Emigrants.—Threats.— Forest Wanderings. — Sail down the Ottawa. — The Rapids of St. Anne.—Story of a Cable.—Lachine. — Island of Montreal.—Habitans. — The City of Montreal. — The Streets.— Canadian Hotel.—The Public Buildings.—Isle of St. Helen's. —Ride into the Country, and Evening Party. — Loss of Captain Ross, R.N.—The question of Boundaries. — The Northwestern Frontier. — A settlement on the Columbia. — Turning the Tables.—Communicative Fur-traders.—An expedition proposed.—Embark again.—How to get a Berth.—The Banks of the St. Lawrence. — Seigniories. — Arrive at Quebec. — Cape Diamond. — Magnificent View. — Mountains of Labrador. — The Citadel. — The Obelisk. — Lord Aylmer. — The Place d'Armes.—Wolfe's Statue. — The Golden Dog.—Public Buildings. — Lauzon.—Falls of Montmorenci.—Indian Lorette.—Charleburgh.—The Plains of Abraham. — Opening of the Parliament of Lower Canada. — The Governor-in-chief's Speech.

Colonel John By, Royal Engineers, commanding at the Rideau Canal, gave me a most hospitable reception at his handsome cottage ornée,

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near the town named after him. Colonel By's residence (tastefully ornamented with rustic verandahs and trellis-work) is seated on a high bank of the Ottawa, at the entrance valley of the Rideau Canal, where eight locks of the most perfect masonry commence the great national work entrusted to an officer of singular activity of mind and body, and who for years has sacrificed his comfort and risked his health in the service of his country.

Looking across the entrance valley, a lofty promontory is seen, on which are quarters for the officers of Royal Engineers, and barracks for the sappers and miners employed at the Rideau. A fort will naturally be constructed on this height, which, with the twenty-two block-houses at intervals along the course of the canal to Kingston, will serve to protect it from foreign foes.

Looking up the Ottawa, was seen the Fall of the Chaudière, thundering over a limestone steep, one hundred feet high, and sending up a cloud of spray from the boiling cauldrons below. Rocky islets then divide the channel of the river, between which a series of arches have been thrown of stone and wood-work, connecting Upper and Lower Canada. The principal arch is a truss of two hundred and twelve feet span, designed and executed under the direction of Colonel By. This beautiful piece of workmanship rests on two natural piers of limestone, high above the Big Ket-

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tle, the bottom of which has not been found with a three hundred feet line. Below some of the other piers there are snies, or channels, into which the water furiously rushes, carrying with it entire trees, which again appear far below, mutilated and stripped of their branches.

The Union Bridge leads to Mr. Wright's Township of Hull, where, amidst other buildings and New England poplars, a taper spire points to heaven. Below Colonel By's, the Rideau River pours into the Ottawa in two white sheets, which of late have been in part diverted to drive saw and grist mills.

Bytown is laid out in straight lines, and already contains several hundred inhabitants, schools, taverns, and stores. The country round Bytown is undulating, but until it is more extensively cleared than it is at present, it will present a uniform mass of heavy forest, through which many fertilizing streams flow, abounding in fish, particularly the bass, which piles up cairns of stone in which to deposit its spawn. Wild fowl are seen along the banks, and steal through the brakes 'at eve to drink their fill.'

The Colonel was kind enough to take me with him, on an excursion up the line of the canal. His excellent lady and his two daughters accompanied us and some of the officers. We left in bark canoes early one morning, and were paddled up to Dow's great swamp by Cana-

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dian voyageurs, hardy fellows who can accomplish one hundred miles a day, on pea-soup and pork, and keep up their Herculean exertions for weeks together, lightening their labours with their simple boat songs.

At the Hog's-back dam, one hundred and eighty feet in length, by forty-five in height, we found a steam-vessel waiting to receive us, and before we embark in her, let me detain the reader one instant, to recount the bursting of the dam some time after it was first completed. For three weeks the water had been leaking through the heavy stones at its foundation, and Colonel By watched it night and day, and superintended the workmen, endeavouring to stop it, by throwing in clay and other materials; at last, the leak seemed effectually stopped, and the water began to flow over the top of the dam, where stood the Colonel, rejoicing in the successful issue of the undertaking.

"You see, boys, what our perseverance has accomplished," he said to the workmen; but no sooner were the words out of his mouth, than a roar like thunder was heard below him. "Throw down your tools and run for your lives," he cried; they did so, and escaped. He himself dashed along the top of the dam, towards the bank, whilst the stones fell under his feet, and he saw the great body of masonry bulging out below, and an irresistible rush of waters

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tossing up rocks of a ton weight, as if they had been corks, and opening a wide breach, through which poured the collected water of many miles. The Colonel, nothing daunted, recommenced the dam, and drove in piles of wood, with notched timbers and heavy stones between them: thus was the dam again raised, and a base was given to it equal to its height, by cart loads of stones and mud on the side next the body of water which it retains, the surplus escaping, by a waste weir, round a rocky and pine-covered islet.

We steered through a silent wilderness of wood, which in a few years will doubtless be changed to smiling fields and orchards, and saw the conical bark-covered wigwams of Indians on the banks of the Rideau River. Before them the women were smoke-drying venison. Large canoes, up-turned, lay on the bank, whilst Indian boys would be seen in others of a smaller size, watching under the foliage the deer taking the water, when driven from the forest by the sagacious dogs sent round in pursuit. A stroke of a paddle on the head would secure the prize.

We spent the evening of Halloween among drowned woods and swamps, and a deluge of rain, whilst we recounted the legends and ghost-stories, with which the Scottish crones are wont to affright their juvenile audience on that dreaded night, and then had a round of music.

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"The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growin better!
The storm without might rair and rustle;
We didna mind the storm a whistle!"

We passed the Black Rapids by another dam, two hundred and twenty feet long and twelve high, and a lock capable of admitting large steam-vessels; and after surmounting Long Island Rapids, Burrett's, and Nicholson's, in a similar manner, we reached the works at Merrick's Mills.

Few are aware of the severe nature of the service during the progress of the Rideau Canal. First, there were the exploring parties through the dark, swampy, and entangled forest, overgrown with underwood, through which it was necessary at one moment to cut a way, and the next to wade in deep water, the only direction being the compass; then, in the winter, surveying on the ice the lakes and streams through which the canal was to pass, hardly able to move the screws of the instruments for cold, impeded with the snow and heavy clothing; at night the bivouac in the shanty, or shed, covered with boughs of trees—the bed, the tops of the hemlock pine—before a cedar fire; then, in spring, the passing of rapids in canoes, and sometimes upset in them; carrying them round others which it was impossible "to shoot;" scorched with the sun, bitten with insects, drinking poisonous creek-water, agues wasting the frame—but, worse than

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all, the officers on the line of the canal lived at intervals of ten miles, so that they had no companion but their stove-pipe; and this from 1826 to 1832. Think of that, my friends, who complain of dull stations — think of the wilderness of Rideau!

After passing the Rideau, Clear and Mud lakes, and sundry rapids, a most romantic spot, called Jones's Falls, is reached, where the Rideau River rushes through a crooked and narrow ravine, with impending cliffs ninety feet high, the length a mile, and the fall sixty feet, which had to be overcome by a dam of superior height. Then comes the dreadful swamp called the Cranberry Marsh, eighteen miles long and two broad, where some thousand stout labourers have met their death from regular yellow fever. Cranberry bushes covered it, with lines of clear water here and there for canoe navigation. A blue mist hung over it, during the hot season, in the morning and evening; and at all times the most pestilential odour exhaled from it. Colonel By was on one occasion passing through it when it was being partially drained to form a track for the canal; his canoe grounded, and the voyageurs jumped out to float it! In a moment they were up to the middle in blue slime, from which the most cadaverous smell proceeded. They all died shortly after, except two, and the Colonel himself after dinner one day suddenly felt feverish, and

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so feeble that he was obliged to be carried to bed, and thought that he too was "going home!" He remained dreadfully ill for many days, with total loss of appetite, yellow-jaundice, severe pains, trembling, and general debility. At last he slowly began to recover, and in six weeks was actively employed again.

After the Cranberry Marsh, on the line of the canal, are, the Roundtail, a break in a ledge of rock; then a most gloomy spot conducing to suicide, called Brewer's Mills; then Billydore's and Jones's Rifts, or Ripples; and lastly, Kingston Mills, of which we spoke in the last chapter.

I visited the houses of several settlers on the banks of the Rideau. They were generally of logs, piled on one another to form a single-storied house, with "a but and a ben," or an outer and an inner room. In the outer was the kitchen, parlour, and bed-room; in the inner was a loom, or the tools and bench of a carpenter, with pork, flour, and salt-barrels. The women were comfortably dressed in coarse blue drugget, and seemed very contented with their situation.

I saw many of the Irish emigrants that Mr. Peter Robinson brought out to Canada. Two ship-loads came to settle near the Rideau; they drove away a small Scotch settlement with their outrageous behaviour, and then, having no foreign foe, the passengers of one ship drew up, with sprigs of shillelah, and fought the passengers of

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the other. Blood was shed, and the militia called out. But now they are more tame, and expend their strength on the sons of the forest, the oak, beech, elm, pine, and maple, instead of on one another's heads.

The Rideau Canal has annually employed two thousand labourers since 1826, and has been of incalculable benefit to the pauper emigrants, for they seldom remained at the works above a year; but in that time they gained a knowledge of the country, and the kind of work they would have to perform in clearing land for their own farms. Some of the Irish labourers were very troublesome characters; they even threatened on several occasions to shoot the officers superintending and directing the works. "I 'll fix my flint for you in the fall! I 'll knock the navigation out of ye!" were expressions sometimes employed when they were threatened with punishment or dismissal.

After an interesting excursion, we returned to Bytown. Near this rising and important settlement I paddled about in canoes, and wandered alone in the woods, and again felt all the charms of a forest life — a life of freedom and independence. It was even a pleasure to lose oneself for a while — to follow down a deer-path — to touch a prostrate stem, which was entire to the sight, but into which the foot would sink to the ankle in crumbling timber — to note the varieties of green

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moss on the tress — and to see the wild flowers, lifting their pale heads in the shade. A stream is reached, murmuring over the stones in its bed; — divers watch beside it for their finny prey. Again the path leads into the gloom: heavy strokes are heard, and the frequent flash of a woodman's axe is seen through the trees; he welcomes you to his forest dwelling, and directs you how to find your way.

> " Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
> The cheerful haunts of man—to wield the axe
> And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear—
> From morn to eve his solitary task !"

I bade adieu to my kind entertainer, and again embarking on the Ottawa, sailed down to Grenville; was again dreadfully shaken on that most abhorred of roads; slept in a small way-side inn, under a table, from which I was roused to prescribe for a sick woman; passed through the Lake of the Two Mountains; saw the remains of old French works, to defend the early settlers from the Indians; shot the Rapids of St. Anne, celebrated by Moore in his boat-song of " Row, brothers, row;" and saw the small church, with its modest spire, where the voyageurs present their offerings to the Virgin to grant them a safe return to their homes.

During the late war the transport of stores from Quebec to the Lakes was attended with very heavy expense and trouble, particularly from

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the mouth of the Ottawa to the Upper St. Lawrence, impeded as it is by many dangerous rapids. On one occasion it was required to send an English cable for a hundred-gun ship on Lake Ontario; but how to get this carried past the rapids by land puzzled the collective wisdom of the staff at Quebec and Montreal. An engineer proposed that it should be carried by a regiment of soldiers in India, or single file; but this was rejected; for it was supposed, that if one man fell under the cable, all might come down like a pack of cards. It became a complete nonplus, when at last some one suggested that an advertisement, with the offer of a reward of 500*l.* currency, might produce a plan for carrying the weighty article to its destination.

No sooner did the advertisement appear, than a Yankee came forward, and "guessed" that for the reward he could take the cable to Kingston, if his expenses were also paid. A contract was accordingly signed as he wished. With 150*l.* he immediately went into the woods, set axemen to work; felled trees; made a number of sleighs. The snow came to his aid; he yoked his horses; coiled a little of the cable into one sleigh, a little into another, and so on till the whole was disposed of! The drivers cracked their whips; away went the cavalcade in a long line; the cable reached Lake Ontario, and Jonathan netted his 500*l.*!

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After reaching the St. Lawrence, I landed at Lachine, in the island of Montreal, and drove along a good road on a table-land, overlooking a broad meadow of fertile fields, the great river beyond, and in the distance the green hills of Vermont. What a change was now visible on either side of the road, on thus entering Lower Canada! We appeared to pass through one long village of the whitewashed cottages of the *habitans*, or French Canadians, with their accompanying gardens, orchards, and fields; and then Jean Baptiste himself, with his sharp though amiable French features, his *bonnet rouge*, his grey capote and parti-coloured girdle, his leather leggins, and a short pipe in his mouth, driving a span of punchy horses, was quite a different being from the sallow calculating American, or sunburnt Scottish settler. I participated in all the feelings of a little Canadian woman who sat beside me, neatly and cleanly dressed in a black bonnet, chintz short gown, and scarlet petticoat, as, glancing her eye with great satisfaction over the landscape, she exclaimed, after we had been talking of the uncleared banks of the Ottawa—"Ah, Monsieur, mon pays est ici!"

Before us rose the mountain from which Montreal takes its name—a great swelling ridge covered with forest, sheltering the city from the piercing winds blowing over the ice-bound shores of Hudson's Bay. Between the mountain and the city

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were seen the villas of wealthy seigneurs, and among others, an edifice of heavy masonry, partly fortified, once the castle of the Jesuits. Montreal had a most inviting appearance as we approached —the high and varied roofs, covered with shining tin, rivaling in brightness the broad and sparkling mirror of the St. Lawrence, on which wooded islands reposed. Spires rose here and there, to break the outline of the houses, and conspicuous among other sacred edifices rose the double towers and massive pile of the cathedral.

We passed through several streets, narrow and winding, the houses, built of grey limestone, set off with green Venetian blinds in some, and iron fire-proof shutters in others: the sober colour of the walls, contrasted with the silver roof, had a very peculiar, and, to me, a pleasing effect. Besides shopkeepers dressed in the European style, and Canadians, as already described, I observed a few priests in the streets in black gowns, with black skull-caps under a round hat, and a few Indians in blanket coats, and adorned with a broad silver disk hanging at the breast.

I lived at Roscoe's hotel; and though there was a table-d'hôte three times a day, as in the States, and the charges were about the same, there was no scrambling for food, and heaping fish, flesh, fowl, and pastry, on the same plate at once. In consequence of my introductions, I was most hospitably entertained during the few days I

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remained at Montreal. Captain Lewis, R. E. showed me "les curiosités de la ville;" and Mr. Forsyth, one of the chief merchants in Canada, was kind enough to enable me to see the environs of this interesting city — interesting because it has an air of stability and antiquity about it, and does not savour of the "shavings and paint" of the new cities in the States, which, however, "indicate the juvenile spirit of life and increase that so eminently distinguish the American population."

I attended service in the episcopal church, with a handsome interior of Roman architecture, and then visited the cathedral, a most magnificent Gothic pile of recent erection; but its tawdry internal decorations, its blue compartments and spotted pillars, caused the death of the unfortunate architect, who died of a broken heart, disgusted at the bad taste which had spoiled his handiwork. The cathedral contains so many thousand people, that I am afraid to mention the exact number.

Besides the above, I saw a Presbyterian church, a Burgher, and a Methodist meeting-house, two Roman Catholic academical institutions, the Seminary, and the new College, two nunneries, and a Hotel Dieu for the reception of the sick poor; promenaded in the Champ de Mars, and along the new stone wharfs executed under the superintendence of Captain Fyfe, R. E.; and admired

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a statue of Lord Nelson, placed opposite the gaol for want of a better site.

What a lovely isle is that of St. Helen's, opposite the city, with its batteries, its shady walks, and its murmuring rapids! Five hundred miles is it from the sea, but merchantmen of seven hundred tons pass it; and then, how pleasant the ride into the country, though the woods were fast parting with their foliage! How interesting to see the neat farm-houses, with their steep roofs for the snow, their Teutonic well with a post and lever; and the wooden crosses surmounted by the Gallic cock, and a crown of thorns, pincers, nails, and hammers, displayed upon it!

I was delighted with Montreal, and saw a little of the best French society in the house of M. Lacroix. The ball-room was resplendent with ladies' sparkling eyes and many wax-lights; the music was lively, and well selected; grace was in the steps of the dancers, and the supper was unexceptionable: but, as a pilgrim, I never could leave a party like this without a feeling of desolation and a sinking of the heart, for in all human probability I could not expect ever again to see one of the faces which had beamed in gladness during the evening.

During my short stay at Montreal, the last canoes of the fur-traders from the north-west brought the distressing intelligence of the destruction of the expedition under our intrepid coun-

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tryman, Captain Ross. It was but an Indian report, however, and may be unfounded. His steam-vessel was said to have been crushed in the ice near the inhospitable coasts of the Esquimaux.

Both in Canada and in the States, I heard the question of the disputed frontiers often discussed, but I was happy to find that the angry feelings of the people of Maine towards British America were not shared by the rest of the Union, and the north-eastern frontier gives the citizens in general no concern. Yet an early settlement of this is much to be desired; and it is supposed that the line will ultimately run by the St. John's River, and thence along the St. Francis westward. The chief mistakes committed on this subject were, appointing as British commissioner a Bostonian, (who, by the way, also sacrificed Drummond's Island on Lake Huron,) and in not indicating the map that was to be referred to for the north-eastern frontier. The truth is, that the British naturally desire to have easy access to Nova-Scotia and New Brunswick from the St. Lawrence, and the Americans wish to isolate these provinces.

Whilst on the subject of boundaries, I earnestly solicit attention to an important point, the north-western frontier. Seeing the teeming hive of Britain throwing off her swarms of emigrants in annually increasing numbers; seeing that we are at peace with the world, now is the time to

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fix, definitively, frontiers, and discover fertile tracts for our adventurers in the West. The last American maps published in Philadelphia bring down the Russian frontier to meet the American, in the parallel of 54°: now this cannot be tolerated; by the right of the discoveries of Vancouver, Cook, &c. the British have a claim to hundreds of miles of the coast of the Pacific.

Two thousand settlers were to proceed this year from St. Louis on the Mississippi to the south bank of the Columbia River, where melons ripen in the open air; and a Russian officer who visited Philadelphia sometime ago, said, that at his post on one of the streams (*south* of the Columbia, be it remarked,) his men were able to cultivate their gardens all the year round. Few are aware of the fact, that as to climate, 44° (the mouth of the Columbia) corresponds to 34° on the east coast. The boundary between the British and Americans was to proceed westward from the Lake of the Woods along the parallel of 49°, and from where that strikes the Columbia, proceed down it to its mouth: now the Columbia has many branches, and we must take care that names are not altered by cunning map-makers.

Hitherto our own fur-traders have kept us in ignorance of the north-west territory; fear of losing their monopoly has been the cause of their silence. But I trust, that ere long, attention will be directed to these favoured regions, for it ap-

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pears strange, that Captain Beechey, in the Blossom, was not ordered to enter the Columbia, and that as yet we know little of the country from California to Behring's Straits.

Some time ago an American Commodore (Biddle) was sent with a small squadron to take possession of certain British ports, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, on the north bank of the Columbia, and near its mouth. The British, on seeing the American squadron, quietly evacuated their forts. The commodore landed with his men, hoisted the American flag, dismounted the cannon, and posted placards on the trees, stating that this was American territory. He re-embarked in his boats, and had hardly reached his ships, when the British traders returned, remounted the guns, tore down the placards, and remain in possession of the ports to this day.

I was much surprised at the conduct of certain fur-traders with whom I took pains to get acquainted, in order to get information regarding the course of streams in the north-west, the habits of Indians, &c. These gentlemen would communicate nothing.—"What!" said they, "do you think we will give the result of five and twenty years' experience without a recompense? If you pay us well for our information, we may disclose something."—"You mistake me," I replied, "I have no intention of learning the mysteries of your trade, topographical information is all I

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want; surely you don't wish to be paid for telling how a stream runs?"—"Yes, Sir, we are not in the habit of supplying a commodity for nothing."—"I understand you, *bon jour messieurs.*" In Coxe's "Columbia River," there is much curious information; still it would be worth while, and I should like exceedingly, to accompany an expedition to the north-west, to acquire accurate information on that interesting region, by the following route:

Leave Montreal and proceed up to the Ottawa to 46½°, then cross to Lake Huron, taking a cursory survey of the Nipissing Lake, which as yet is only known to the Indians. Proceed along the north shores of Huron and Lake Superior to the lake of the Woods—ascertain which is the north-westernmost point of it, (the point of departure for the boundary,) travel along the forty-ninth parallel, cross the Rocky Mountains, and descend that branch of the Columbia which is cut by the forty-ninth parallel to the sea. Then proceed to Behring's Straits by sea, and complete the survey of the two hundred and seventy miles between Point Beechey and Icy Cape.

Governor Simpson, of the Hudson's Bay Company, proceeds annually in six weeks from Montreal to the North-west Posts, so that we might undertake to complete the above (if we escaped the rifles and tomahawks of the flat-heads and black-feet Indians) in twelve or eighteen months,

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and accomplish three great ends,—discover new locations for emigrants, settle the north-west boundary question, and complete what Captain Franklin so nobly began on the shores of the Frozen Ocean.

I confess that the above proposal for an expedition bears a Quixotic aspect, but so much the more pleasing excitement would attend it. As I said before, voyageurs can accomplish in canoes one hundred miles a day for a month together. I used to think it something to ride in the East as much a day for a continuance, but that is nothing to the labour undergone by the voyageurs in paddling so great a distance.

I again embarked on the St. Lawrence to sail down to Quebec. As all the berths were full, I stretched myself under a table, (a favourite position,) but was half inclined to put in practice the *ruse* of a facetious fellow, Jocky Wells by name, who, in a similar predicament, raised a cry of fire, and slipped into a berth when the passengers jumped up to make their escape. On another occasion he cried "A man overboard," threw a billet of wood into the water, and again secured a warm berth in the confusion which ensued. We passed William Henry in the night, sailed through Lake St. Peter in the morning, and then stopped for some time at the pleasant town of Trois Rivières. The houses were principally of wood, and they, as well as the inhabitants, had an

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air of repose about them, which evinced that speculation and change were strangers here.

It was pleasing to see how thickly the banks of the St. Lawrence seemed to be settled from Montreal to Quebec; on both sides it looked like one long village of scattered houses, and occasionally collected in groups, where a glittering spire reared its head. In the times of the French rule, the land here was divided into seigniories or lordships, and these again into farms of two hundred acres each, conceded to respectable settlers, who were bound to live on their farms, to clear and to cultivate. When the banks of streams were settled, other farms were conceded behind the first, with acres of fire-wood intervening, so that the country fortunately preserved its wooded aspect.

In the evening we approached a range of cliffs about three hundred feet above us on the left, which cast a broad shadow into the deep river, and many boats with white square sails passed us steering up the river. We distinguished fortifications and artillery on the summit of the cliffs, a town below, and many ships. I landed at a quay, and with Chief Justice Reid ascended some steep streets, and found comfortable quarters in the Albion Hotel, Quebec.

I rose early next morning and hurried to the citadel, where from the commanding site, Cape Diamond, I enjoyed a most splendid panoramic

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view of the ancient city, and the surrounding country. I looked up and down the broad St. Lawrence below me, and saw the shipping arriving from Europe, and leaving the port for the last time in the season. The white cottages of the Canadian peasantry extended along the banks on fertile plains, bounded to the north-east by the mountains of Labrador, distant ten leagues, across which the white man has not yet penetrated. We are as little acquainted with the regions beyond as with central Africa. The Indian hunters alone have traversed them. Then the river St. Charles was seen winding through houses and gardens to join the St. Lawrence at Beauport, which with Charlebourg and Lorette, form three marked objects on the map, diversified as it is with wood, water, and eminences of various heights; then the plains of Abraham extending to the right of the citadel, with Martello towers to sweep them with their artillery, and the vapour clouds of the Falls of Montmorenci, appearing where dark cliffs impend over the river some distance below Quebec. Lastly, the spire and group of buildings at Point Levi, and the productive island of Orleans, arrested attention.

The citadel, occupying the highest point of Cape Diamond, is as impregnable as a commanding site, massive ramparts, and guns of the largest calibre can make it, and is the strongest fortress in the western world; with barracks and case-

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ments, there is accommodation for many thousand men, and the magazines are large and fully supplied with the munitions of war. Below the highest part of the rock, is the spot where the American General Montgomery was shot in an unsuccessful attempt to surprise the town. Outside the citadel is a tall obelisk, from a chaste design by Captain Young, 79th Highlanders, erected by subscription, in the time of Lord Dalhousie, to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm. "They fell like the oak of the desert, when it lies across a stream and withers in the wind of the mountains; they fell in the noise of battle, terrible as the roar of a thousand storms, but fresh and green are the leaves of their fame."

I waited on his Excellency, Lord Aylmer, in the Castle of St. Louis, to deliver an introduction, and was received with that frankness and urbanity which have rendered the Governor-General so popular with all parties under his jurisdiction. In looking from the windows of the chateau, tastefully furnished under the directions of Lady Aylmer, I saw that it was on the verge of the precipice overhanging the St. Lawrence, and commanded nearly as extensive a view as the citadel above it.

In front of the castle was the sloping green of the Place d'Armes, where the tandem sleighs in winter drive round, the court-house and episcopal church being on two sides of the square. The

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Catholic church I greatly admired, for its interior decorations; the walls, of great solidity, were of virgin whiteness, and the pulpit, altar, chandeliers, &c. were masses of rich gilding.

With my old friend, Captain Sewell, Usher of the Black Rod, and Captain Tovey, of the 24th, I promenaded about the city, and had pointed out to me the various objects of interest, particularly the small statue of Wolfe, in red coat, cocked hat, and knee-breeches, set up in the corner of a street to mark the spot to which the conqueror of Quebec penetrated as a spy previous to his victory; also the (dormant) golden dog, rudely sculptured over the door of a book-store, which, in the time of the French, was placed there by M. Philippert, a merchant, to testify his sense of the injustice of the intendant, M. Bigot. Philippert was assassinated in consequence of it; and the intendant fell at Pondicherry, in the East Indies, by the hand of a brother of the merchant.

I visited the parliament-house, an ancient and inconvenient building over the Prescott gate, which will soon be replaced by a more suitable edifice for the Members of Assembly. The seminary or college, a fine old building with steep roofs, the Ursuline Convent, a public institution to promote female education, the Hotel Dieu Nunnery, for the reception and cure of the sick, and the gaol, are well worthy of the stranger's notice.

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I made several interesting excursions during the fortnight I remained at Quebec. The first was with the Honourable Sir John Caldwell, one of the Legislative Council, and Captain Hastings Doyle, 24th, to visit the handsome seat and extensive saw-mills of the hospitable baronet, on the opposite bank of the river. We passed the timber coves where the great staple of Canada is received from the interior, and saw the quiet retreat of Sillery, where the scene of the charming tale of Emily Montagu is laid; then the "single-arch bridge" of wood, thrown across a ravine; and from the house of our kind entertainer enjoyed an excellent view of the city, and the shipping, picturesquely seen at the bottom of its bold rock.

Another excursion was to the Falls of Montmorenci with Mr. George Ryland. We dashed through the streets of the lower town and over the Beauport Bridge, in a tandem, the same which had been driven round the decks of the great Columbus timber-ship, and drove blithely along the banks of the river and into the country, with its pleasant houses of the peasantry and the crosses by the way-side. The emigrants are in the habit of laughing at the French Canadians crossing themselves when they approach these emblems of their religion; so that now, when these simple-minded people pass the cross, they take no notice of it till they have got an hundred yards or more from it, and when they think they are not

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observed, they then turn round, doff their hat, and devoutly cross themselves.

We reached a wooden aqueduct below the Falls, conveying a part of the water to saw-mills on the St. Lawrence. In looking down on these extensive works, we observed that they were a blackened mass of burnt wood, the whole having recently been consumed with fire. In walking over the aqueduct, I fell through the planking, rotten with the vapour-cloud of Montmorenci, but escaped without much injury, and from a dangerous point of view saw the cascade dashing over its cliff two hundred and fifty feet high, and the white spray, in which the sun occasionally pencilled rainbows, flying off from the descending masses of foam.

More interesting than the Falls themselves are the natural steps some distance up the Montmorenci, where the river rushes through a rocky ravine, the sides of which are cut in ledges parallel with the stream as if by the chisel: the roar of the water and overhanging trees render this a spot of rare attraction. In winter, the fur-clad inhabitants of Quebec glide over the frozen St. Lawrence in their light carioles, and visit Montmorenci to ascend the cone, sometimes one hundred feet high, formed at the Fall by the congealed spray covered with snow, and then slide down it, after the manner of the Montagnes Russes.

A third excursion was with Mr. Ryland to

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Indian Lorette. The road to this village (three leagues from Quebec) was several inches deep in mud, a usual circumstance throughout Canada immediately before the frost sets in. We struggled through the sloughs on horseback, and arrived on an elevated plateau crowned with a chapel and the scattered houses of Indians. We saw, from the village, the distant city to great advantage, and an open and cultivated country on every side, where, in the days of Charlevoix, this mission "was surrounded with the vastest woods in the world, to all appearance as ancient as the world itself, and never planted by the hand of man."

The river St. Charles, issuing from a beautiful and secluded lake of the same name, foams over ledges of rock in a deep dell immediately below Lorette; the wooded cliffs conceal the torrent, till it again glides into the sun-light, and pursues its winding course to the St. Lawrence. We put up our horses at a remarkably clean house of a French Canadian, in which the square iron stove heated two rooms at once; and, on visiting some of the remains of the once powerful Hurons, we found them living in comfort and peace, and similarly dressed to the Indiana of the Credit, with the addition of a circular metal plate on the breast of the women. I purchased some handsome mocassins, and then attended the chapel, built after the model of the Santa Casa, in Italy. The men, with their long black hair and Tartar fea-

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tures, sat or knelt on the ground on one side, and the women on the other; they sang hymns with great sweetness, and joined with meekness in the religious exercises:

> "They were a tribe
> Once mighty in the land, but fell at length,
> And to the stranger left their ancient realm."

In riding home, we saw the village of Charleburgh, one of the oldest settlements in Canada. The church here was the point from which all the farms radiated, to a depth of thirty acres, with only three acres' front. A neighbourhood was thus formed, the road was easily kept up, and mutual protection afforded against the Indians; for, when the alarm was sounded from the church, all flocked to it as the rallying point from whence to defend their possessions.

Twice I visited the plains of Abraham, where the immortal Wolfe fell in the arms of victory. From Marchmont, the beautiful villa of Mr. Ferrier, was seen the steep ascent up which the British, led by Highlanders and light infantry, mounted from the St. Lawrence; round the house was the grassy plain where they formed, and on which I picked up several fragments of shells. Proceeding along the plain in the direction of the city, the Martello towers appeared, about half a mile in advance of the exterior defences of the citadel. In front of the towers, fences inclosed a few fields under cultivation; in one of these was

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the redoubt, yet perfectly defined and fortunately untouched by the plough, from which the general received his death-wound when heading his men, and the well near it from whence he drank whilst reclining against a rock, surrounded by his staff mournfully contemplating the tide of life fast ebbing from his wounds.

The Parliament of Lower Canada was opened when I was in Quebec. Lord Aylmer, in a rich Windsor uniform, delivered a speech from a gilded throne, under a crimson canopy. Seven councillors sat within a bar, to which the members of the Lower House advanced, headed by M. Papineau, a large Cromwell-like man, with energy and decision on his brow. His Excellency's address alluded to the liberal appropriations of the legislature during last Session for internal communications, praised the judgment and economy with which they had been expended by the Commissioners, and directed attention to others to be carried into effect this year, by which the produce of the townships at a distance from Quebec and Montreal will find a ready market, whilst the Colonists will have the means of personal intercourse with one another, and thus the British empire in the West will be consolidated.

The necessity for farther improving the harbour of Montreal was noticed; also the erection of court-houses and gaols in the several counties of the province, and the precautions taken to pre-

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vent the inroad of the cholera. After congratulating the Legislative Council and House of Assembly on the flourishing state of the province, his Excellency concluded in these words:

"When I addressed you at the opening of last session, being then a stranger to you all, I was actuated, as I ever have been and ever shall continue to be, by a sense of duty and devotion to my Royal Master, which is of itself sufficient to command the exertion of every power of my mind in his service. Since that time, a new and powerful stimulus to exertion has found a place in my breast. I mean the attachment, the daily increasing attachment, I feel to the people of this happy land. This sentiment is present with me wherever I go, it sweetens every official occupation, and as I set about my daily task of duty, it teaches me to ask myself this question, 'What can I do this day to promote the happiness and prosperity of Canada?'"

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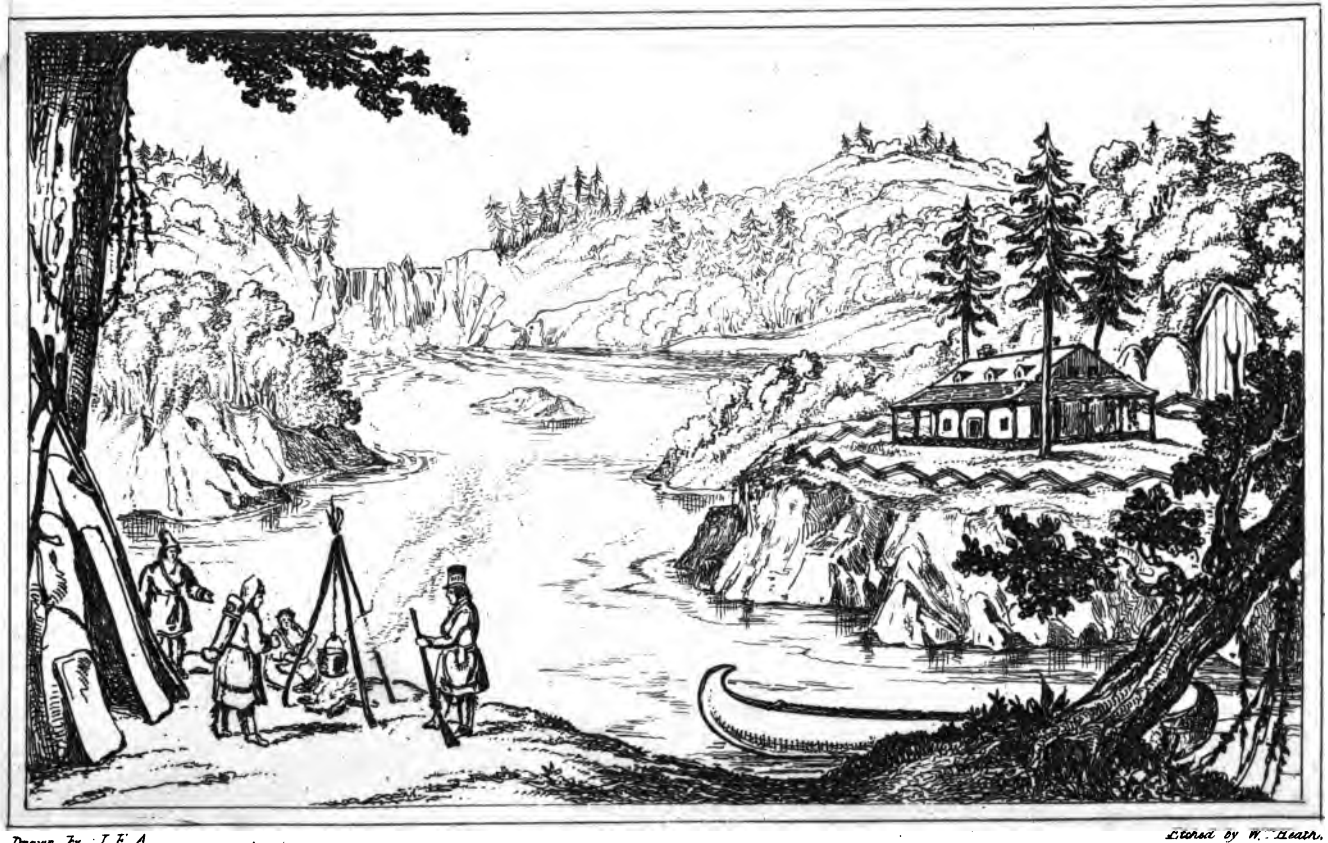

Drawn by J.E.A

Etched by W. Heath.

A Canadian Residence.

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CHAPTER IX.

Enquiries regarding Emigration. — Population of Canada. — Distress anticipated.—Condition of old Settlers.—The Roads. —Liberal Policy.—The French Canadians.—The Irish sit on their skirts.—English and Irish Landlords.—Pensioners.— Employment of pauper Emigrants.—Wages.—The Canada Company.— Emigrants settled on Seigniories. — Infamous conduct of Captains of Timber-ships.—A remedy.—American Speculators.—Mr. Andrew Stewart's judicious Plans for disposing of Emigrants.—An American Settler locating himself.—Emigration ought always to be directed to Canada.— Disadvantages of the States.—Mr. George's Plan for internal Improvements.—The Bersiamits River explored.—Discovery in Magnetism.—Leave Quebec. — The road to St. John's.—Isle aux Noix.—Lieut. Ingal.—Lake Champlain.— Crown Point. — Ticonderoga.—The Royal Highlanders.— A Canal-boat.—Troy.—Albany.—Breaking up of the Ice on the Hudson.—Economy of Time.—The Ex-King of Spain.— The Highlands.—Arrived at New York.

It is a subject of extreme interest for the British traveller in Canada at present, and also at future periods, to obtain exact information regarding our colonists there. Their number and condition, their progressive denseness relatively to the extent of country occupied by them, their contentment, prospects, &c. all form heads of inquiry of great interest. And there is now one

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point worthy, perhaps, of peculiar investigation — whether a considerable population could be turned into Canada without grants of land altogether, and be left to depend merely on their labour— whether they could find engagements as yearly servants, for example, for, unless engaged by the year, they would starve in winter; but if they could be thus engaged, improvements would go on faster in the districts already occupied, the population would be kept dense, civilization would be kept up, the previous habits of pauper emigrants would not be violently changed, and the expense to parishes at home of sending them abroad, would be greatly reduced.

I felt myself bound to pay particular attention to the important subject of emigration, and to the disposal of our self-exiled countrymen in the Canadas. The information collected was rather voluminous, but I shall spare my readers a heavy infliction, and now merely give an abstract from my notes.

The population in the valuable British possessions in North America now amounts to upwards of a million and a quarter, about nine hundred thousand inhabitants occupying the two Canadas, and last year, the great addition of fifty-five thousand souls arrived at Quebec. A great number of these emigrants proceeded to Upper Canada, many lingered about the towns of Quebec, Montreal, Trois Rivières, Kingston, &c.; a few proceeded

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to the Western States, and not a few returned, after a short trial of the New World, to the land of their birth. In one ship I remarked that sixty re-embarked.

In the beginning of winter I saw or heard of little distress among the emigrants; those who had brought money with them were already settled on land, the paupers had found work, and they passed last severe winter better than it was anticipated they would have done, as the spring reports shewed. Though it is wrong to anticipate evil, yet many who know the Canadas well, foretold great misery and want among such an unusual number of settlers, many of them of dissolute habits, and unable to take care of themselves in the old country, and much less to provide food and warm covering in a new and severe climate.

I found the old settlers comfortable and happy, receiving good prices for their produce, and in the enjoyment of civil, religious, and political liberty. The governors of the two provinces are labouring to provide for the rising generation the means of instruction, and the Jesuits' college in Quebec is to be reconverted into a seminary, from a barrack. I before noticed the Upper Canada College at York, instituted by Sir John Colborne, as an admirable institution; and there are, besides, many excellent preparatory schools.

The prosperity of the colonists has hitherto

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been retarded by the want of good roads in the provinces. In the spring and fall of the year they are knee-deep in mud, and in summer the heat and dust render travelling extremely disagreeable. The sleighs in winter afford almost the only means of communicating with distant parts of the country, and of transporting produce to market, when the settlers are removed from the great highways, the St. Lawrence, and the lakes.

From the liberal policy of the Government, more particularly evinced in a despatch from the Colonial Office, in September 1831, to the Governor-in-chief, it is confidently anticipated that a new and a bright era will dawn on the Canadas; that all grievances will be looked into and redressed, and every possible attention paid to internal improvements. Hitherto violent party-spirit has convulsed Lower Canada, and a discontented few in the Upper Province have paralyzed the efforts of the local Government to ensure prosperity to the colonists. Now, however, all parties seem to be pleased, and the prospects of the Canadian settlers are most cheering.

I was much gratified in witnessing the comfort of the French *habitans* of Lower Canada; their neat houses, clean persons — their abundant fare, and contented faces! True, their agriculture is not on the most approved principles; their breed of cattle, sheep, and hogs, is not the best; yet withal, they are happy, attend to their fields in

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summer, and visit each other, and enjoy themselves in social communing in winter; they really seem to taste far greater happiness, and to know how to extract from their lot a far greater share of felicity, than those who at all times and seasons wildly strive to accumulate riches, without knowing or thinking how to spend them rationally.

But Irish emigrants ought to be kept at a distance from the French Canadians. The Scotch and English commonly proceed at once to Upper Canada or to the eastern townships, but the Irish sit on the skirts of the habitans. Thus, in riding out in the country I frequently witnessed a Canadian peasant returning from market, with the poultry, cheese, or vegetables he had taken into town to dispose of, and with a scowl on his countenance retracing his steps homewards. The cause of his discontent was simply this:—The Irish now crowd the markets in Lower Canada: at first they ask the same prices as the habitans, but being, as usual, "from hand to mouth," they speedily reduce their price, and take whatever they can get for their pork, butter, eggs, &c.; and they can afford to take a low price for their commodities, for in Canada, as in Ireland, they huddle together filthily in single rooms, each corner being occupied by a family; they therefore save fuel and house-rent, whilst the habitans live at much more expense, but respectably.

It is with reluctance that I notice the conduct

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of certain Irish landlords last year. They induced their poor tenants to emigrate without making any provision for them after arriving in Canada. English landlords, on the other hand, who spend their incomes on their estates, and who pay five millions of poor-rates (which is so much deducted from rent), in sending out their poor tenants to the Canadas, have written to an agent in Quebec to supply them with small sums to set them going. Irish emigrants are therefore continually seen hanging about the wharfs, quite lost for some time, till an old acquaintance perhaps accommodates them with a corner of his room; whilst the English, on the other hand, are enabled by their old landlords to proceed at once up the country. It is with pleasure I notice the Marquis of Bute, pre-eminent among English landlords for his liberality to his emigrant tenantry. If the Government, or Emigration Committee, undertake to send emigrants to Canada, they ought (as I said before) to be disposed of at a distance from the French Canadians. These poor people ought not "to be devoured," as they term it, by hungry paupers. Very serious consequences will undoubtedly ensue if the system is continued of allowing pauper emigrants to locate themselves wherever they choose, or to linger about the towns.

I cannot help noticing the unfortunate experiment of inducing old soldiers to exchange their

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pensions for land. It was truly painful to witness the condition of these men; many sold their land immediately for a dollar an acre, thus their one hundred acres would yield £20. Young women would attach themselves for a time to these veterans, keep them continually drunk, and go off with the plunder and a paramour. The pensioners died by dozens in Quebec and in attempting to proceed up the country, and I am confident that when the result of the above experiment is represented in the proper quarter, it will not be repeated.

A considerable pauper population could be turned into Upper Canada, provided they could be employed for one year on public works. I said that the Rideau Canal, since 1826, has annually employed two thousand labourers, and has been of incalculable benefit to the pauper emigrant. If taken care of for one year, the emigrant gains a knowledge of the country, learns how to handle the axe, and is then able to occupy land. Road-making is the natural way of employing the emigrants, though many of them arrive with such extravagant notions of their own consequence, that though in absolute want, they will not condescend to be thus employed.

Last year there was a considerable demand for labourers in the Eastern Townships, at the rate of 1*s.* 6*d.* a day; many, however, refused to labour under 2*s.* 6*d.* When six or eight thousand arrived

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yearly, they could get that sum, but not now. Ship carpenters, joiners, &c. received in 1831, from 5*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* a day, without food. House servants, (men) 30*s.* a month, with food; and females, 15*s.* or 20*s.* Many farmers support poor Irish families during the winter, merely giving them food and lodging; for this, they chop wood and are otherwise employed. Since lumber-men get thirty dollars a month for hewing wood, and conducting it on rafts to Quebec, the farmer has hitherto been obliged to pay the high rate of nine or ten dollars a month for a summer labourer, and find him besides in food.

The thriving Canada Land Company, whose stock is daily rising, on the 1st of November, 1831, had received at their office, in York, Upper Canada, seventeen thousand sovereigns for the sale of land during the year. This shows that a considerable number of the emigrants who arrived lately, were not in distressed circumstances. In Lower Canada, the emigrants who are now the most comfortably situated, are those with whom the following plan has been pursued: Three or four merchants of Quebec or Montreal, purchase a seigniory of land; dispose of a great part of it in lots, to respectable settlers; give them three years to pay for their farms, of one hundred and fifty or two hundred acres, (without interest; after three years, interest is charged). The settlers are supplied with all necessaries at

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nearly prime cost, are advised and directed by the company, who retain a portion of their own land, which continually increases in value, and all parties are benefited.

Poor emigrants have hitherto been exposed to serious inconvenience and risk from the roguery of captains of ships, principally those from ports in Ireland; they advertised their vessels to sail on a certain day, and stated that they were of considerable size, but they did not sail for weeks after the day fixed; in the mean time, the emigrants consumed their sea stock of potatoes and meal on shore, and when at last they got on board, they found themselves so crowded, that it was impossible for all to be accommodated between decks. No inspection of the emigrants took place previous to embarkation, to ascertain that they were free from infectious disorders; the small-pox was frequently introduced on board, and many children and adults have thus been consigned to the bosom of the Atlantic. Water and provisions would fail the emigrants when some time at sea, and the necessaries of life would then be disposed of at a high price, by the mercenary and unfeeling commanders. If the captain was a drunkard, there was great chance of being kept out eight or ten weeks at sea, or perhaps wrecked in the gulf of St. Lawrence. Arrived at Quebec, the emigrants would be hurried on shore, even at night, in small boats, in

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a strange land, and not knowing where to find shelter. Mr. Walter Ferrier, his Majesty's collector of customs, Quebec, exerted himself strenuously to amend the Passenger Regulation Act, by which emigrant ships are in future to be strictly inspected previous to sailing from Britain, and immediately also on their arrival at their destination; so that now it will be difficult for a captain to ill-use those who confide themselves and their families to his care without subjecting himself to an exemplary exposure and punishment.

As a link in the chain of oppression, of inconvenience, and of heavy losses, to which emigrants were sometimes subjected, I may mention the following anecdote, which was told me by a gentleman in Upper Canada. Certain American speculators were in the habit of travelling on the roads and in steam-boats along with emigrants newly arrived, and would insinuate themselves into their confidence, tender advice, induce them to purchase land in the States, and implements of husbandry at a high rate, and, in short, take every advantage of their ignorance, plunder them, and too often reduce them to beggary. My informant said that on one occasion, when he was coming up the Hudson, he observed in the steam-vessel a burly, ruddy-faced English farmer, to whom a sleek-looking Yankee was paying particular attention. My friend saw the game that was being

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played, and, taking the farmer aside, he advised him to beware of his new friend. "But how are we to know these swindlers?" said Hodge; "perhaps you are one yourself." "Me? no, no," said the gentleman; "why, I don't want to sell anything to you. I'm your countryman: I only offer you advice, for I wish to save you (here the American approached to listen to what was going forward); but, whenever you see a d —— d sneaking fellow shoving himself forward where he has no business, and listening to conversation which does not concern him, that is a Yankee speculator — of him beware!" The American was unable to notice this severe rub, and edged off to mark down another quarry.

Mr. Andrew Stewart, a Member of the Provincial Parliament, and one of the best informed men in Canada, particularly on topics connected with emigration, the disposal of settlers, the discovery of new and fertile tracts, and the difficult question of boundaries (which last ought immediately to be definitely determined, in order that the frontiers may be located), proposes as the best way to elicit judicious plans for the disposal of emigrants, that a series of interrogatories be put to intelligent settlers who have been in the country one year, such as, Why they left England? How much money they brought with them? What difficulties they had to contend with, and what they would do if they had to

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begin afresh? Another of Mr. Stewart's plans is, to clear and prepare land for emigrants with the military thus:—each private with two oxen to clear ten acres; one-third of the regiment to be discharged, if they wish it, and settled on the cleared land; the rest to be given over to pauper-settlers. The favourite region of Mr. Stewart is the borders of the lake St. John and the banks of the Saqueny river, flowing into the St. Lawrence from the north. He says that the last citadel of the Canadas should be on the lake, and that its shores should therefore be settled with Highlanders, to repel invasion, (*quod Di avertant!*) and there make a final stand for our Western Empire. I derived much pleasure and profit from various communings with Mr. Stewart.

When an American comes over to Canada to take out a location-ticket, he immediately sets to work, in the fall of the year, and slashes (fells) and burns the wood on perhaps eight acres of land; then, walking through his new field among the stumps, with a bag of Indian corn seed about his neck, and his axe in his hand, he makes a hole in the ground with it, and, dropping two or three seeds into it, he closes the hole with his foot, and he thus disposes of his whole seed. He then, perhaps, returns to the States, or hires himself out to work till the time of harvest comes round, when he returns to his field and reaps it. He now may think of building a log-house: he pre-

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pares the timber, the neighbours collect in "a bee," and assist him to erect his dwelling; he roofs and floors it with bark, the doors and windows are cut out, the hinges are of wood, as are sometimes the locks, the light is admitted through oiled paper, the table is a rough board, and the stools cuts of round logs. He brings his wife and a barrel or two of pork; more land is cleared; pigs, poultry, and cattle are seen to increase; the log-hut is converted into a stable, and a frame-house is substituted. This is supplanted in time by an elegant two-storied mansion of brick, with tin roof, green Venetians, and carpeted rooms; and I have sketched, with great interest, the successive dwellings of a thriving settler, who requires but an axe and a saw, sobriety and industry, to lay the foundation of a competence in "that happy land."

"Look now abroad:—another race has fill'd
These populous borders. Wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are till'd;
The land is full of harvests and green meads.
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine disembower'd, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters. The full region leads
New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
Spread like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees!"

For some years, the stream of emigration flowed chiefly into the United States, and not to Canada, because the greater number were deceived; they knew nothing of the British possessions in North

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America. Many still imagine that the climate and face of the country of Upper Canada are similar to Siberia; but who that is a lover of his country and people would unhesitatingly live under another government, and forswear his allegiance to his sovereign? Democrats and levellers may go to the States; but the friends of the British constitution, the friends of British habits and feelings, will only find a situation congenial to them in the British possessions.

At present land is so dear to the east of the Alleghany mountains, in the States, that the generality of emigrants who arrive in New York are utterly unable to purchase even a few acres. To proceed to the back-settlements of Illinois, Missouri, &c. a journey by land and water of upwards of fifteen hundred miles is necessary, and very heavy expense and serious inconvenience incurred thereby. In landing at Quebec, a short journey will carry the emigrant south to the eastern townships, where there is abundance of excellent land at a moderate rate, which roads will soon open up to the St. Lawrence; or else steam-vessels will convey him, by Montreal, Kingston, and York, to Amherstburgh, on Lake St. Clair, if he chooses. The market is excellent for his produce in the British possessions; cloathing, and other necessaries, can be purchased at a moderate cost; the climate is generally very healthy; he has all the privileges of a British subject, may be

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said to be burthened with neither taxes, tithes, nor poor-rates, and, above all, has abundant opportunities of receiving religious instruction, of educating his children, and leaving them independent of the world. To recapitulate: land in the States is much dearer than in Canada, the distance to be travelled is very great before a location can be got, and the soil and climate of the Western States are decidedly inferior;—who, then, will hesitate which to choose?

But however much I may have said in praise of Canada, as a place of refuge for those who cannot maintain themselves to their wishes in their own country, let no one in a spirit of restlessness and discontent leave home on slight grounds, or without well weighing the consequences of the eventful step he may be about to take, voluntarily exiling himself from all he may hold dear. The pang of parting with old and familiar faces is very severe, and nearly as painful is leaving for ever the home of our youth, even without its loved tenants, the peaceful cottage with its garden and aged trees, the warm bower-like village with its grey church, round which our forefathers may be mouldering in the hallowed dust, the pleasant banks of the clear and glancing stream, the smiling fields, the wild moor or heath-clad hills,—which, with all their attractions and endearing associations, will be continually thought of with fond regret when left.

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If by honest industry and sobriety the labourer or mechanic can maintain himself and bring up his family in his own country, let him never think of emigrating, particularly if he is not conscious of strength of body and mind to carry him through the new and trying scenes he will meet with in the wilderness of the West. Conceive the feelings of the settler on finding himself placed for the first time with axe in hand, in a dark forest, with nought but the countless stems of trees around him, and knowing that these must first disappear by painful labour before he can turn the soil to any account. How many have sunk under the depressing prospect before them, and bitterly repented their own recklessness in venturing across the Atlantic?

I conclude this subject with a circumstance of recent occurrence. A settler who had been for some time in Canada, returned to a village in the south of Scotland to arrange some family matters, and in conversing with an old acquaintance on the country of his adoption, his friend asked him, "Did you see any thing like Tweed-side in America?"—"No," was the answer: "Nothing to be compared to it; one man lived near me from this quarter, and we used continually to talk about Tweed-side, till we both cried."—"Well," said the other, fortunately ignorant of the luxury of grief, "I'll stay where I am, enjoy Tweed-side, and not go to America to cry about it."

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To employ emigrants without means, for some time after their arrival in the Canadas, it may be suggested that instead of any more canals on the grand scale, wooden rail-roads should be formed throughout the country, and above all, perpendicular to the frontiers; from the very abundant supply of materials for their construction, they can be laid at a trifling cost. It is a painful thing to witness in the Canadian forests, the noble trees consumed by fire in cradles or heaps, to clear the land, and the roads at the same time in many places nearly impassable. What more easy than to lay the trees on the road on notched cross-sleepers, and elevating the small end of the tree, lay a bar of iron on its length. Mr. George, of Quebec, has paid much attention to this subject, and his plans for internal improvements in general, are well deserving attention.

Mr. George established a land office in Quebec in 1821, to encourage and promote emigration, and where emigrants could be informed of the most eligible means and most advantageous mode of proceeding to commence a settlement in any part of Lower Canada. By his means, the supply of flour, formerly furnished by the United States to his Majesty's forces in the West Indies, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and elsewhere, is now supplied by Canada, greatly to the advantage of the province.

Mr. George next exerted himself to bring about

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a direct tea-trade from China to Canada, which gave to the province £35,000 revenue in the two first years, and prevented the illicit trade along the Canada frontiers. Then he developed the possibility of rendering the St. Lawrence Rapids navigable by steam tow-boats, with chains and inclined planes, which would greatly tend to the prosperity and defence of Canada.

He proposed the substitution of inclined planes instead of locks in canals in many instances, to convert the trees of the forest into wooden railways, and to encourage the growth of hemp. Lastly, he proposed the erection of a pier from Quebec to Beauport, in order to extend the harbour of Quebec, and render it equal, if not superior, to any on the continent of America.

An interesting discovery was made last year by the naval surveyors on the St. Lawrence, which may be of service to emigrants. The fur traders had hitherto represented the Bersiamits river in the meridian of 69° as altogether unnavigable, and endeavoured to persuade the surveyors not to examine it. However, they were determined to do so, and the following was the result: A noble stream carrying for thirty-five miles eighteen and twenty feet of water, when a magnificent cataract interrupted the navigation. The banks were steep, of clay and sand below, and deep vegetable mould above, supporting poplar, pine, and gigantic birch trees. This year it is

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to be hoped that the river has been examined above the Falls.

It may not be out of place here to mention a discovery in magnetism, which was communicated to me by a French gentleman (A. Girod) at Quebec. Whilst in Mexico, he was engaged in a series of magnetical experiments, and discovered a method by which polarity could be restored to compass needles deranged by the firing of cannon, by lightning, or the vicinity of iron. M. Girod says, that if a compass needle be struck on both sides of the point of suspension longitudinally with a small bar of copper, proportioning the strength of the blow to that of the steel, the needle loses its polarity, which seems to be driven out laterally. Again, to restore the polarity, let the needle be struck horizontally, and across on both sides of the point of suspension. Now this is a very simple experiment, and a most important discovery for navigation.*

* Several years ago the Rev. W. Scoresby discovered a mode of magnetising soft steel bars by percussion, or of destroying the magnetism by the same process at pleasure, which he accomplished to the utmost certainty. For example, a small bar of steel hammered vertically, and held at the same time vertically upon the top of a poker or other rod of iron, will, by a few blows, become so highly magnetic, as to take up considerable weights of iron, or traverse as a compass, if properly suspended. To destroy this magnetism, a blow or two is sufficient when the steel is held horizontally, and in an east and west direction.—*Philosophical Transactions, Royal Society* 1823–4.

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After partaking of the hospitality of government-house, and receiving a series of attentions from many friends at Quebec, I left this interesting city (and one which will ever be held by me in pleasing remembrance) on a clear frosty night in November. The streets were clean and silent, and the moonlight played on the tin roofs and on the glancing waters of the St. Lawrence, as I walked through the Prescott-gate, and down Mountain-street to the quay. I intended at one time to have availed myself of an invitation to visit the Governor of New Brunswick, but I found it impossible to reach Fredericktown at that season of the year, so I sailed up the St. Lawrence, part of the voyage in a snow storm, and having missed the passage-boat to La Prairie, passed over in a canoe to journey by land and water to New York.

The road from La Prairie to St. John's was full of dangerous ruts and deep in mud; besides, it passed through a dead flat, and was one of the most disagreeable highways I ever travelled. The waggon, with its four horses, lumbered along heavily for some time, and at last turned completely over, and we were thrown into a perfect 'slough of despond,' and begrimed with mud from head to foot. We were scraped and reseated, and embarked with whole bones, at the head of Lake Champlain.

Every window was closed at night in the

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stoved cabin of the steamer; and in the morning, I was so overcome with the heat and bad air, that it was some time before I could rise and stagger to the door. We passed Isle aux Noix, a small British frontier fort, where, among other officers, I saw Lieutenant Ingal, of the 15th, who has particularly distinguished himself by his zeal, activity, and ability, as a traveller and discoverer, in the wilds of Canada.

The shores of Lake Champlain were low and flat at first, and the mountains on either side were at a distance from the water. There was a wild, smuggling, and uncultivated look about the country near the frontier, but it improved as we advanced to the centre of the lake, where the scenery became very magnificent. Bays, headlands, mountains, and woods, were presented under every imposing aspect. The greatest breadth of the inland sea is eighteen miles.

Passing Platsburgh, a flourishing little town, the scene of our defeat last war, we reached Crown Point, and then the lake contracted from four or five miles in breadth to a river channel. The point was green and elevated, and on it were the ruins of military works, principally erected by the Canadian French, when they meditated and attempted the utter expulsion of the English colonists from the shores of the Atlantic. Stories are told of vaults and dungeons at Crown Point, where plots were hatched in conjunction with

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the Indians, for burning the dwellings and massacring the families of the settlers; and here were displayed "long rows of scalps, white in one place with the venerable locks of age, and glistening in another with the ringlets of childhood and of youth."

Next, at the entrance to Lake George, with its clear waters, its picturesque islets, and steep shores, were the remains of the celebrated Fort Ticonderoga, situated on a point of land surrounded on three sides with water, and on the fourth, deep trenches cut into the morass, with high breast-works. It presented one of the most likely posts to make a gallant defence, that could well be conceived. The ruin of a barrack, like a "donjon keep," was the most conspicuous object on the point.

It is impossible, as an officer of the black watch, to think of Ticonderoga without strong emotion; for here, in 1758, the 42nd, after cutting their way with their claymores through a broad abattis of prostrate trees, under a heavy fire from the French garrison, made desperate efforts for four hours to scale a high work without scaling-ladders, by mounting on one another's shoulders, and by making holes in it with their bayonets. They were so exasperated at being so unexpectedly checked, and by the heavy loss which they sustained, that they refused to withdraw till ordered a third time to do so by their

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general; their loss on this occasion was more than half the men, and two-thirds of the officers killed or severely wounded; that is, twenty-five officers, nineteen sergeants, and six hundred and three privates. About this time the regiment received the honorary distinction of Royal.

We sailed through the contracted and shallow waters of the lake for some distance, while rushes lined the rocky banks on either hand, and landed at Whitehall, on the borders of Vermont. We then embarked in a canal track-boat, to voyage by Saratoga, unfortunately memorable for Burgoyne's surrender, to Troy, on the Hudson; but there was so much tobacco-chewing, smoking, and heat in the cabin, during the cold night, that I bivouacked on deck beside the steersman, and ran the risk of a rheumatic attack in consequence.

I was surprised and pleased to see how well they always live in the States; here, in a long, narrow, and crowded boat, and from a cook-shop, only five or six feet square, breakfast, dinner, and supper were provided for thirty or forty people, which would have done credit to any respectable hotel; stews and steaks, vegetables and preserves, tea and coffee, all were in abundance, and well "got up."

We passed through a rich, well-cultivated country, and saw occasionally the heavy Dutch houses of the farmers, with gable-ends in front;

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the weathercock on one of them, and the stoop, or porch, before the door. Then passing the junction of the great Erie and Champlain Canals, we had from beneath a handsome wooden bridge, with a roof and open latticed sides, a view of the Falls of the Cahoes, on the Mohawk river, thundering over a precipice seventy feet high, to reach which the river passed through a rugged and wooded solitude above, which, with the cataract, inspired the muse of Moore thirty years ago.

Troy, with Mount Ida behind it, was composed of whitewashed brick and wooden houses, with large windows and signs thickly set; it had an air of bustle about it, but I should be sorry to set up my staff here, and would rather seek a quieter Ilium. We entered the steam vessel John Jay, which advertised to take passengers to New York for fifty cents (half a dollar), distance one hundred and fifty miles, and we paddled towards Albany. We had not long started before the passengers were penned up in a corner, and relieved of a much larger sum than what was specified in the advertisement, on the plea that the hand-bill which we had seen was circulated unknown to the proprietors of the John Jay, and that their fare was a quarter of a dollar to Albany, six miles; two dollars to New York, "and no mistake about that."

We changed our vessel at Albany for one of the largest which navigate the Hudson, and tar-

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ried but a brief space at the seat of the State legislature of New York, but a sufficient time to remark, that almost all the primitive little Dutch houses of red and yellow bricks had disappeared, and that the streets were generally straight, at right angles to one another, and composed of three-storied modern edifices, with about a dozen handsome churches.

One of the most interesting events which annually occurs at Albany is, the breaking up in the spring of the ice in the Hudson, over which sleighs and waggons may have driven for some weeks previous. The river is then swelled underneath by the melted snow from the tributary streams, and suddenly a roar like that from a park of artillery is followed by a longitudinal crack, extending for several miles, and displaying a body of ice six or seven feet thick; the stream then breaks this into masses of various size, and the whole float past, angrily crashing and grating against each other, and heaped up into ever-changing and glittering figures.

About this time passengers were landed at different places, in a way attended with great danger, for the competition was so great on the Hudson, that to save time, they did not stop the engine at all, but rang a bell to warn the passengers about to leave as they approached their destination; they then placed them with their baggage, in a boat hanging from the quarter davits;

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it was lowered stern foremost into the water; a steersman stood at the rudder; a tow-line was attached at the bow rollock, if the steamer happened to be going with the stream, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour (which is not uncommon, as they are built for river navigation, like a spoon); away spun the boat to the bank, at the rate of twenty miles an hour; the passengers jumped on shore, and the engine, by an ingenious and simple addition to the machinery, wound up the tow-line, and the boat returned to the steamer without any pause or diminution in its speed. Now, however, (after some fatal accidents,) they stop the engine for a few minutes, and take more time to land their passengers.

In the summer and autumn the steamers on the north rivers have been known to have seven or eight hundred passengers on board at a time; people from New York, or the unhealthy southern States, proceeding to the springs at Saratoga, or about to travel west by the Great Erie Canal. On these occasions it is impossible to walk about on deck; the dense multitude stand or sit composedly, and get their meals in succession, without noise or inconvenience, by each getting a ticket, and having his place fixed at table.

Some time ago an Englishman, unaccustomed to such crowds, was proceeding up the Hudson, and after spending a night of discomfort on board, in the morning was desirous of refreshing himself by

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performing his ablutions. He inquired where he could wash, and was directed to a recess, where he saw basins in use, and rapidly passing from hand to hand. He saw also a looking-glass, on one side of which hung a brush by a string, and on the other a comb, which were applied indiscriminately to the "haffet locks" of the citizens. He was rather disgusted with this strange scene, and despaired of being able to secure a basin before the breakfast-bell rang, when at last a passenger, who had just washed, turning round, saw the distress of the John Bull, and immediately emptied his basin, poured a little pure water into it from the cock, and laying it down on the slab, pointed to it and made a low bow to the Englishman, who thanked the stranger for his civility, and gladly availed himself of it.

At breakfast-time the Englishman related to a *compagnon du voyage* what had happened previously, and added — "I see opposite to us the gentleman who behaved so civilly to me, and so unlike the others; I wonder who he can be!" — "Why," answered his friend, "I have just learned that that is the ex-King of Spain, Joseph Buonaparte!"

The Hudson unfolded to us its beauties in succession as we voyaged down its noble stream. The Knatskill Mountains on the right presented their majestic sides, along which clouds were rolling; the opposite bank of the river was smiling

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with fields, woods, and occasional villas, and where rocks and cliffs appeared, it recalled recollections of the far-famed Rhine, but without its castles. On the deep tide were frequently seen the white sails of sloops, conveying flour and deals to New York. The town of Hudson was passed on the left, pleasantly looking down from its hill, but altogether modernized and changed since its great founder, Henrick, "shook from his skirt the dust of mortality." The river next expanded into a succession of lakes, and did not contract its channel till we approached those scenes of many a wild tale and martial achievement, the Highlands. We passed through the cleft of the mountains at Windgate, and found ourselves navigating between most romantic precipices, amongst which Dunderberg and Anthony's Nose were looked on with peculiar interest.

We emerged from the deep shadows of the impending masses of rock, and saw the Military Academy at West Point, on its elevated plateau, and surrounded with the traces of military works constructed during the great struggle for American independence; then Fort Putnam, on its natural platform on the right, recalled the memory of the chivalrous but unfortunate André. On looking back at the southern entrance to the bold scenery of the Highlands, it seemed like a Scottish loch; the trees descended from high ridges to the water's edge, and here and there a

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bare peak of granite towered above the foliage. Then Verplanks Point appeared, with its family mansion, commanding beautiful views of the river; after which we were in the Tappaan Sea, a lake of the Hudson, with the primeval forest alternating with clearings and snug farm-houses. On the eastern shore was the Sleepy Hollow of Rip Van Winkle, and the Palisades. A wall of granite, extending on our right for several miles, marked the shore of New Jersey.

Night had now closed in upon us, and the termination of our swift course was indicated by a long line of glimmering lights on the left, proceeding from the fair city of New York.

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CHAPTER X.

Leave New York to see Congress opened.—General Wool.—Sail to Brunswick in New Jersey.—Trenton.—Memorabilia connected with it.—The Delaware.—Joseph Buonaparte.—Bristol and Burlington.—Philadelphia.—The William Penn Steam Vessel.—Newcastle.—The Chesapeak and Delaware Canal.—Sail up the Patapsco to Baltimore.—Uninviting appearance of Maryland.—Slavery and its Effects too apparent.—The great Chesapeak and Ohio Rail-road.—Bladensburgh.—Pass over the Battle-field.—Silent approach to Washington.—Resembles a Russian city.—The Streets.—Houses indifferently heated.—Audience of President Jackson.—A Sketch of his Career.—The Pennsylvania Avenue.—The Capitol, Sculptures, and Paintings.—The Rotunda, National Library.—Halls of the Senate and of Representatives.—The President's Message.—A gratifying Account of the Prosperity and Prospects of the United States.—Visit Mr. Clay.—Inspect the Arsenal.—Visit the Theatre and attend Church.—Mr. Bankhead.—The Nunnery.—A Party at the President's.

A FAVOURABLE opportunity presenting itself for journeying by way of Philadelphia and Baltimore to Washington, to see Congress opened, being invited to join the party of General Wool, consisting of himself, his excellent lady, and the two accomplished daughters of the Secretary at War, Governor Coss, I did not tarry long in

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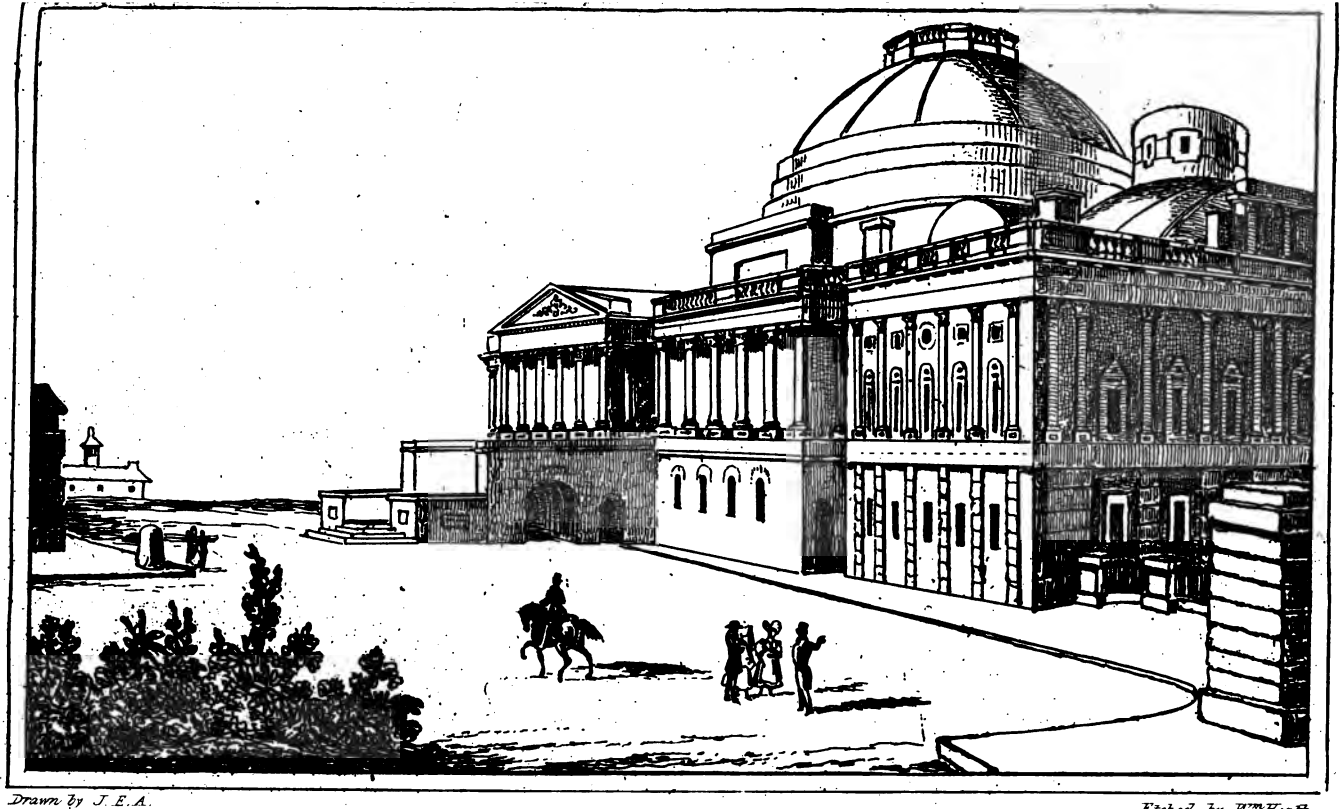

Drawn by J. E. A.

Etched by Wm. Heath.

Capitol at Washington.

Pub.d 1833. by R. Burdett, New Burlington St.

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New York, but intended making a longer stay on my return.

General Wool served with distinction in the last war, particularly on the attack of Queenstown Heights. For his gallantry and good conduct in the battle of Plattsburgh he received the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel, and afterwards on the peace establishment was appointed Inspector-General, with the rank of Colonel; since which he has received the rank of Brigadier-General by brevet. He is an officer of the strictest honour, very intelligent, and with the manners of a perfect gentleman.

The snow lying thick on the ground, we walked to the steam-vessel, which carried us through the Narrows of Long Island, and round the Coast to New Brunswick in New Jersey; from thence we travelled in a coach across the fertile state to Trenton, its capital, on the Delaware, now containing upwards of four thousand inhabitants, with a beautiful covered bridge, a quarter of a mile long, near "The Falls."

Trenton is associated with some of the most important events of the revolutionary war. Whilst the English held it, there was deadly strife about it. The capture of an English and Dutch detachment at Trenton in 1776 was the first victory gained by the Americans, and which served at once to raise their drooping spirits, while the masterly retreat of Washington from Trenton,

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under every disadvantage, is considered as one of his most brilliant achievements.

We sailed down the Delaware, and passed Borden-town, where is the residence of Joseph Buonaparte, the ex-King of Spain, distinguished by his courteous manners and his taste for the fine arts — the last shown in the elegance of his villa and the grounds which surround it.

We next passed Bristol and Burlington on opposite sides of the Delaware, the former in Pennsylvania, and adorned with handsome country-houses and flower-gardens; and at night reached Philadelphia. We left early on the following morning, by a magnificent steam-vessel, the William Penn, with great length of keel and breadth of beam, lofty cabins, machinery in the most perfect order, and the greatest regularity observed on board, with attention to the comfort of passengers and the safety of their baggage.

We passed Gloucester and Fort Mifflin, on an island in the Delaware, then Lazaretto and Chester, and arrived at Newcastle, where we took the passage-boat on the Chesapeak and Delaware Canal. We had great difficulty in forcing our way through the ice with six horses. A false cut-water of rough planks was rigged, and, by inducing a schooner to precede us, we accomplished the fourteen miles, after considerable delay, passing the "Deep Cut," where, in some places, the banks are seventy feet high; then

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under the Summit Bridge, two hundred and eighty feet long and eighty feet above us, and through marshes which for some time swallowed up the embankments as soon as formed.

At the village of Chesapeak we entered the celebrated bay of the same name, and, embarking in another steam-vessel, passed the strong Fort M'Henry and a very flat country on either hand, and, passing up the Patapsco a short distance, we arrived at Baltimore, where we only stayed one night, for here and at Philadelphia I intended to sojourn a few days on my way back to New York.

On leaving Baltimore, the appearance of Maryland was far from inviting, We immediately saw that we were in a slave-state: instead of the well-dressed countrymen, the fertile fields, the neat fences, and comfortable houses of the State of New York, we saw only a few starved and ragged negroes driving bullock-waggons laden with firewood, and exhausted tobacco-fields on each side; and there was an air of gloom and desolation over the landscape, increased by the houses being far apart on the road.

We passed through some oak-woods and over roofed wooden bridges, and saw the great Chesapeak and Ohio rail-road, of bars of iron laid on wooden sleepers, and intended to extend for three hundred miles; sixty had then been completed on the distance from Baltimore to Frederickville.

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We next passed through the village of Bladensburgh, consisting of two rows of indifferent wooden houses; crossed the small stream by the bridge, where considerable loss was sustained by our troops from the American artillery; ascended the hill on which the enemy's lines were drawn up, which fired with little effect by platoons on our light infantry in extended order; saw where our lads rushed to the charge, and the scattered cypress-trees, beautifully dispersed over the gently ascending eminence, where the slain fell, and beside which they lie buried; snow-wreaths here and there lay in the hollows, and the scene was one of quiet beauty.

The road continued through some dark woods and an uncultivated country; and, after passing a single bullock-cart, on lifting up my eyes, I saw before me, on a bare plain, the great dome and the massive pile of the capitol at Washington, with a few inferior houses round it, and hardly a living object moving on the silent scene—a strange approach to the metropolis of "a fine, free, and flourishing country."

I found the principal hotel (Gadsby's) full of Members of Congress, who were well lodged and entertained in this very superior establishment, built as a hollow square of four stories, with covered galleries round the interior, and a fountain in the centre of the court.

In walking through Washington, it reminded

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me much of a Russian city; the streets of great length and breadth, the houses inconveniently scattered over an open and treeless plain, and no bustle of commerce. There were many good stores, and numerous lottery-offices; but in one material point the Americans were greatly inferior to my old friends the Muscovites—in the heating of their houses. The snow lay on the ground some inches in thickness—

> "The wind whistled cold,
> And the stars glimmer'd red;"

yet, in some of the best mansions, it was impossible to sit still, so great was the cold within doors from the houses being badly finished, and the grates with the anthracite coals being quite inadequate to the purpose for which they were intended.

The Inspector-General was so kind as to accompany me to the President's house, a handsome building of the Ionic order, of two stories and a basement, overlooking the Potomac and an extensive landscape from its elevated site. We entered an iron gate before the edifice, drove round a grass-plat enclosed with posts and chains, and alighted at a lofty portico of four columns. On knocking at the entrance-door, at which there were neither guards nor liveried retainers, after a considerable delay, one of the leaves was opened by a little man in a fur cap and grey short coat,

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who said he would ask if General Jackson could be seen; he then left us in an empty hall. It was bitterly cold, and General Wool piloted me up-stairs to an anti-room, in which there was a fire, sundry chairs without backs, book-shelves without books, and, in plain frames, four coloured scriptural prints indifferently executed.

The President's nephew and adopted son, Mr. Jackson, a tall young man, recently married (as almost all American young gentlemen *fortunately* are), came and conversed with us for some time, and then conducted us into a handsome drawing-room with yellow furniture, where we found the ladies of the family dressed *à la Parisienne*, and all of them extremely affable and agreeable; they consisted of young Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Donaldson, Miss Eason and Miss Farquhar.

After sitting some time with the ladies, we conducted them to their carriage, and then were shown into a room where the President was seated at a table covered with newspapers, and before a huge fire. He rose at our entrance, and, shaking hands, inquired after our health with the formal politeness of the old school. The General is about six feet high, of a spare make and upright carriage, dressed in black, with a black stock, wears his white hair combed back from his face, which is long, and his nose of corresponding dimensions. In face and figure he reminded me

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of the late Lieutenant-Governor of the Royal Military College, General Butler.

Behind the President there was a full-length portrait of Bolivar, similar to one I saw in the possession of Sir Robert Wilson; and round the room were models of agricultural implements.

The party in opposition to the re-election of General Jackson to the presidential chair had spread a report that he was seriously ill, and could not live; and it was with a peculiar expression that he replied to General Wool's interrogatory regarding his health, that he had not been so well for ten years. A tooth had annoyed him, and an unskilful dentist, in removing it, had also drawn with it part of the jaw; the accident had confined him to the house for some days, but now he had got over the annoyance.

We remained with the President a quarter of an hour, during which time he made inquiries regarding my progress through the States, asked my opinion of what I had seen, and then spoke at some length on the engrossing question of reform, trusted that there would be no revolution in England, and that the constitution would still be preserved in its purity.

It would be very improper for me to repeat the General's words during this interesting interview, as it would be a betrayal of confidence, of which former travellers in the States have sometimes

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been accused; let it suffice to say, that I retired much pleased with my reception by the chief magistrate of the United States, who politely invited me to take a family-dinner with him in a few days.

General Jackson commenced life without the advantages of a liberal education — his energy of character alone brought him forward; first on service in the revolutionary contest, then distinguished in Indian warfare on the western frontier, he was the terror of the red men from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains; he likewise engaged in political life, and acted in a judicial capacity. As a General of the Militia of Tenessee, he was selected to repel the British invasion of New Orleans in 1814: his success on that occasion was of incalculable benefit to the States, and occasioned his promotion to the high office which he has filled with excellent judgment for three years, and has given general satisfaction both to the citizens and to foreigners.

We next inspected the four public offices, two on each side of the President's house, appropriated to the treasury, state, navy, and war departments; in the latter, I had the honour of making the acquaintance of Governor Cass, secretary-at-war, and of General Macomb, commander of the army.

We proceeded along the Pennsylvania avenue, a mile long, (the upper end ornamented with

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double rows of poplars,) and ascended the eminence on which the great pile of the capitol is built, by broad stairs. In the middle of the ascent was a marble monument, consisting of an eagle-surmounted column on a square base, on which were also allegorical figures representing History, Fame, Commerce, and America. This monument, erected in memory of the naval officers who fell in the Tripolitan war, formerly stood in the navy yard, but lately was removed to a better site.

We entered the circular Rotunda in the centre of the capitol, excellently paved, and with the great and echoing circumference of the dome overhead. In four niches round the walls were sculptured representations of the fight between Boon (one of the first pioneers of the West) and an Indian chief —the landing at Plymouth of the Pilgrim Fathers fleeing from England for conscience sake—the treaty between Penn and two Indian chiefs on the Delaware—and the last, the escape of Captain John Smith in 1606, from the uplifted war club of King Powhatan, on the intercession of his daughter Pocahontas. Four large oil paintings, by Colonel Turnbull, represented the Declaration of Independence, General Washington resigning his commission, and the surrender of Cornwallis and Burgoyne at Yorktown and Saratoga. Connected with these two last, I beg to subjoin an anecdote highly creditable to the American cha-

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racter, and also to show that a regard for the feelings of others is confined to no particular country.

A British officer on a visit to Washington made the acquaintance, at a hotel, of two officers of the United States artillery; they showed him whatever was worthy of notice in or about the city, but they dissuaded him from entering the capitol, as they said it was in an unfinished state, and contained nothing that could interest him. However, one day he went alone to the capitol, and found that the cause of the dissuasions of his friends was the pictures above mentioned. They thought it would vex him to see these memorials of British defeat.

In the National Library, also in the capitol, I found a large collection of choice works, and the librarian kindly afforded me every facility in consulting them on several occasions. The hall of the senate was a neat semicircular chamber, but the hall of representatives is the great attraction in the capitol. I was introduced to it by General Aaron Ward, on the day that the President's message was read. The Speaker's chair, or rather curtained throne, was placed in front of a row of lofty windows, with crimson drapery; the seats and desks of the members of Congress were placed in semicircular and ascending rows. Corinthian pillars of great size, with polished shafts of variegated pudding stone, in which blue pre-

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dominated, and crowned with marble capitals, were disposed round the walls, and opposite to the Speaker was a capacious gallery. The members wore their hats, as in St. Stephen's, and one or two I remarked in fur caps and white great coats, probably from the far west. Well may the Americans vaunt of their country, when representatives salute each other in Congress after journeys over two thousand miles of United States territory.

There is silence in the great hall; a door opens and a voice announces, "The Message of the President." Instead of a procession, a single individual in a cloak, enters with a bundle of papers in his hand, tied with red tape, and advancing up the centre passage, presents it to the Speaker; he unties it, and reads aloud the important document.

THE MESSAGE.—The President congratulated his fellow citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives on the continued and increasing prosperity of their beloved country, and gave a satisfactory view of the agriculture, manufactures, and internal improvements in the United States. He then alluded to the state of the navigation and trade, and had much satisfaction in noticing the late arrangements with Great Britain relating to Colonial trade, productive of mutual good feeling and amicable relations between the two countries, which he hoped would not be inter-

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rupted. He next mentioned his desire that an early settlement of the boundaries should take place between Canada, New Brunswick, and the States. Then spake of the claims (for indemnity) on France, Spain, and Denmark, the two Sicilies, Portugal, &c. for irregularities committed on American vessels, and for the redress of injuries. Commercial treaties with Russia and Austria, Prussia and the Porte, it was anticipated, would open a vast field for the enterprise of American merchants. Increased facilities attended the commerce to China and the East Indies, and satisfaction was to be required by an armed force, for piratical outrages committed in Sumatra on American merchantmen.

The nature of the connexion with the independent States of South and Central America, was next in order, and it was hoped that trade would increase with them on the subsiding of civil commotions. A revisal of the Consular laws was recommended. The removal of the Indian tribes to the west bank of the Mississippi was noticed, and the President trusted that the States *would not be long embarrassed with an Indian population*, though experiments might be made to reclaim the red-men from barbarism, and to teach them the habits and enjoyments of civilized life.

The state of public finance, as shown by the Secretary of the Treasury, was very gratifying; the revenue of 1831 amounted to twenty-seven

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millions seven hundred thousand dollars, and the expenditure for all objects (other than the public debt) did not exceed fourteen millions seven hundred thousand. The payment on account of the principal and interest of the debt during the year was sixteen millions and a half of dollars, and it was anticipated that within four years of the President's administration, the whole of the public debt would be extinguished—a remarkable case in the history of nations.

A modification of the tariff which shall produce a reduction of revenue to the wants of the Government, and an adjustment of the duties on imports, with a view to equal justice in relation to all national interests, and to the counteraction of foreign policy, so far as it may not be injurious to these interests, was deemed one of the principal objects which demanded the consideration of Congress, and arrangements should also be made to relieve the people from unnecessary taxation after the extinction of the national debt.

The insolvent debtors (to the United States) should be relieved; the complicated system of public accounts should be improved; the laws of the district of Columbia (round Washington) should be revised; and the extension of the judiciary system in the States of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, which have not the benefits of a circuit, but only of a district court.

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Leaving to the investigation of an enlightened people and their representatives the present organization of the bank of the United States, with a view to its improvement, the President's message concluded in these words: "Permit me to invoke that Power which superintends all governments, to infuse into your deliberations at this important crisis of our history a spirit of mutual forbearance and conciliation; in that spirit was our Union formed, and in that spirit must it be preserved."

Among other distinguished persons to whom I had letters from Mr. Washington Irving, was General Jackson's political opponent, Henry Clay, Esq. a Senator of the United States. I waited on him at his hotel, and found him to be a tall and spare-made man, about fifty-five years of age, dressed in black, with a high forehead, thin brown hair, fresh complexion, straight nose, and front teeth rather prominent. His demeanour was quiet, though he is a Kentuckian; he wore a smile on his countenance in speaking, and was slow and distinct in his articulation; yet his appearance and manner evidently implied that

> "He plunges into the sea who seeks for pearls,
> And he who seeks greatness has watchful nights."

With him sat a nephew of the great Washington, a tall and robust man, with a florid complexion, and the sedate manner of his celebrated relative.

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I inspected the arsenal, across the Tiber and at some distance from the city, by invitation from Lieutenant Lymington, and found it, though small, in the most perfect order. I visited the (indifferent) Washington Theatre, and had my money returned; for the gas would not burn, and there was no performance. I attended a Presbyterian church on Sunday, where I heard an admirable discourse from a Mr. Post on the "signs of the times," on which we should not shut our eyes and ears, but be up and doing. Education was the distinctive mark of the present age, in which peace prevailed, and in which the comforts of the poor were attended to, and the security of the rich.

At the table of our excellent Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Bankhead, I met the Members of the Corps Diplomatique, two English travellers of fortune, Messrs. Davidson and Gibb, and a daughter of the Emperor Iturbide, a charming young lady, rather *petite*, with black sparkling eyes and raven tresses. She had been educated at the convent near Washington, a very interesting establishment of sixty nuns, descendants from rich Catholic families; they instruct one hundred boarders, and their day charity-school consists of two hundred pupils, for which they deserve great praise.

The day before I left Washington, I dined *en famille* with the President, and considered my being asked in this kind and friendly manner as

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a compliment to the service to which I belonged. The General had not begun to give dinners that season, and my stay being short, owing to my anxiety to return to England, from the stirring times that were anticipated, if I had not been invited to a family-dinner, I could not have partaken of the hospitality of the chief magistrate at all.

To a small and comfortable drawing-room, with mirrors and a chandelier, and in which there was a full-length portrait of Washington, I was introduced by Mr. Baird (the butler) to General Jackson, who was seated in a high-backed arm-chair, round which were the members of the family, the ladies composing one quarter of the semicircle, and the gentlemen the other. My excellent friend General Wool, and his lady, were the only strangers besides myself.

After another discourse on English Reform, we handed the ladies into the blue dining-room, where a well-cooked dinner and choice wines refreshed the senses. The services of plate and crystal were in excellent taste. Two brown domestics assisted Mr. Baird, who gave his opinion on the dishes and liquors as he helped them, and seemed to be the factotum of the establishment. After some lively conversation regarding ages of wine and ages of individuals, remarks on the changes in the face of the country, the increase of fields and the decrease of the forest,

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the General drank "Our absent Friends," and we all rose, and handed the ladies back to the drawing-room, where they were arranged as before, till coffee was served, when two of the young demoiselles went to the piano, sang and played Scotch airs; the General regaled himself with a long pipe in his easy chair, à la Parr, and retired to bed at nine. Thus ended the party at the President's.

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CHAPTER XI.

Leave Washington. — My Fellow Travellers. — The Author of "Pelham."—Slang.—Enter Baltimore by a Railway.—Spirit of the Inhabitants.—View from an Observatory.—The Battle Monument. — The Cathedral. — The Washington Pillar. — Charles Carroll of Carrolton.—Journey to the Susquehannah.—An English Radical.—Philadelphia.—The Slate-house.—The Banks and Churches.—Peale's Museum.—The 160-gun Ship Pennsylvania.—The Theatre.—The Fair Mount Waterworks. —Anecdote.—Mechanical Genius of the New Englanders.—The Penitentiary.—Its Arrangement.—Sketch of the Life of a Convict. — How to prevent Prison-breaking. — Facetious Thieves.—Robbery of a Mail Coach.—A Robber's Advice to Travellers. — The Philadelphia Prison. — Why liberated Prisoners do not reform.—Dr. Rush.—Luxury of the Philadelphians. — A grumbling Traveller. — A Wistar Party. — A grievous Disappointment.—Return to New York.

NEXT morning I was on my way to Baltimore in company with Mr. Burrows, well known in New York, and Major Wingfield. In the coach (a sort of windmill, freely admitting the cold air through the leathern sides) there were, besides the above, six editors and reporters of newspapers. These gentlemen were very conversable and facetious, mixing up in their discourse expressions peculiar to the Americans, some of which would

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have puzzled even the author of "Pelham," who, by the way, is an especial favourite in the States, the ladies considering him a nonpareil, and certain speculators (forgers and swindlers) having been detected last year with "Paul Clifford" in their portmanteaus.

The gentlemen of the Press talked of going the whole hog for one another; of being up to the hub (nave) for General Jackson, who was all brimstone but the head, and that was aquafortis; and swore, if any one abused him, he ought to be set straddle on an iceberg and shot through with a streak of lightning.

As we approached Baltimore we diverged from the usual road to drive on the great railway, from the Atlantic to the Ohio. Locomotives had not been then introduced, and our conveyance for seven miles was a heavy double carriage, drawn by one horse.

The very enterprising inhabitants of Baltimore seem determined, by extending internal communications, to make up for the disadvantage they labour under, of having their harbour closed with ice for some weeks in winter; and though the foreign trade had ceased for a time, when I visited this, the third city of the Union and the great flour and tobacco mart, yet the streets were far from being dull, but men and things wore a bustling, commercial air.

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From the top of the City Hotel, containing a hundred and seventy-two apartments, I enjoyed the panorama of the city on its three hills, with their intervening valleys, the houses of brick, with numerous spires, towers and domes, rising above them. The harbour and shipping, defended by Fort M'Henry, directed the eye to the Bay of Chesapeak beyond; and the outlines of the environs of the city, varied with hill and dale, grove and country villa, claimed unqualified admiration.

In front of the hotel was the "Battle Monument," erected to the memory of those who fell in defence of the city last war. A reeded column, like a bundle of fasces, of white marble, stands on a square base. On the fillets which cross the shaft are inscribed the names of the honoured slain.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!"

I visited the massive square pile of the cathedral, surmounted by a dome, and situated on the highest ground in the city. In it there was a fine large organ, and pictures, presented by Kings of France. Near the cathedral is the rival place of worship of the Socinians, a handsome edifice, also with a dome.

Beyond these I saw the Washington monument, about a hundred and seventy feet high,

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bearing a colossal statue of the first President, on a column of white marble with a double base.

I then had great satisfaction in visiting a living monument of the Revolution, and the last survivor of those who signed the Declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll of Carrolton, in his ninety-fourth year. I found the venerable patriarch quite alone, and seemingly musing. The apartment was lofty, with furniture of an antique fashion, and family pictures on the walls. It was night; wax lights were on the table, and a clear fire blazed on the hearth. The old gentleman, dressed in a dark purple gown, and seated in a high-backed chair, was rather of short stature, and stooped under the burden of years; his nose was aquiline, and his expression was particularly mild and engaging.

I took tea with his family (two of his daughters are the Marchionesses of Wellesley and Carmarthen,) and spent a very agreeable evening. The speech, sight, and hearing of the veteran had not much failed him, but his memory had. He made frequent inquiries about a contemporary of his, Sir Robert Liston, the first British ambassador to the Independent States, and the subject of cholera seemed to possess his mind for a considerable time. When Mr. Carroll was a youth, Baltimore contained seven houses; its population is now seventy-five thousand.

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I left Baltimore with regret, as the little I saw of the people gave me a very favourable impression of their intelligence, liberality, and attention to strangers from the "old country," and I heartily wished them prosperity.

The water-communication being stopped, I continued my journey by coach; passed the scene of the victory of North Point, and in a wood saw the grave of a mail-driver, who had been shot by robbers. This rather alarmed some of the passengers, who immediately concealed their valuables about their persons, and began frightening one another with tales of terror.

During this journey I much admired the forbearance of the Americans, and their general good temper. An English Radical travelled in the coach, who had left his own country in disgust, but finding himself a very insignificant personage in America, he did nothing but abuse the institutions of the States and the people to their face, in the most intolerable manner. I quarrelled with him, which was more than the Americans did, who bore with him very patiently, much to their credit, and to his disgrace.

When we got to the Susquehannah, famous for its canvass-back ducks, the snow and ice greatly impeded our progress. The landlord of the inn on the banks of the river demanded a small sum

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for putting us across in a boat, shoved through a channel in the ice by four black men, with boat-hooks. The passengers remonstrated:—"What is the meaning of the toll?"—"The meaning of it," says mine host coolly, "is, that if you don't pay it you stay here, I guess!" It was paid with some grumbling, and we "progressed quick as a chain of lightning," by Wilmington, in Delaware, to Philadelphia, and crossing the Schuylkill, we entered the capital of Pennsylvania.

The first appearance of Philadelphia was highly respectable. The straight and clean streets—the houses of goodly exterior, many of them with marble steps, and rails with plated knobs — the excellent taste in which the ladies were dressed, without the varied colours of the New York fair —and the quiet and orderly demeanour of the lower orders—gave me a very favourable impression of the city and people.

In walking through Philadelphia, I was attracted to Chesnut Street, to visit the venerable State House, (with its long façade surmounted by a cupola,) for in it is the apartment in which the Declaration of Independence was signed; then the Bank of the United States, built after the model of the Pantheon, with white marble portico and tympanum. The bank of Pennsylvania, after the plan of the Ilyssian Temple of the Muses, and M. Giraud's bank, with its Corin-

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thian portico, particularly arrested attention. The eighty-eight churches were of indescribable varieties of style, and but few of them dignified with tower or spire.

In Peale's Museum I saw the skeleton of the great Mammoth, a large collection of birds, well preserved, and a gallery of portraits of distinguished individuals. With Captain Reid, of the United States' navy, I visited the Mammoth man-of-war, the Pennsylvania, of one hundred and sixty guns, and at one of the handsome theatres I saw Mrs. Austin as Cinderella.

The boast of Philadelphia are the Fair Mount Water Works, on the Schuylkill, for supplying the city. Mr. Kane, a gentleman of the legal profession, was kind enough to drive me out to visit them, and I found them on the most simple plan, but so effective, that the whole city was abundantly supplied with excellent water at an expense of five dollars per day. A dam directs the water of the river to a long building, in which there are four large water-wheels; these, in revolving, pump up the water to reservoirs on an eminence above them, from which pipes dispense the pure element.

The pistons and cylinders of the forcing-pumps were laid nearly in a horizontal position, though at first they were upright, but then the superintendents could not make them work to any

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effect. One day, a plain-looking Yankee, from the eastward, with his hands in his pocket, was seen to look at these vertical cylinders for some time, when the engineers were calculating how they could alter and improve them. At last, Jonathan guessed that he knew how to improve them, and make them throw up an abundant supply of water; but the men of science only laughed at him, save one, who took him aside, and asked him what was his notion for bettering the cylinders and their mode of working. "Oh! but I'm not going to tell you though," said the Yankee. — "Perhaps you'll tell us," answered the engineer, "if we promise you ten thousand dollars, should your plan succeed?"—"Why, in that case I might tell you how to do the trick,—just write me out a contract, will ye?"—It was written out,—"Lay the upright cylinders on their sides." It was done, and the effect was miraculous, affording at the same time another proof of the great mechanical genius of the New Englanders.

From the water works we went to the New Penitentiary, an area of ten acres, enclosed by a thirty-five feet granite wall, (with battlemented towers at the entrance,) containing the prison, on the most perfect plan, for carrying solitary confinement, with labour, completely into effect.

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A centre room, called the observatory, (in which sat the keeper, a Quaker,) has seven passages diverging from it; on each side are cells for two hundred and fifty prisoners, all on the ground floor; these cells, twelve feet by eight, and lighted from the top, have a square opening to the passages closed with an iron shutter, in which there is a small eye-hole to permit the turnkeys to see the interior of the cells whenever they choose, without the prisoners being aware that they are observed; a small court is attached to each cell, for the purpose of exercise; through this is the entrance to the cell. So complete is the seclusion in these cells, that prisoners may live for twenty years in one, and never know who their neighbours are on either side.

It may be interesting to notice one inmate of the Penitentiary. George Taylor, born a robber, and suckled with the milk of thieves, was incarcerated for the period of twenty years, for robbing mails, and shooting at the keeper of a gaol. He was a light-built, black-haired man, dressed in dark clothes, and a linen cap on his head; he rose hastily from a loom as we entered, and shook hands with Mr. Kane, who had been his counsel. "Well, George, how do you feel now?" kindly enquired my friend. "Thank you, Sir, I feel much easier in my mind since you were so kind as to send me this," showing a

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small religious book, and pointing to a particular hymn in it; "but a chill comes over me every now and then; I'm breaking up, Sir, fast, and won't remain long here." His words recalled these lines,

"Like the lamp's expiring ray,
Here my strength must pine away,
And when some few months are o'er,
Here I shall be seen no more,
Wretched live and wretched die,
Far from blessed liberty."

Taylor then showed the coarse cloth he was weaving, by means of which, and other articles manufactured by the prisoners, they are maintained without expense to the state, and even produce a surplus; he next showed the iron bedstead fastened up to the wall during the day, and let down at night.

This daring robber had broken many gaols in his time, and Mr. Kane asked him if he thought he could escape from the Penitentiary. "Yes, Sir, I think I might, if it were not for that confounded hole," pointing to the small orifice in the iron shutter. "At night, Sir, sometimes if I cough, or make the smallest noise, I hear a voice in the passage say to me, 'What's the matter, George? art ill, lad?' Now that's the rub, Sir; I could manage my escape, but for that little hole; I can do nothing, for an eye may always be looking at me, and an ear listening."

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Taylor said, that it required courage and daring to commit the sort of robberies and thefts in which he had been engaged — and that there was high and pleasing excitement in the planning of a robbery with one or two tried companions. He laughed when he told how, on one occasion, he and two others got access to a house in which there was an evening party; the ladies and gentlemen were assembled in the drawing-room, a grand supper was laid out in the dining-room, and the servants were in the kitchen. The thieves quietly locked the drawing-room and kitchen doors, went to the dining-room, regaled themselves with wine and cake, and swept off the whole of the plate from the table and sideboard; as they left the house by a window, they enjoyed the ringing of the bell from the drawing-room, and the abortive attempts of the servants to answer it from the kitchen.

He next described the robbery of a mail. It was three o'clock on a fine summer's morning; the twelve passengers were nodding at each other, and the driver also was half asleep, under the balmy influence of the air, and the stillness of the country. As the coach passed through a populous neighbourhood, three unmasked robbers suddenly sprang from the side of the road; one stopped the horses, another stood beside the driver, and the third, (George Taylor,) went to

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the door of the coach, (American coaches have only one door,) and opening it, he said quietly, "Gentlemen, are there any ladies inside?"—the answer was, "not any." "Then, gentlemen, you will tell me if any of you have got arms; if you have, you must give them up." There were none; and the next proceeding was for the passengers to come out one by one, to be tied with their own handkerchiefs, and to draw up in a line opposite a fence, when the robbers for the first time shewed their arms. The mail bags were cut by one of the men, and their contents examined. Taylor relieved the passengers of their pocket books, purses, and watches, and the third robber stood sentry.

On a watch being taken from one of the party, he said to George, "There are marks on that watch which may occasion your detection; besides, it is an old-fashioned silver one, and of no great value to any one but myself, for it is a family one —will you let me keep it?" Taylor restored it. Another man gave up ten dollars very reluctantly, saying, "You see, my man, all I have got to get me a dinner; I am a long way from home." Taylor generously gave back a dollar; but he was outwitted here, for he afterwards learned that the New Englander had notes to the amount of three thousand dollars in his boot, which he saved. The horses were then tied up to the fence;

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two of the robbers leaped over it, and decamped with their booty. Taylor watched the passengers for half an hour, and prevented their raising an alarm; then, telling them they might make the best of their way, he followed his companions. Why he asked if there were any ladies in the coach was, that he might use means to prevent their raising an alarm; for females commonly make a great noise when their fears are excited—men are more silent.

In the last gaol from which Taylor had escaped, the keeper had flogged him and a companion very severely. They vowed vengeance, and on breaking out, they watched the keeper as he walked up the streets. Taylor's companion went behind him and snapped a pistol at his back: Taylor cried out, "That's owing to your d—d cowardly way of going to work," and fired from the opposite side of the street, but missed: he was pursued, taken, and placed where we found him. He gave this piece of advice to travellers: "On the road either go well armed and fire at once when you are stopped, or else give your pistols up. Never parley with a robber whom you mean to resist; if you do, and fail in your resistance, your life is gone. I myself would have been off at once, if, in attempting to rob a mail, a passenger had fired at me without hesitation; but if a passenger had attempted to throw

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me off my guard and afterwards resist, I would certainly have shot him."

I next saw the Philadelphia prison, once so celebrated, but which has been proved not to answer, so far as the reformation of the prisoners is concerned. At night they are locked up separately, but during the day labour in silence together; thus they know one another by sight, so that when they are liberated they think it useless to become honest men, for so many know that they once were rogues. I only heard of two instances of reform in those who had been inmates of the Philadelphia prison. One went to St. Domingo, and is now in independent circumstances by his own industry; the other went to the back woods of Tenessee, and commenced clearing and farming. He had a wife and young family, and continued industrious for some years, till unfortunately he was discovered by some of his former companions in durance; they threatened, if he did not pay them handsomely, they would inform his neighbours what his former character had been. The poor man satisfied them; but, on their returning again and again to him, and plundering him, he lost heart, and returned to his old vicious courses. Whether the Penitentiary system will succeed in producing reformation by entire seclusion, with labour, and religious instruction by an unseen clergyman, discoursing in the passage

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to the prisoners seated in their cells, remains yet to be proved.

At Philadelphia, through the instrumentality of a lady held in deserved estimation in America, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, I had great satisfaction in making the acquaintance of Dr. Rush, the worthy son of a sire who was chiefly instrumental in establishing the American Medical School.

I confess I was surprised to see the luxurious living and the expensive furniture of the best classes in Philadelphia. I thought that a Quaker-simplicity would have prevailed; but in their lofty rooms the eye was feasted with silken curtains and velvet-covered chairs, gilded walls and ceilings, mirrors and pictures in costly frames, and, at supper in particular, the viands were delicious and the wines unexceptionable: I make honourable mention of a *boned* turkey covered with jelly as an excellent standing dish last year.

A lady who had displayed great taste in the furnishing of her house threw open her rooms to an Englishman of mature age, who for the first time had left his own country, and was grumbling his way through America, and measuring every thing by the standard of England. "Pray, what do you think, Sir, of these apartments?" asked the lady.—"Why, they are very well in their

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way; but you must get ottomans, madam—you must get ottomans."

At a Wistar party (a literary association founded by the late Dr. Wistar) I was introduced to Major Long, of Rocky Mountain celebrity, who was very communicative regarding the North-West. I also conversed with a Count Valverde, who had spent years in foreign travel; and it is a pleasure to record the name of so respectable an old gentleman as Mr. Vaughan, and one who is always so friendly to our countrymen who visit Philadelphia.

In this changeful scene we are doomed to constant disappointments. I experienced a great one at Philadelphia. The only relative I had in America was Colonel Burn, (son of a considerable proprietor in Virginia, and distinguished in the last war as an officer of American cavalry,) who lived in the neighbourhood of the city at the pleasant country village of Frankfort. I anticipated for months before great pleasure in meeting this gentleman, who bore a high character among his acquaintances for a noble bearing and unbounded liberality. But when I was driven out to Frankfort by a kind-hearted countryman, Mr. Arrott, it was only to find my relative's "place empty;" to see his old charger, Silver, grazing in the meadow before the once-cheerful residence, and to brush the snow from a marble slab to read

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the colonel's epitaph. After this, I returned to New York.

"Yet why repine? does not the Lord of Heaven
Decree to all their portion here below?
For not by chance, but by His hand is given
Our various fortune, whether weal or woe.
Oft does His gracious providence bestow
A thousand tender mercies on mankind;
From Him alone our joys and comforts flow!
Then man should still be humble and resign'd,
And let Religion's balm for ever soothe his mind."

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CHAPTER XII.

Leave New York to visit West Point.—The frozen Hudson.—The Military Academy. — The course of Study. — The Classes.—Artillery Cadets.—Subsistence of Cadets.—Confinement to Halls of Study. — Excesses. — Effects of the Ordeal at West Point.—The Army of the United States.—Artillery and Infantry. — The Ordnance. — Major-General Macomb.—Military Chiefs.—The Staff of the Army.—Desertions and Enlistments.—The Privates. — Moral Culture neglected.—The Non-commissioned Officers.—Intemperance.—Uniform of the American Army.—Temptations to belong to it.—Military experience of a young Artillerist.—Posts.—Bush Expeditions.—British and American Soldiers compared.—Arsenals.—Rifles.—Topographical Enquiries highly commended.—The States not fortifying the Maine Frontier.—Field Works.—The American Hatchet.—The Militia.—Injudicious System.— A muster in Vermont.—Evacuation Day at New York.—The Invincibles.—Prospects of War.—Britons ought to be superior to petty jealousy.

It was a bitterly cold day in December, the ice was closing up the sides of the Hudson, and masses of it were floating down in the open centre channel, which daily became more and more contracted, when I stepped into a steam-vessel, and essayed to visit the Military Acdemy at West

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Point. The hills, prairies, and fields, were in their bleak winter mantle, and the white frame houses in the midst of the snow, suggested any other idea than that of warmth and comfort.

We ploughed and crushed through the ice, and after several severe struggles with thickening floes, landed at the Military Academy, got a most comfortable apartment next the officers' mess-room, and were received with great kindness by Colonel Thayer and the other gentlemen of the institution.

The situation of the academy is beautiful and romantic. High above the Hudson, on a level plateau, and surrounded with mountains of a thousand feet elevation, stand the plain buildings of West Point. Three barrack-like edifices contain the halls of study and sleeping apartments of the two hundred and fifty cadets, and a row of detached houses, with poplars before them, are occupied by the superintendent and the professors. On the heights around, and everywhere commanding the river, are traces of the redoubts and batteries of the revolution. A cenotaph in memory of Kosciusko, the Polish patriot, overlooks the river; and not far from it is the garden retreat, among rocks and trees, where he used to meditate on his fallen fortunes. On the left of the ground is the cadets' grave-yard, where is a

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handsome marble tomb, with military emblems on it.

Cadets remain at the Military Academy four years; when admitted, at fourteen years of age, they are examined in English, reading, writing, and arithmetic only; but after six months, there is a severe mathematical examination, which many are unable to pass. As at our Royal Military College, there are half-yearly examinations at West Point; but these are so strict, and the course is in general so severe, that half of those who enter the college, are obliged to leave after the first examination. There is a remarkable difference between the cadets of the Northern and Southern States; the former are generally studious and industrious, the latter, brought up among slaves, are idle and inattentive, so that they are almost all dismissed; consequently the academy is not "in good odour" with the planters, for they imagine that favouritism prevails, and that the dismissals are not impartial.

The cadets are divided into four classes for the four years' course. The junior class study French grammatically, (but pay no attention to speaking the language,) mathematics, including geometry, trigonometry, algebra, mensuration, and surveying; they are also drilled. The second year the mathematical course includes descriptive and analyti-

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cal geometry, conic sections, and fluxions; French is continued, and drawing the human figure is taught. The third year natural philosophy is given, with chemistry, and drawing, or rather copying landscapes, and topography. And the fourth or last year, the studies are engineering, including the science of artillery, field, and permanent fortification, tactics, military and civil architecture, besides chemistry and mineralogy, law and ethics.

The cadets intended for the artillery, after leaving West Point, attend the school of practice at Fort Monro, in Virginia, where they see, for the first time, the construction of field works. The West Point cadets are encamped two months in autumn, but then only for the purpose of drill. At that time about one fourth of the cadets are allowed to visit their friends, for there is no regular vacation. The uniform of the cadets is a grey coatee with three rows of brass buttons and black braid, white trowsers in summer and grey in winter. Their pay is twenty-eight dollars a month, out of which ten are deducted for messing, and the rest furnishes clothes and other necessaries.

The cadets are confined to their halls of study for about ten hours per day; they seemed to be very well prepared with their exercises, but their

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proficiency is attained with the loss of health, for they all looked pale and sickly, stooped, and some wore spectacles. From October to March they hardly ever move out of doors or take active exercise, and it was really painful to see young men under such a rigorous system. After what I saw, I need hardly have enquired after the health of the cadets, but I did so, and found that from January to March dyspepsia was very common among them; and though few die at the establishment, yet I am convinced the seeds of disease are sown there, and that many return to their friends with broken constitutions. As no watch is kept over the cadets at night, I was told by one of the young gentlemen, that some leave their rooms, and repair to haunts of dissipation among the hills known only to themselves, where they meet women of loose character, eat pork and molasses, drink gin-sling, and chew tobacco, which last *(horresco referens)* is too often an accomplishment of the American youth of all classes.

I naturally enquired what figure the cadets who pass the ordeal of West Point make in after life—are they distinguished in the walks of science? — do they contribute to the literature of their country? The answer I received was, that they are never heard of after they leave the Military Academy. A short time ago, certain young

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officers were sent from the academy to assist General Bernard to draw up reports for Congress on the national defensive works, and he complained that, so far from these officers being of any assistance to him, he was compelled to translate his own French into imperfect English. No attention being paid to English composition at the academy, the young men could not express themselves intelligibly in their own language; and I imagine, from getting a surfeit of mathematics at West Point, they throw aside Legendre and Lacroix the moment they quit the academic groves.

In a word, though the Military Academy has produced some names distinguished in the history of their country, yet it appears to me that the present system is not judicious; the health of the young men is needlessly sacrificed, and they acquire a distaste for abstruse studies of every kind.

I may as well now say a few words on the army of the United States in general, in case any military reader should desire to be better acquainted with the composition of the republican army.

The peace establishment of the United States is composed of four regiments of artillery and seven regiments of infantry, and, with staff officers, amounts to about six thousand men. Each

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regiment of artillery consists of nine companies, one of which is equipped as light artillery. A company is officered by a captain, four subalterns, and eight non-commissioned officers, with three artificers, two musicians, and forty-two privates. A company of infantry consists of a captain and two subalterns, seven non-commissioned officers, two musicians, and forty-two privates; and to each regiment of artillery and infantry there are one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, one major, an adjutant, sergeant-major, and quarter-master-sergeant.

The corps of military and topographical engineers are not attached to the ordnance department, which is merged in the artillery. The ordnance service in the States consists merely of thirty officers of artillery, selected to command the different depôts of arms and arsenals of the Union, with ten superintendents of armouries and storekeepers.

Major-General Alexander Macomb, who commands the army at present, is a stout, good-looking man, about fifty-nine years of age, and has served thirty-two years; "he was a member of the Military Academy, and distinguished by his services in the last war, as the commandant of a regiment and brigade, and particularly at the battle of Plattsburgh, where he commanded in

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chief, and for which latter service he received the thanks of Congress, and a gold medal, a brevet of major-general, the freedom of the city of New York, and a sword of honour voted by the legislature, the special thanks of Vermont, and the general thanks of several other States." I had the honour of making the acquaintance of General Macomb, and found him a very frank and intelligent gentleman, with more of the engaging off-handed manners of an Irishman than the usual reserve of Americans.

The major-general commanding is allowed two aides-de-camp; besides him, there are two brigadiers-general, each with one aide-de-camp, and these aides (taken from the subalterns of the line,) besides their other duties, perform those of assistant adjutants-general. Two inspectors-general travel annually thousands of miles to visit the widely-scattered posts of the army; their duty is very severe, when we consider the great extent of territory they have to traverse. There are also an adjutant and a quarter-master-general, two quarter-masters, and ten assistant quarter-masters.

The subsistence department consists of one commissary-general, and fifty assistant-commissaries, taken (as in the East India Company's service) from the subalterns of the line, with extra pay. There are also one paymaster-general, and

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fourteen paymasters; one surgeon-general, eight surgeons, and forty-five assistant-surgeons.

It is an extraordinary fact, but not the less true, that nearly one-half of the non-commissioned officers and privates of the American army desert every year. All free white males, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, may be enlisted; the standard height is five feet six inches, and the bounty-money is twelve dollars. According to the spirit of the institutions of the country, all enlistments shall be "voluntary," that is to say, twenty-four hours must elapse between the recruit's expressing his wish to enlist and his subscribing the oath and receiving the bounty, and though the period of service is only five years, yet few remain to complete it.

The great extent of territory in the states, with the scanty population, causes wages to be high, while provisions are also cheap; generally speaking, therefore, the most worthless characters enter the army, which consists of a *melange* of English deserters, Dutch, French, Americans, &c. Five dollars are the monthly pay of a private, and many labourers in the States earn a dollar per day, so that it is obvious there is no great inducement to belong to an army which is held in no great estimation by the citizens generally, and has no pension list, or asylum for disabled soldiers.

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Officers and soldiers who have lost eyes or limbs last war in the service of the States, are to be met with in different parts of the Union, without any compensation for their losses.—Who would not serve a Republic?

General Macomb justly regretted that the moral culture of the American soldier was wholly neglected, and in the States attention to this important point is, perhaps, more necessary than in any other country. Detached as the troops are in small posts to overawe the Indians of the north-west and western territories, they immediately become demoralized from contact with the wild beings and vagabond hunters in the midst of whom they live. If the sons of respectable parents could be induced to enter the army at an early age, and be retained at a depôt of instruction for some time, with attention paid to their habits, and to their moral and religious improvement, then, as they would be made better men, they would become better soldiers, imbibing at the same time patriotic feelings; while with the prospect of considerable ultimate reward when discharged, (which the States can well afford in the shape of land,) the men would become attached to their service, desertions would be unfrequent, and the army would be placed on a respectable footing.

It is well known that the efficiency of an army

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is mainly dependent on the character of the non-commissioned officers; and if they are inadequately paid, competent men will not desire to be promoted. Now, the sergeants and corporals of the American army receive only a trifle more than the privates; consequently, taking into consideration their responsibility and trouble, their office is not in great request.

Habits of intemperance are very common in the American army; and, as is to be supposed, almost all crimes committed by the soldiers, are to be traced to these fruitful sources of evil.

> "Then dash the brimming cup aside,
> And spill its purple wine;
> Take not its madness to thy lip,
> Let not its curse be thine:
> 'Tis red and rich, but grief and woe,
> Are hid those rosy depths below."

The intelligent head of the army has, however, this year adopted that admirable regulation of the British service, "giving a compensation in lieu of liquor." Under the new regulation old soldiers only give way to their propensity for liquor, and the young will not acquire a taste for it; so that I am convinced that in the course of a few years the health and habits of the troops, both British and American, will be most materially improved by this very judicious regulation.

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The uniform of the American army is a single-breasted blue coatee, with bars of lace on the collar and cuffs, in the artillery gold, and the infantry silver. The trowsers are grey, the cap bell-shaped; the feather white and red for artillery, white and blue for infantry, with eagle plates and scales. General and field officers wear epaulettes, all others wings. Captains are distinguished by a chevron on the upper part of the arm; subalterns by one near the cuff. As may be supposed, no great attention is paid to uniformity of dress in the American army, officers wearing forage caps according to their own taste, frock coats variously trimmed, and fancy swords; the favourite one has a hilt like what is commonly seen on the stage on the person of a beplumed and bespangled gallant.

General Macomb approves highly of the new regulation double-breasted coatee of the British service, with epaulettes for all ranks, and means to adopt it this year, though the citizens think that it is too gaudy for republicans; however, as it is, they are obliged to tempt their officers with high pay to remain in the service, their captains receiving £310 per annum, the British £180; so that a handsome uniform will be an additional inducement to remain in the service. Of the officers of the American army I will only add,

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that they are well known to be possessed of a high sense of honour, and those whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making were invariably most obliging and communicative.

I said that officers are tempted by high pay to remain in the American service, and truly they require it; stationed for years in the back woods without society, and with little other renown than sports of the field, books being difficult to be obtained, their duties are far from agreeable, and their situation often most unpleasant. I beg to subjoin a short anecdote, illustrative of the nature of the service in America.

A young officer of artillery, having just left the Military Academy after the peace in 1815, was sent with two other officers, his seniors, and a hundred and fifty men, to garrison Fort St. Philip, on the Mississippi below New Orleans, and seated in the midst of interminable forests, dismal swamps, and sluggish creeks, teeming with alligators and wild fowl. After a short time the second in command died, and fifty men! The senior officer one morning drew up on parade those who remained, inspected them, and then, in a fit of despair, threw himself in full uniform from the parapet into the ditch of the fort and was drowned! Shortly after this General Jackson visited the fort. The survivor received him on landing

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from the river, proceeded to the ramparts, and fired the salute, and then appeared in the hospital as the surgeon. After nine months he was ordered to proceed to New Orleans with ten men. They all died of yellow fever, except himself and servant! He also caught the disease, and was given up; but, overhearing the doctors say that he could not live, he roused himself and gave their prediction the lie. The officer ordered to relieve him at Fort St. Philip, instead of going there, inclosed the General his commission! So much for the military experience of a young American artillerist.

There are about fifty military posts in the States — forts, barracks, and arsenals. The two former overawe the Indian and negro population; the latter contain the arms for the regulars and militia. The officers seem to dislike Indian warfare very much; complain of the hardships attending "bush expeditions," the treachery of the enemy, their ambuscades, surprises, and cruelty to their prisoners. There are yearly skirmishes with Indians, which, by the way, are never made public.

At New Orleans I described how the privates slept two in a bed, and the punishment of the log and hard labour. There is nothing worthy of remark in the system of drill in the American

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army. They borrow from the English and French. The officers say that English deserters who enter the service are very *au fait* at drill, and keep themselves and their arms very clean, but that they cannot march with the American soldiers. Now this must be a mistake, for it is a notorious fact, that no American will ever walk when he can sit in a waggon behind a span of horses. All the citizens are disinclined to active sports or pedestrian exercises of any kind, and even the children are seldom seen to run or engage in "out-of-door games," like English boys; so (with all due deference) I think it is impossible that American soldiers can march with British, particularly with the "lads wi' the kilt." The extremes of heat and cold are so great in the States, that the people do not sufficiently exercise their limbs.

The American arsenals are very neatly kept, with very small means; and the superintendents deserve great credit for the order in which they keep their arms, with few assistants allowed them by Government. Their cannon are all copied from the British. An American musket is well fabricated, and costs twelve dollars. A new rifle was introduced last year, called "Hall's Patent." It loads at the breech, which is elevated for this purpose, by touching a spring like an

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extra trigger, when a flask, with a double head for powder and ball, loads it expeditiously. It might be worth while to experiment with this rifle, as it saves the often tedious operation of loading a rifle with a ramrod; and with a percussion lock and light rest, in lieu of a ramrod, it might be an improved weapon for the British rifle corps.

There is a branch of the service of the United States which ought not to be passed by without notice — the topographical. This corps is separated from the engineers, and now constitutes a distinct *bureau*, and its importance is very great, considering the great extent of territory in the States, and the necessity there is to possess a correct geographical outline of it. A knowledge of the features of a country collected by surveys, paves the way for internal improvements, and facilitates military operations in the event of a war.

Topographical engineers are at present much wanted in the British service, (though the enemies of the standing army oppose all improvements and additions, though greater efficiency may thereby be given,) among other duties, to survey and determine our frontiers in North America and in Guiana (South America); to complete maps of some of our West Indian islands, which have not been accurately surveyed; and for the various duties which the staff corps used (so well)

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to perform. Officers from the Royal Military College might be selected as topographical engineers. Possessing valuable colonies in all parts of the world, on the retention of which the prosperity of Britain, and her high station among nations, mainly depend, perhaps no country in the world more requires topographical engineers than our own.

The States are not constructing any forts on the Maine frontier. The only thing of the kind they have is a poor specimen of a stockade at Holton Town, erected three years ago, and garrisoned by four companies of infantry; and even as a field work it is quite contemptible. Perhaps too little attention has been paid in the British service, in the construction of field works and temporary defences, to the hatchet. An American officer of rank told me that he often laughed whilst watching our troops through his glass, in the late war, cutting branches with their bill-hooks, and wasting time in making fascines according to rule, whilst the Americans had trees down in a short time, abattis laid, and stout breastworks of logs. There is some truth in this, "*Fas est ab hoste doceri*,"— one axe in a wooded country is worth twenty bill-hooks.

"The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies' best men of war"

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having been given (I fear to the no small annoyance of civilians, who may take little interest in military matters), I shall only detain them for an instant longer, to say a word on the militia of the United States. The system and administration of this branch of the national defence are radically bad, and imperiously call for alteration; in fact, the mere mention of American militia excites ridicule in the citizens themselves.

Every citizen between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, with the exception of surgeons, clergymen, &c. is enrolled in the militia, and nominally drilled twelve days every year; but though they are expected to arm and clothe themselves, it is but few who do either, at least uniformly; and as to the drill, it is a perfect farce. A "muster" in the State of Vermont last summer may serve as a specimen of the whole. The privates turned out in their usual working-dresses, belts and pouches over surtouts, long coats and shooting-jackets; feathers, red, green, and blue, of all sorts and sizes, were stuck in round hats, on the front of some of which was tied, with a string, the eagle plate. A fortunate few had duck guns and rifles; the rest had broomsticks for muskets, or muskets without locks. The band sent forth martial music from seven bass drums, a fife, and a fiddle; and the colonel (as usual a tavern-keeper), with a

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huge broadsword by his side, could not attend to duties for mixing "gin-sling," behind a tree, wherewith to inspire his gallant troops.

On the 18th November last the militia of New York were invited to parade in honour of "Evacuation Day," elegantly so named as the anniversary of the British evacuating the city in the revolutionary war.

The militia-men, disgusted with the present injudicious system, were determined to try what effect public ridicule would have in causing the legislature to give attention to fitting the people morally and physically for the defence of the country by an alteration in the militia-laws. Accordingly, three or four hundred mock soldiers paraded in one of the principal streets of the city, and "the invincibles," as they called themselves, were reviewed by a leader dressed like Napoleon, with the addition of small statues of the Emperor on his shoulders, green spectacles on his nose, and a sword four feet long and a foot broad "in his red right hand."

The warlike body then marched through the streets to the sound of inspiring airs; but to describe adequately the dress and appearance of the men would be difficult. Caps were of all shapes and colours; one wore a pumpkin with the long leaves of a carrot for a plume; an-

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other was distinguished by a chapeau five feet in length, and a cod-fish for a sword! Wigs, beards, and false noses were common; and the coats were of bright scarlet, brown woollen, green baize, deer skin, and split cane. Here was a Highlander in top-boots, and there, his Satanic Majesty, with pitchfork and tail! One carried four muskets, and was attired in shaggy goats'-skins, like Robinson Crusoe; another was half horse and half alligator, or a Kentucky snorter! Never before was such an array witnessed! And though this review was entirely burlesque, it may have the effect of producing a thorough reformation in the militia-laws, which at present make fops rather than soldiers of the young, dissipate the time of the seniors, lead to scenes of debauchery in all, and make a mockery of drills and reviews.

To conclude, in reviewing the military system in the States, we find that, owing to the nature of the institutions and habits of the people, it is very defective. The citizens dislike the restraint of discipline, and though the navy is held in estimation by them from its unexpected successes last war, the army is not viewed with an eye of favour.

The secretary-at-war and all attached to the military department, have much trouble to ob-

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tain from Congress the necessary supplies, and as it is, the scanty armaments in the forts are old and nearly useless, and many of the works themselves in a very dilapidated state. But with all this, having had an opportunity of seeing (cursorily) many of the States, and knowing what a shrewd and intelligent people the Americans are, (and individually as brave as Britons, being of the same stock,) I am convinced that, if they saw a pressing necessity for an immediate alteration in the military system, they would set about it. Since, however, there is not at present the slightest prospect of war, and all are striving to partake of the general prosperity around them, the Americans are indifferent to forming an efficient army.

Ere long, there may be a dispute with Mexico for the valuable territory of Texas, rapidly settling with American squatters. The encroachments of Russia in the north-west may cause American troops to march to the Pacific; and in the course of time, American manufactures competing with British in foreign markets, may bring about a maritime war with England. However, these two last events are remote, and may not take place in our day; but at all events, we ought to strive to avert the last, or be prepared for it, and not trust to a dissolution of the

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Union, for the Americans will not readily commit a political suicide, and thus become incapable of coping with us in war with any chance of success.

If we glance our eye over the map of the world, and view the great, the varied, and the rich possessions of our glorious empire, we shall not envy the Americans their territory, even though it may extend beyond the Rocky Mountains. We have enough, and more than enough, considering the small though efficient army that is left to defend our possessions; and instead of feeling petty jealousy at the growing prosperity of America, we ought on all occasions to extend the right hand of friendship to her, cultivate her acquaintance, and feel proud of so creditable a scion from the stock of Old England.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Leave the Military Academy.—The Valley of Canterbury.—Murderer's Creek.—Newburgh.—Fire.—Journey to New York.—The City Hotel.—A Concert.—An Evening Party.—The Penalty of Indulgence.—Useful Receipts for Topers.—General Santander.—Lawrie Todd.—Dine with the St. Andrew's Society.—A Patriotic Speech in honour of Scotland.—Visit Long Island.—The Navy-yard.—"Ready, aye Ready."—Leave New York.

FROM the military academy I went in a sleigh through a pass in the mountains, and descended into the romantic valley of Canterbury, in the bottom of which runs Murderer's Creek, so named from the murder of a white family of the name of Stacey, by the Indians, a century ago. One old red-skin, who attempted to save the Staceys by giving information of the designs of his tribe, was also inhumanly tomahawked.

I remained a night at the pleasant town of Newburgh, and was exposed to some inconvenience from the importunities of rival innkeepers for the honour of my company. At last, when

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I was comfortably seated alone in a carpeted parlour of the mansion-house, it suddenly struck me that there was a haze between me and the candles, then there was the rushing of many feet in the passage. I opened the door, and followed the noise to the sunken floor; flames and smoke now announced that the house was on fire, we seized buckets and succeeded in extinguishing the burning fire-wood. Next day, by a beautiful road with wooded hills on the left, we reached Jersey city, by way of Hackinsack, and crossed over to New York.

I now established myself for some days in the city hotel, one of the largest in America, and found the house crowded with people of all nations. I was highly pleased with New York, the first in population, the first in wealth, and the first in commercial enterprise in the Union. I walked over every part of it, and was careful to promenade in Broadway, between the hours of one and three, to admire the fair dames even in winter tripping along with mincing steps in gauze ribbons, silk pelisses, and satin shoes. I also admired the bay inclosed by Long Island, round which, like reeds in a pool, the masts of the shipping were thickly set.

I visited the battery, from which the town extends like a triangle, the city hall and the exchange

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with their marble fronts, churches, theatres, and institutions of all kinds; and was very hospitably entertained by those to whom I brought introductions.

I was very fortunate in making the acquaintance of Nathaniel Prime, Esq. one of the chief merchants of the city, whose elegant and accomplished daughters accompanied me to some gay circles; and by Dr. Hossack I was shown the literary part of the community, and among other distinguished Americans whom I met with at his house, I saw an author, who for wit, humour, and lively description, has few rivals, I mean Mr. Paulding. He is a spare-made man, with a brilliant eye, and reminded me of Francis Jeffrey in appearance and manner. Through the kindness of Professors M'Vicar and Renwick, I twice spent evenings with the Literary Association, on a similar plan to the Royal Society, and heard subjects of great interest discussed in that quiet *Indian-like* manner, which is certainly to be preferred to the continual interruptions of a speaker, which I am sorry to say is still prevalent in England.

At one of the concerts, to which three hundred exclusives subscribed, the music was entirely French and Italian. The hall was well lighted-up, and the audience, sitting facing one another in

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little groups, seemed attentive to the foreign strains, though I am sure that a few English songs or ballads would not have pleased them less because better understood; but, *ainsi va le monde*, such is the despotism of fashion, foreign airs and fashions are on all occasions to be slavishly admired and followed.

The evening parties resembled those in England; there were the same crowds of fashionably-dressed people in well-lighted rooms with "folding doors and marble mantelpieces." The sexes mingled together as in Europe, and did not keep aloof from each other, as is the custom in the Western States, and was in our own country a hundred years ago. Music alternated with dancing; during the former, the young ladies who wished to be particularly interesting sat on low stools in the middle of the room, to the discomfort of the beaux, who were compelled to stoop and whisper soft nothings in their willing ears. Quadrilles, here called cotillions, and waltzes were kept up with spirit, notwithstanding the strong prejudice against the latter "indelicate importation" by the elders: then little tables were wheeled into the rooms by servants not in livery; the eyes of the ladies sparkled brighter than ever, whilst the obsequious swains in starched neckcloths and kid gloves dispensed canvas-back ducks,

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blue-pointer oysters, lobster-salad, fish, soup, jellies, blanc-mange, cream, kisses, champagne, and bottled-porter. "Of a truth," I exclaimed, with the author of the 'New Mirror of Travellers,' "since it is maintained by the best practical philosophers that the business of man's life is eating, there is no place in the universe where he can live to such exquisite purpose as the renowned City of New York, and nowhere can there be found such glorious content of the palate as at this happy emporium of all good things!" But what is the penalty paid for indulgence? We hear the fashionable American disease, dyspepsia, the nervous disorders and debility of numbers of the wealthy inhabitants, attributed to the moisture of the climate, the great heat in summer and excessive cold in winter; but it is to hot and heavy suppers, and the great consumption of strong animal food with little exercise, that we must chiefly attribute the loss of complexion, of teeth, of health, and the death of one-third of the population of the celebrated Island of Manhattan in the prime of life.

For the receipt-book let the following be copied:—First, *Cocktail* is composed of water, with the addition of rum, gin, or brandy, as one chooses—a third of the spirit to two-thirds of the water; add bitters, and *enrich* with sugar and

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nutmeg: in *sling*, the bitters are omitted.—Second, *Mint Julep*. Put four or five stalks of unbruised mint into a tumbler, on them place a lump of ice; add brandy, water, and sugar.—Third, *Apple-toddy*, says Mr. Willard, the bar-keeper of the City Hotel, who never forgets the face of a customer, is thus made: Have the fairest apples rolled in brown paper, which wet with water, and then bury them in live embers till they are thoroughly roasted and quite soft; then a fourth part of apples, a fourth part of brandy, a fourth part of water, a lump of ice, and the whole to be *rich* with a fourth part of sugar, makes the agreeable compound. N.B. If there is no nutmeg convenient, a scrape or two of the mudler (wooden sugar-breaker) will answer the purpose.

I met the Columbian General, Santander, at several parties; his moustache, aquiline nose, manly face and form, and general good humour, created a very favourable impression of this leader. He was the most distinguished foreigner at New York during my sojourn.

I often visited another character of a different stamp, the original of Galt's Lawrie Todd. I found him in his handsome seed-store, an old Quaker meeting-house, with a great display of green varnished flower-pots, containing exotics; pictures of flowers hanging on the walls, drawers

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and barrels full of seeds, roots of all kinds, gardening implements, a great many canaries and other singing-birds in cages at the upper windows of the gallery, a greenhouse in front, and Mr. Thorburn, himself the greatest curiosity of the whole. He was, as described in the book, a very little man, with a goodly nose and a most sagacious expression of countenance; his small body was cased in a long frock of grey, and he wore a coarse apron and "shop-sleeves" whilst he tied up parcels.

After some conversation with him about his singular career in the States since he left "bonny Dalkeith," he took me behind the door and said, "Do you see that auld nailer's hammer, sir? Well, I landed at New York with that and three ha'pence in my pocket: I would not sell that hammer now for one hundred dollars, for it was the beginning of my fortune. I have no occasion to work now; I do it just for pastime, for I canna be idle. You have seen *the book*, sir, nae doubt; it's very interesting, though Mr. Galt left out a great deal of what I gave him; but he's an extraordinar' clever man for aa that."

Our countrymen settled in New York are deserving of great praise, for establishing societies for the relief of their distressed compatriots, whose wants are supplied with a noble liberality.

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I had the honour of dining with the St. Andrew's Society, in the assembly-room, City Hotel, with a great number of Scotchmen, and I have seldom spent a more delightful evening. Mr. Sinclair, the celebrated vocalist, gave us some of his best songs; and a piper in the garb of old Gaul strutted proudly round the tables, and occasionally electrified the company with his instrument:—

> "The pibroch has, to Highland ears,
> A sweeter and more pleasant note
> Than polish'd strains which smoothly float
> On soft Italian measures."

Among other excellent speeches, one by Mr. Hugh Maxwell, as a preface to his toast of "Schools and Schoolmasters, the cheapest defence, the best treasures, and the highest glory of nations," deserves particular notice, from being characterized with so much eloquence and patriotism, reflecting great honour on Scotland and on the speaker, and warming the hearts of his whole audience.

Brought together, said he, to enjoy the social festivities of an annual meeting, we might well recall early recollections, and cultivate an honourable regard for the land of our birth or that of our fathers. It would add to the pleasure of the meeting to reflect, that during the past year the society had not been inattentive to the duty

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of relieving the distressed, but it was not for them, nor was this the time, to speak of deeds of beneficence. Let others, whose hearts have been gladdened, whose wants have been relieved, testify to the liberal dispensation of the bounty of the society. But he thought that this was the occasion, and this the very hour, when they might speak proudly of Scotland, when they might give vent to their feelings of affection and regard for their native land; and when could that be enjoyed so well as on the day of St. Andrew, ever dear to Scotchmen and their children? This, he said, they might do without disloyalty to their adopted country, the prosperous land where their household-altars had been established; where their graves were to be made—where their bones were to be buried.

Well might we exult, he said, in the character of Scotland—exult that she possesses qualities that constitute the highest honour and confer the truest dignity. It was not that Scotland could boast of natural advantages as to soil or climate; in these respects, like the northern nations of Europe, she was inferior to other countries. She had not the gorgeousness of an Italian sky; she had not a soil that yielded spontaneously to the call of the husbandman; she boasts not the

'Slave's spicy forests or gold bubbling fountains;"

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she had not extended commerce or hoarded millions, or political domination, or pomp or power. To these advantages, if advantages they may be called, Scotland acknowledges no obligation. Before the union with England, and indeed after the union, a lawless nobility, national feuds, and a distracted people, ever kept Scotland the victim of the jealousy of England, or of the overbearing arrogance of France, or what was worse than either, made her a prey of her own intestine faction and disquiet.

Notwithstanding this unhappy state, there were eras, however, in the early history of Scotland, exhibiting the indomitable courage of a people worthy of freedom. There were names, there were triumphs, at which the blood warms, and the heart beats high. Our own glorious Wallace, "who nobly dared to stem tyrannic pride, or nobly die," lives immortal with the Washingtons, the Tells, and Kosciuskos of mankind. The triumphs of Bruce, the battle of Bannockburn, will live while history shall record the freedom of nations. But, however illustrious these names and triumphs might be, yet in reality they did not constitute the highest glory of the Scottish people. There were other triumphs, bloodless triumphs, that conferred a higher dignity, a truer glory — he

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meant, the triumphs of the Parochial Schools of Scotland.

Contemplate the religious, moral, and intellectual condition, that, descending upon Scotland like an angel of mercy and light, with healing on her wings, has shed down upon the whole land a blessed influence in one unbroken stream of effulgent brightness; and by means of a conqueror, in the humble character of a schoolmaster, Scotland has accomplished a victory greater than she ever had achieved before—a *victory over herself.*

The orator then went on to point out the results of this victory in the social and civil relations, in the principles of national independence, forming so many men with clear heads, improved understandings, and willing minds, to assert the freedom of conscience and the rights of man; in occasioning a sincere and unaffected reverence for the rites of a pure and holy faith, and a sincere regard for all the charities of life in all its relations of father, son, and brother.

The divines, the lawyers, and the literary men, were then enumerated, who had done honour to Scotland; emanations, bright emanations indeed, from the diffused intelligence of their more humble countrymen — an intelligence to be found in the "cottage far apart," as well as amid the

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"towers and palaces of Edina;" an intelligence godlike and gracious, that even now glows and brightens and beams forth from the deepest glens and the remotest valleys of Scotland, until it reaches and illuminates with a glorious radiance the lofty crags of Ben Nevis, the queen of her mountains.

These are the bloodless triumphs of Caledonia, these are her riches and her jewels, of which she might boast as the Roman matron boasted of her children, and what Scotchman is there who does not feel emotions of just pride when he reflected on them; and where is there a Scotchman who does not on this day give a sweeter and stronger impulse to the best affections of his nature when he thinks of his native land; who does not, whether he be toiling in the remotest India, or freezing under the rigours of a northern winter, or panting under a tropical sun—whether he be on the land or on the sea—look more earnestly, on this day of St. Andrew, to the bleak hills of his country and the scenes of his childhood; who does not join in the prayer of his immortal countryman Burns,

"Oh! never, never Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!"

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I crossed to Long Island, and took some interest in visiting it, with the numerous villages along its shores; for once it had belonged to an ancestor, before the primeval forests were cut upon it. Passing through the lively town of Brooklyn, I went to the navy yard, where I saw the remains of the celebrated steam frigate, the Fulton, three sixty-gun frigates, (two of them under the building-sheds,) and two schooners. I remarked the manner of salting the timber of a vessel after it is built, to preserve it from the rot, and the quantity of materials collected at the yard, to enable this active and enterprising people on a very short notice, to equip a fleet for sea.

Though the American naval force in commission consists now of only five frigates, eleven corvettes and seven schooners, let us not imagine that it would be difficult to increase this force, particularly by the important addition of steam batteries, an appropriation for two of twelve heavy guns each, having just been recommended by the secretary of the navy. Some in England, in talking of the increasing consequence of the United States, or the overgrown empire of Russia, lull themselves into fancied security by saying, "We have nothing to fear, the union can-

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not last, and Russia will shortly be dismembered." There are no signs of either of these events at present; let us then, according to the motto of a noble family, be "Ready, aye ready."

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CHAPTER XIV.

Connecticut. — The Buildings of New England. — Anecdotes of New-Englanders. — The Automaton Chess-player. — Fantoccini and Fire King. — New England in Winter. — American Helps. — Distress of a British General. — Harford. — Boston. — View from the Dome of the Slate House. — The Streets. — Houses and People. — Hint to marrying Bachelors. — The Athenæum. — Bunker's Hill. — The Monument. — Leave Boston. — A Somerset. — Again enter New York. — Festivities of the New Year. — Reflections on leaving America. — Sail for England. — The Sherbet of Death. — Land at Liverpool.

ONE morning I mounted the mail sleigh, and set off at a rapid rate to visit the most ancient city in the Union, the cradle of republicanism, the city of Pilgrims, Boston, distant two hundred and fourteen miles. We glided over the frozen surface of Connecticut, along the shores of the Sound, and when we halted to bait, found the clean inns decked with boughs, and musical instruments prepared for the celebration of merry Christmas.

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The churches and houses of New England are generally of wood, painted white, with green venetians, and the favourite poplars behind a rail in front. New England houses we saw to perfection at Newhaven, one of the handsomest towns in the Union, in which the principal attraction is its square, of several acres, ornamented with trees, churches, and the brick buildings of Yale College.

We broke down once, and had a walk of several miles over the snow, to the no small discomfort of my travelling companions, principally seafaring men—men who had shown the enterprise of New England by visiting every port in the world for traffic, and "who had vexed every sea by their fisheries;" in Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits, along the burning coasts of Brazil and West Africa to Falkland Island, and the icebergs of the antarctic circle, had they thrown the harpoon. They told many stories of Yankee sagacity. It seems that when the automaton chess-player visited New England, he had not long exhibited his performances (so unaccountable to our countrymen), when a Yankee set to work, made and exhibited an opposition automaton, and completely "took the wind out of the sails" of the proprietors of the original automaton, who was forced to leave the country. The same thing

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happened after the exhibition of the fantoccini; and, lastly, when I was in the States, M. Chaubert, the fire-king, had only performed a few days, when a Connecticut doctor requested permission to join him in washing his hands in the boiling oil, in swallowing the molten lead, and in superintending the cooking of the beef-steak in the oven; all which the fire-king reluctantly consented to, and which caused him to quit the States, seeing that his secrets had been discovered.

The appearance of the country, even in winter, was very cheering; the hills were crested with wood, the undulating valleys, though wrapped in a snowy mantle, were evidently highly cultivated, and the people were well-dressed, sober, intelligent, and obliging.

The women were less cold and reserved than in the Western States, for they occasionally condescended to laugh and talk with strangers; and the young women of the respectable families on the road were all actively employed in domestic occupations, for the want of good servants (helps) in America imposes increased household-duties on the mistresses of families and their daughters of all classes.

A British general officer, now in Canada, said that he brought over with him men and women-

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servants to attend him and his family during an experiment he made of living in the States. The Americans sneered at his servants for remaining with him when they might set up for themselves; but the servants were for some time faithful, because, they said, their master used them kindly. However, on the Americans calling them "white negroes," they gave their master warning, and said they could not remain with him any longer, for they had been called names they could not endure. Thus was the General left with his children, horses, and cows, for a fortnight, without assistance; at last, a New England help, for "a consideration," agreed to come early in the morning to assist, in order that the neighbours might not know that he, a citizen of a fine, free, and flourishing republic, had demeaned himself by serving another.

Passing through Harford, on the Connecticut River, exhibiting every appearance of increase and prosperity, we sleighed through the thriving state of Massachusetts, and in due time were comfortably seated in the Tremont House, at Boston, with its granite front, Doric portico, marble bar, and dining-saloon, ornamented with Corinthian pillars.

I was not long in ascending with Mr. Osborne, of Demerara, to the most commanding point in

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the city, the lantern on the dome of the State House, whence we saw the bay, the city, and the beautiful environs thereof. Looking out to sea, were seen the headlands, indentations, numerous islands and fortifications of Boston Bay; round the shores was a rich country, diversified with hill and dale, forest and field, and numerous villages, each with its church-spire. The city, on its peninsula connected with the main by a narrow isthmus and six long bridges (one of seven thousand eight hundred and ten feet), was on the right and left; and behind me, on the wharfs, were immense warehouses, beside which lay the crowded shipping. Immediately in front, and between the State House and the bay, was the common or park, of seventy-five acres, with its mall or walk shaded by spreading elms. It was a delightful prospect, and, from all I had read and heard of Boston, and from the very respectable and even antique appearance which it presented, I felt more interest in it than in any city I had seen in North America—always excepting Quebec.

In walking through the streets, crooked and narrow though many of them be, I was pleased with the old-fashioned stone and brick houses of all styles of architecture, and many of them with gables to the street and bay-windows: rows of

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houses altogether regular, like a stone wall with doors and windows cut out of it, fatigue the eye. The people, both men and women, were actively walking about, and the children were "hurling" down the declivities on little hand-sleighs. The health and appearance of the inhabitants of Boston seemed much better than in other cities of the Union; and, for the information of any Cœlebs in search of an American wife, I may add, that the ladies of Boston are considered the best educated and the most intelligent in the States—not to mention the blocks of houses or plump dollar-bags of many of them as trifling additions to their other excellences.

A respectable merchant (Mr. Motley) was so kind as to show me over the city, and to introduce me to the Athenæum, the best in the States, consisting of many rooms filled with books, a large collection of coins, a museum, and a reading-room, in which I saw almost all the English periodicals. With Colonel Theodore Lyman I visited the navy-yard, and saw a round-sterned corvette, the Colombia, and a stone dock, the new wonder of the city, completed in the most superior manner, at an expense of five hundred thousand dollars. We then walked to Breed and Bunker's Hill, passed through the streets of Charlestown,

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and ascended the rounded ridge, ever-memorable as the spot where the first battle of the revolution was fought. On its summit was an incomplete pillar of blocks of granite; its purpose being to show to the world "the deep sense the Americans entertained of the value and importance of the achievement of their ancestors, and by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard to the principles of the revolution."

Near the base of the monument fell the American General Warren. Beside it were still seen the traces of the earthen redoubt, hastily thrown up by the intrepid defenders of the hill. Lower down was where the frail defence of rails, filled in with mown grass, was placed, from whence the advancing lines of British sustained such deadly volleys after landing from their boats below, at the hands of those who, in the words of an American poet,

> "Left their ploughshare in the mould,
> Their flocks and herds without a fold;
> The sickle in the unshorn grain,
> The corn half garnered on the plain,
> And mustered in their simple dress,
> For wrongs to seek a stern redress!
> To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe,
> To perish or o'ercome the foe!"

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"The enlightener of the world was lifting his head from the collar of the east, and was expanding the mantle of brilliancy over the earth," as I left Boston; the glittering snow lay so thick on the ground that it was impossible to distinguish the road, and in a short time the close sleigh turned bottom upwards, and we lay doubled up in the top for some time, unable to move, till, by violent struggling, we got out of a window, and in due course, for the fourth time, entered New York.

I found the inhabitants driving about in sleighs at a great rate, seated on red-edged "buffalo robes," which hung out flauntingly over the back of the light vehicles; and drove into the country with my friend Macleod. It was New Year's Day, and the gentlemen were busy gliding from house to house to pay the compliments of the season to the ladies, gaily dressed and seated at home beside tables, with wine and cake. All enmities were now forgotten, mirth and good-humour prevailed, and the evening closed with the dainty fare and inimitable liquor for which the island of Manhattan is so justly celebrated.

My respectable agents, Messrs. Tucker and Lauries, having provided a passage for me in the packet ship New York (though they recommend-

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ed a newer vessel), I left the thousand and one attractions of the commercial capital of the United States, and stepped on board, to return to the old country, fully impressed with the idea, that though republican institutions may be suited to a new country, where there is an extensive range for enterprising pioneers of their own fortune, none but a monarchy, and a constitution such as Britain is blessed with, (and may it long be preserved!) can succeed in our beloved islands, with their dense population. Both the Canadas and the States (and may they ever be disunited!) seemed advancing in prosperity and wealth with rapid strides; and for our Western Islands, I earnestly hope, in Oriental phraseology, that speedily the gloom of their condition may be brightened with the lamp of prosperity, and that their night of suspense may be succeeded by the morning of gladness. Of the descendants of Britons in North America in general, as a people, though under different governments, it may be said, that they are

> "Strong as an eagle at the dawn of day,
> Who shakes the slumbers from his eyes away,
> Plumes his long wings and meditates his flight
> Beyond the clouds which curtain down the light!"

We struggled through the ice of the Bay of

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New York, and at last, on reaching Sandy Hook, got sea-room, and stood away towards the banks of Newfoundland, with a westerly gale in our bellying canvass. There were only three passengers on board besides myself, one of whom was a lady.

We had been a few days out when, one squally evening, the captain was suddenly called up from the cabin. He stayed on deck but a short time, then came down to us, with a look of very bad omen. "I think it right," says he, "to mention, that, since we sailed, the ship has made a great deal of water, but until to-night we have been able to keep the leak under! We are in an old vessel, and this was intended to be her last voyage, but it may be the last voyage to us all, for we have got seven hundred casks of tar on board; some of these have got adrift, and the pumps are getting choked with tar! I say it with great reluctance, but I fear we cannot keep the ship afloat much longer—we'll never be able to get across the Atlantic; our only chance of safety is to put back, and try to make New York, though the wind is dead against us! I think it right to prepare you for the worst!"

Here, then, was the prospect of an immediate termination to our existence, the prospect of

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slowly sinking into a sea vexed with the storms of winter, through which no frail boat could live. Indeed the bitterness of death seemed now to be come!

The lady immediately fell into hysterics, and was carried to her cabin — the two gentlemen called for the brandy bottle — I put my papers into a bag, and slipping on my pea-jacket, went on deck, determined to struggle to the last for "dear life!" A picturesque group of seamen was assembled round the main-mast, their weather-beaten countenances lighted up with a lantern! The captain stood a little apart; the men pumped with heavy and difficult strokes; the box was drawn forth, dripping with tar! The men shook their heads in silence; the carpenter sounded the well, and announced an increasing depth of water in the hold! A new and clean box was fitted; I lent a hand; the ship was put about, and the weary pump went all night. Morning seemed never again inclined to appear! At last it broke through clouds, over the melancholy main rising in dark waves! We saw it was in vain to expect to reach New York. We resigned ourselves into the hands of Providence, and were mercifully preserved; again stood towards England, and, after a voyage of only sixteen days, during which

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we pumped incessantly, we landed in safety and thankfulness at Liverpool, having thus been permitted to lay before our readers a sheaf gleaned from the varied harvest of America.

THE END.

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